# The National Review 1308

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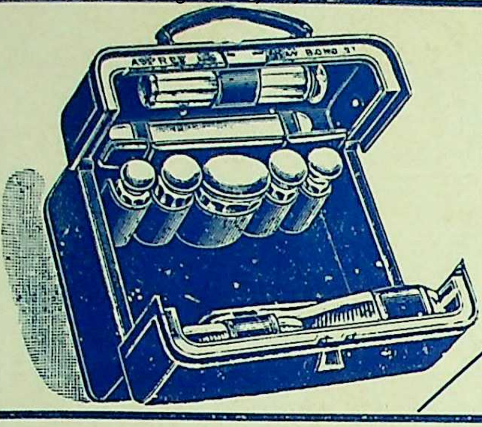

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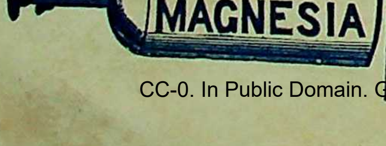

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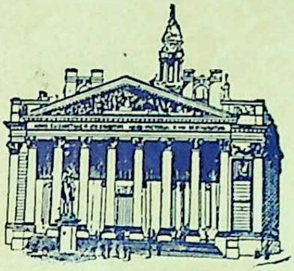

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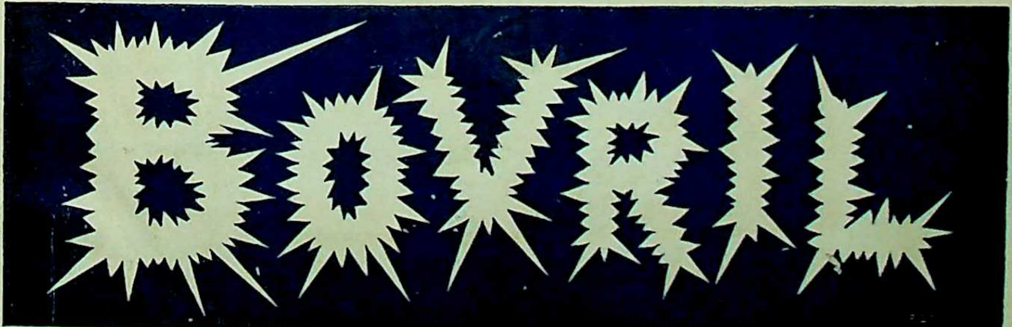

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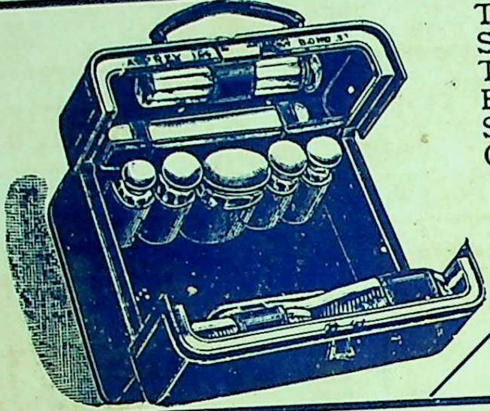

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# THE NATIONAL REVIEW

No. 307. SEPTEMBER 1908

## EPISODES OF THE MONTH

**Preparing to Pounce**

We cannot help feeling considerably relieved by the events, or rather by the "atmosphere," of the past month. For several years we have strenuously laboured, in season and out of season, after the manner of Colonel Stoeffel, the French Military Attaché in Berlin, before the war of 1870, to open the eyes of a somnolent and self-complacent community to the gravity of the German menace. We were confirmed by every competent student of foreign affairs who was neither a German nor a Jew in our view that the Prussian oligarchy which governs the German Empire was steadily and skilfully preparing to fall upon Great Britain, as it fell upon Denmark in 1864, upon Austria in 1866, and upon France in 1870. In each of these earlier cases there was the same sinister success in combining preparation for war with the policy of hoodwinking the victim, who was completely surprised when the hour struck, and found herself isolated morally as well as politically. As demonstrations in *Realpolitik* the world has never seen the equal of these three *chef d'œuvres* of the genius of Bismarck, the creator of empires by blood and iron. His successors walk piously in his footsteps, preserve his traditions, and follow his code, whereby all is fair in peace and war—according to their lights—though fortunately for *their* victims there is an immeasurable intellectual gulf between the great men who made modern Germany, and the smaller men who are so feverishly anxious to expand it. Whereas reticence was the soul of Bismarckian diplomacy, and the secret of its success, *réclame* is the keynote of the present Wilhelmstrasse, which obligingly proclaims its intentions from the housetops. In fact everything is so palpable that there is serious risk of the very transparency of German policy throwing the other side off its guard—things cannot be what they seem. Prince Bülow is a clever mediocrity who has found it impossible to double the *rôle* of Machiavelli with that of the town-crier.

**The Great "Gaffe"**

DURING the South African War, in order to float a great German fleet, the sluice-gates of Anglophobia were deliberately opened by the German Emperor, who vociferously declared—whatever may now be alleged on his behalf by the Potsdam Press in this country—that the German Navy was designed to challenge the British Navy, that German destiny lay on the water, and that Neptune's trident must be in his fist, all of which aspirations were formally embodied in the German Navy Bill of 1900, which declared that: "Germany must have a fleet of such strength that a war against the mightiest sea-Power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that Power." Since then there has been no shade of a shadow of an excuse for cultivating illusions as to the objective of German Sea-power, and when the *Westminster Gazette* tells us that it is our duty to dismiss the notion that the German navy is aimed at this country we can only ask whether the *Westminster Gazette* is edited in London or in Berlin? Such a "gaffe" as to place on record, in the most authoritative and explicit manner, that a particular armament is directed against a particular community, is enough to make Bismarck turn in his grave. Germany's challenge has had a pregnant influence on the foreign policy of England, which pursues a totally different course to what it did a few years ago. Under German pressure and German threats old animosities have been healed, new friendships have been formed, and the Bismarckian policy of isolating England and making her odious to the whole Continent of Europe, which was only too successful, has completely collapsed, in spite of the devoted and desperate efforts of Wilhelm II. to maintain it, and to-day the boot is on the other leg and the Germans are whining over their own isolation, for which they have no one to thank but themselves. Never has any Government been more deservedly distrusted abroad than the Berlin Government, while the "assurances" of Prussian diplomatists have become bywords. The first Chancellor of Imperial Germany was the Colossus of Europe. There is no image sufficiently insignificant to describe the position of Prince Bülow. Nevertheless Great Britain has remained in real danger, because under our peculiar system the Foreign Office, the War Office, and the Admiralty have no bowing acquaintance with one another—the so-called Defence Committee being merely the fraudulent device of face-saving politicians to bamboozle the public—and the provident apprehensions of Downing Street have no apparent echo in Whitehall. In spite of the much-cited Defence Committee, or perhaps on account of it, the Mandarins of both Parties, in the interests of a penny-wise-and-pound-foolish economy, proceeded to cut down the British shipbuilding programme four years ago. This suicidal action had an electrical effect on Germany, as it not unnaturally corroborated the legend assiduously disseminated by the semi-official Press that England was a weary Titan unable to stand the pace of modern naval competition, and that an extra special effort by the challenging Power would place the Command of the Sea within the grasp of the Mailed Fist.

**The General Election**

THIS deplorable impression was deepened by the results of our General Election two and a half years ago, which brought the scum to the top of British politics, and saddled this unfortunate country with the worst (because the most unpatriotic) House of Commons within the memory of man. Germany responded as might have been expected by all who know the Germans, by placing a patriotic Parliamentary majority at the service of the Kaiser, and by wiping out the Socialists because of their supposed lukewarmness in the sacred cause of *Weltpolitik*, *alias* Anglophobia, and Wilhelm II. publicly interpreted the German General Election as a mandate to him "to ride down the enemies of Germany." Even the best of our Ministers had been so long out of office as to have lost touch with international actualities, and they honestly and seriously imagined that a millennium of universal peace and goodwill founded on Disarmament could be had for the asking. As an earnest of British good faith the Campbell-Bannerman Cabinet proceeded to drop "Dreadnoughts," which of course were greedily snatched up by the Germans, who of late years have roughly speaking added a pound to their Naval Estimates for every pound we have knocked off ours—apart from the war loans they are busily raising during a time of profound peace. The attitude of our Government naturally encouraged the theory of British decadence, and played into the hands of the chauvinists of Berlin and Potsdam, who were materially assisted by our childish proposals to restrict naval expansion by international agreement, a suggestion which was misrepresented to the German people as a crafty Machiavelian artifice on the part of Britannia to rule the waves on the cheap. Germany did not even deign to discuss this policy at the Hague Conference. Her answer to our pacifists was to introduce two additional naval programmes, the last of which provides for the laying down of four German "Dreadnoughts" and "Invincibles" per annum—a startling development accentuated by the fact that its promulgation in Berlin was cleverly timed, perhaps too cleverly timed, to coincide with the visit of the German Emperor to this country last autumn. His Majesty's patriotic purpose in coming at that particular moment, as we pointed out at the time, to the fury of our Potsdammerung, though none now dispute the inference, was to sweeten the pill of the new German programme to the British public, and, if possible, to prevent our responding, and as our readers will remember in a subsequent clandestine correspondence with the British First Lord of the Admiralty, which happily became public property, Wilhelm II. was found utilising his position as a British Admiral to try and reduce British shipbuilding. As a result of all this manœuvring and intriguing in 1908 the so-called Mistress of the Seas, to whom naval supremacy is not a wanton weapon of aggression, as it would be to Germany, but a condition of national existence and independence, lays down two ships of the "Dreadnought" type to Germany's four, and it is officially admitted by our so-called statesmen that on present programmes, in the year 1912, Germany will have thirteen ships of the "Dreadnought" type to our twelve.

No wonder there is "a panic." That is the plight to which we have been reduced by the Cabinet of all the talents and most of the virtues, in which prudence is personified by Mr. Lloyd-George, and patriotism by Mr. Winston Churchill.

**Haldaneism**

MEANWHILE, on the pretext that he was about to create "a nation in arms," a Chancery barrister has been allowed to play the devil with our Regular Army, which he has demoralised to such a point that he is actually able to persuade eminent Generals to give him public testimonials over their own names. It is estimated that the British Regulars are already reduced by 30,000 men. What is happening to the Artillery heaven only knows, but the Militia have been successfully disposed of, and it is believed that before long our Cavalry will have to betake themselves to bicycles through lack of horses. Needless to say the "nation in arms," which attained the imposing figure of 900,000 men in Mr. Haldane's earlier perorations, and was finally fixed at 300,000 by Act of Parliament, has never materialised, and it is estimated that not more than 100,000 "Territorials" underwent the full fortnight's training at the recent much-boomed manœuvres. Every man of any intelligence can see for himself that the position is one of real peril to this country, all the more as the Admiralty has broken up our magnificent Fleet into fragments, each inferior to the German High Sea Fleet, which remains compact and concentrated under the Admiral who will command it in war. England lies within a day's journey of the mightiest accumulation of amphibious power ever controlled by one man, who could at almost any moment launch an overwhelming military and naval armada against a practically undefended country. Our politicians, and most of our editors on both sides of politics—for on questions of national defence it is about six of one and half a dozen of the other as between the parties—have for various reasons elected to ignore the danger, preferring to raise a hue and cry against all "alarmists," "scaremongers," and "jingoes," who refuse to join them in the game of ostrich. If we may speak for the "alarmists," our single object throughout this wearisome campaign of education has been to prevent the inevitable panic which must speedily occur as the result of such prodigious preparations on one side of the North

Sea, and such slackness and disorganisation on the other. So far from promoting a "scare," we desire to prevent a scare by taking timely precautions. Though denounced as "jingoes" by Jackasses, our single object in keeping the German question to the fore is to prevent a war with Germany, towards which we are drifting, thanks to the colossal ineptitude of politicians who imagine that they secure us against invasion by merely declaring it to be "impossible." We are not among the pessimists who regard an Anglo-German war as inevitable, provided the Government and people will wake up and do their duty before it is too late. But there is only one way of preventing it, viz., by convincing the Germans, who are a practical people, that the risk is out of all proportion to the prize. Under present arrangements the prize is out of all proportion to the risk. We own to having been in despair at the appalling apathy of the Mandarins, and the myopia of many newspapers which ought to know better, some of which have allowed themselves to be manipulated—unconsciously no doubt—by the clever German courtier who occasionally visits this country in order to keep in touch with journalists, London and provincial, "on his list." But, as we began by saying, we are encouraged by the developments of the last month. Suddenly the scales seem to have fallen from many eyes which were hitherto blind, and to-day all over the country men and women in every rank of society are discussing "the German menace," and in spite of the Press a force of public opinion is being generated which Ministers will neglect at their peril.

**Lord Cromer and the "Quarterly"**

Lord Cromer's deliberate, solemn, and weighty reminder to his Majesty's Ministers in the House of Lords (July 20), that their "main duty" is "to make provision betimes for the European conflict which may not improbably be forced on us before many years have elapsed," has made no less impression at home than it has made abroad. The speaker stands in the front rank of his countrymen. To accuse a statesman of his calibre of being an irresponsible panic-monger is merely to write oneself down an ass, which is what Mr. Winston Churchill has done not for the first time.* It so happens that Lord Cromer's warning has been reinforced by a notable article in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* on the "German Peril." It consists of a lucid, dispassionate, and masterly description of the whole anti-British propaganda in Germany. Dr. Prothero, the editor of the *Quarterly Review,* is not among those who can be brushed aside as "yellow journalists." He is one of the ornaments of our profession, being a conscientious and learned historian, who always verifies his facts. He is incapable of sacrificing accuracy to sensation. We may be sure that he has published this paper with a full sense of his responsibility, keenly conscious of the effect of its appearance in a periodical of the standing and authority of the *Quarterly Review.* We would urge those of our readers who have not already done so to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this encyclopædia of information. Among other influences which have undoubtedly helped to awaken the British people from their trance have been various clumsy manifestations of German espionage in our Eastern counties, and the illuminating articles in the *Clarion,* referred to later.

---

* We regard this Anglo-American adventurer's abuse of the *National Review* as the highest possible compliment. The President of the Board of Trade is

**The Present Outlook**

So far as we can make out, the present position is as follows: The German Government have been encouraged by the criminal utterances of the two chief adventurers in the Cabinet, Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Lloyd-George, to anticipate a further weakening of British national defences by the reduction of our Regular Army and the curtailment of our shipbuilding programme. Berlin rightly attaches immense importance to every raid on the Army, on account of its effect in Paris, where Mr. Haldane's "reforms" are regarded as a violation of the spirit if not of the letter of the *entente cordiale.* Any further diminution of our scanty Regular Forces would convince many Frenchmen that France is backing the wrong horse in linking her fortunes to a country with a vanishing army. But above all the Germans count, as they have openly admitted, on the disarmament-mongers in the Cabinet continuing

physically incapable of making an accurate statement on any question. He cannot even issue an accurate Blue-book—and when he says, as he did when tub-thumping at Swansea (August 15), that the *National Review* wishes for war with Germany, he is merely adding another to his long record of "terminological inexactitudes." Neither he nor any other man can adduce a jot or tittle of evidence in support of this malignant falsehood.

the process of dropping "Dreadnoughts," which, as already explained, greatly helps the Kaiser with his own taxpayers. We have always been anxious to keep foreign affairs out of party politics, but should the Liberals continue to treat our national defences as they have done since the General Election, they will have no right to be surprised should the Unionist Party retaliate by covering the hoardings at every by-election with some such crystal as the following: "A Vote for the Liberal candidate is a Vote for the German Emperor." Wilhelm II. and his entourage are naturally anxious to help their Liberal confederates in disarming Great Britain by preventing any inconvenient explosion of Anglophobia in Germany such as took place at the time of the King's visit to Reval, as it might ruin all and stop the weakening of the British Fleet. As a matter of fact it is quite unnecessary to stoke up any further hatred of England, as the Pan-German agitators, the Navy League, and the semi-official Professors who have been employed in this detestable duty, have performed their task only too well, and a moral atmosphere has been created which would secure for the Government the practically unanimous support of the German nation in the event of any hostile action towards Great Britain. Indeed, there is some anxiety in high places lest the people may have been inflamed beyond the safety point, as every untoward outburst hampers German diplomacy in its task of bamboozling the British. It is all-important for the time being to maintain the legend of "a friendly Germany," and this it is hoped to do with the amiable assistance of that portion of the British Press which dances to the piping of Potsdam. Meanwhile German "Dreadnoughts" grow at the rate of four per annum, and if only our Government can be persuaded to limit British "Dreadnoughts," it will be unnecessary to keep up the tragic farce much longer as the command of the sea will have passed to Wilhelm II.

**Their Friends the Opposition**

MINISTERS have become aware that the British public are greatly moved by the German challenge, and that it would take very little to start a popular agitation for adequate armaments, which would sweep the country and speedily consign Mr. Asquith and Co. to the limbo of forgotten things. But they count on two factors to save them from the fate they so richly deserve. In the first place, they believe that their good friends on the Front Opposition Bench are totally incapable of making a serious effort for any great national object such as the security of the country. Unfortunately, the Unionist record on almost all questions of national defence is so lamentable that it would require considerable moral courage in our Front Benchers to take the lead in such a movement, and moral courage is not a conspicuous trait among Parliamentarians. Moreover, very few Unionist politicians have ever exhibited an intelligent interest in such subjects, and the contrast between the congested condition of the Opposition Benches, when, *e.g.*, the Licensing Bill is being debated, with the hideous and appalling void during the discussion of the Naval Estimates, is one of the most painful of our political phenomena. It is obvious to all observant onlookers that the German menace has come to stay, and that National Defence will dwarf every other public question during the coming years. The puny efforts of our so-called "practical politicians" to confine public interest and political controversy to the education squabble, the drink question, the regulation of the hours of labour, Old Age Pensions, &c. &c.—important though these questions be—will be about as successful as Mrs. Partington's efforts to control the sea with her mop. As we have said, the German question has come to stay, for the simple reason that if the situation be looked at through German eyes, it is obvious that Great Britain blocks the way to those boundless ambitions which have become the obsession of a vigorous and virile people. We have never charged Germany with being endowed with a double dose of original sin, but merely with having developed an inordinate megalomania which can only be gratified at our expense.

**Sir John Fisher's Services**

OUR hand-to-mouth politicians of both parties, who invariably play into one another's hands, would gladly shovel the whole thing out of sight, and resume their mock-heroic sham fight at Westminster according to the approved rules. As already explained, his Majesty's Ministers rely on his Majesty's Opposition not to press the question of National Defence, and Sir John Fisher can always be hurled at any ex-Minister who threatens to kick over the traces. But they also count on the co-operation of the Unionist Press in persuading the public that all is for the best under the best of all possible Admiralties. Here again Sir John Fisher is invaluable, because whereas statements made by political opponents might excite suspicion even in the most unwary journalist, Sir John's assertions are swallowed holus bolus, he being one of those brilliant intriguers to whom the maxim "Once bitten, twice shy" does not apply. Every autumn he loads his newspaper friends with cock-and-bull stories of the wonderful things he is going to do in the spring, while incidentally crying *peccavi* over past failures. Every spring the Fisher myths vanish into thin air, but they have served their purpose by pacifying the public during the critical days while the Naval Estimates were being cut down. Once again we are confronted by the gigantic gooseberry annually grown in the Admiralty garden. If only the country, which is seriously stirred on the German question, can be temporarily convinced that all is well with the Navy because the authorities are at last aroused and are resolved to maintain our Sea-power, it will be exceedingly difficult, when the usual fizzle comes, to revive the agitation. The position is so palpably perilous that even our Mandarins may realise it, and may conceivably be taking time by the forelock contrary to all their traditions, but we would urge our readers to accept none of the statements which have lately floated from one newspaper to another to the effect that Ministers have decided to issue a hundred million naval loan, in order to place our supremacy over Germany and every other Power *hors concours*, and intend introducing a four years' building programme based on the principle of "two British keels for every German keel." This is too good to be true. We shall believe it when we see it. Our readers should remain *toujours en vedette*, and watch Ministers with the utmost suspicion. They should be especially on their guard against any optimistic statements traceable to the Admiralty. Sir John Fisher regards the British public as mainly composed of idiots to be kept quiet by cheap sensationalism.

**Another Gooseberry**

It so happens that the same month which witnessed the development of this gigantic gooseberry, has seen the collapse of another gooseberry almost as large. We were positively assured by persons professing to know that the King's complimentary visit to Cronberg, where his Majesty spent a pleasant day with the German Emperor, had peculiar political significance, that Anglo-German relations were exhaustively reviewed by the two Monarchs, that the ticklish topic of disarmament had been successfully broached, and that we were on the high road to an Anglo-German Agreement on this question. Moralists are glib as regards the shortcomings of "the Yellow Press," and we certainly have "Yellow politicians" in the shape of Mr. Winston Churchill—but the paper responsible for this ludicrous *canard* would be mortally offended if dubbed "Yellow," and it was the *Daily Mail* (August 22) which spoke the word in season and put an end to much infantile twaddle by publishing a paragraph which concisely describes the present and permanent phase of Anglo-German relations.

> We are informed that there is no truth whatever in the reports that have been current this week that an agreement has been come to between Great Britain and Germany on the subject of the limitation of naval armaments.
>
> This announcement will surprise no one who is acquainted with the German attitude towards all suggestions emanating from this country that a limit should be put to the shipbuilding programmes of the two nations. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's well-meant but ill-timed article on the subject in the *Nation* was, as we pointed out at the time, certain to be totally misunderstood. The view almost universally held in Germany is that such proposals are prompted solely by a desire on the part of Great Britain to maintain the Kaiser's fleet permanently in its present position of inferiority. Coming as it did at a time when the building of the *Dreadnought* was supposed to have enormously increased our naval preponderance, the demand that a halt should be called in the building of warships was not likely to be regarded as a disinterested move on the part of Great Britain.
>
> To-day any such overtures on our part are even more open to suspicion than they were at the time of the Hague Conference. Since then the Reichstag has adopted a naval programme extending to 1911 which, unless it is met by enormous expenditure on our part, will greatly lessen the relative inferiority of the Kaiser's navy. It is quite certain that under no circumstances would Germany consent to modify that programme in our favour, and therefore the revival at the present time of the discussion concerning the limitation of programmes will not only have no practical result, but is likely still further to increase the suspicion and distrust with which such proposals are regarded in Germany.

The single result of King Edward's call upon his Imperial nephew was a promise that his Majesty and the Queen would pay a State visit to Berlin in the spring, though according to the *Observer*, "a full discussion upon naval policy took place between the German Emperor and Sir Charles Hardinge," at which we confess we should like to have assisted. If Sir Charles was able to bring home to his illustrious interlocutor what the command of the sea means to the British Empire, and what Englishmen feel on the subject, he performed a public service to two great Powers. Although the Jackasses try and discount the *National Review* as "anti-German," we have always understood and appreciated the German standpoint towards Disarmament, which is more than the Jackasses can say.

**Lloyd-George v. Churchill**

THE Cronberg visit nearly produced a serious crisis in Anglo-German relations, thanks to Mr. Lloyd-George, who seems to have entirely lost his head since he exchanged the Board of Trade for the Exchequer. He and his successor at the latter office are evidently engaged in a patriotic effort to make the Foreign Office too hot for Sir Edward Grey. These *arrivistes* are aware that office is a matter of total indifference to their colleague, which is more than either of them can say. If they can worry Sir Edward Grey into resigning there will be more plunder for themselves and their hungry camp-followers. But they are equally engaged in a fierce intrigue against each other. Mr. Lloyd-George, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and deputy-leader of the House of Commons, is considerably ahead in the Ministerial hierarchy of the President of the Board of Trade, who was bitterly chagrined at not getting the Admiralty or some other show-place at the last reshuffle of portfolios. Mr. Winston Churchill is not disposed to accept present arrangements as final, but is determined by fair means or foul to get ahead of Mr. Lloyd-George, and he hopes to achieve his purpose simply by keeping himself before the public in one way or another, with the aid of a powerful Press claque. He had not shone during the Session, and his prestige had been dimmed by his ignominious defeat at Manchester. Directly it was over the Free Trade Congress provided him with a platform for a turgid oration—Mr. Lloyd-George, the author of the Protectionist Patents Act, being necessarily compelled to absent himself from that function, but not before he had delighted another Congress of peace cranks by making an attack on British naval policy, which made him a popular hero in Germany. Mr. Churchill had a wonderful stroke of luck in being discovered by the snapshotters of the halfpenny Press at a country house fire, in the not very successful *rôle* of an amateur fireman, and "A Cabinet Minister *en deshabille*" became a familiar device on the hoardings. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was desolate. This was not cricket. He was lying *perdu* at some Continental watering-place. How could he revive his fallen fortunes and once again get into the limelight? Happy thought!—he would make things hum by means of an international interview; and he did, with a vengeance! A convenient representative of the *Neue Freie Presse*, a newspaper printed in Vienna but edited in Berlin, placed himself at Mr. Lloyd-George's disposal, and the Chanceries of Europe were electrified to learn that the British Chancellor of the Exchequer was about to proceed on a highly important mission to Berlin for the purpose of straightening out Anglo-German relations.

**The Lloyd-George Fizzle**

By way of facilitating this somewhat delicate enterprise, our only diplomatist gave utterance to certain illuminating observations, *inter alia* suggesting that as England had embarked on Old Age Pensions and was badly in need of money Germany must give up building battleships. In a word, Mr. Lloyd-George rushed in where angels fear to tread. From the moment of this pregnant interview he became the man of the hour. Mr. Winston Churchill was nowhere, and we can imagine the latter's feelings on reading in the *Neue Freie Presse* "besides the Prime Minister Asquith and the Foreign Minister Grey, the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is more in all mouths than that of any other member of the English Government." Our only diplomatist was accompanied to Berlin by a running chorus of sympathetic comment, and all the familiar semi-official apparatus was set in motion to make a fool of him, quite unnecessarily as it turned out, as long before he reached the German capital he and his *entourage* had made such egregious asses of themselves in successive interviews that even the *Westminster Gazette*, which regards every Liberal Cabinet Minister as sacrosanct, became alarmed, and politely intimated that our only diplomatist was no diplomatist—a sufficiently obvious fact—that he had absolutely no mission whatever, and that his sole object in visiting Berlin was to study the operation of German Old Age Pensions. Instead of carving up the Continent with the Kaiser, Mr. Lloyd-George ultimately found himself discussing sick benefits with German Trade Unionists. We trust he has returned a wiser if a sadder man.

**The Vanishing Loan**

UNDER the circumstances we are bound to regard all rumours of a big naval policy with the utmost scepticism. A financier in search of a balance who artlessly imagined, or pretended to imagine, that Berlin would provide the "desirable hen-roost" for which he had advertised, who seriously believed that Germany would "oblige Benson" by entertaining projects of disarmament, and was actually unaware of the elementary fact that German naval expenditure had been fixed for several years ahead by Act of Parliament, is a very unsafe guide in public affairs. As we have repeatedly pointed out, Germany is not developing her sea-power out of income, but out of capital. She is anticipating events by floating war loans, the German view being that it is sounder finance to raise money for war in peace-time, as rates of interest are lower and the Government are more likely to get twenty shillings' worth for every pound. Moreover, we should never forget that Germany counts on recovering her entire expenditure, with a handsome margin to boot, in the shape of a war indemnity levied on England the Unready. As we pointed out months ago this country must raise a big loan under our present bankrupt fiscal system in order to retain her maritime supremacy, but we protest against any premature announcements regarding a question *which has not even been considered by the Cabinet.* It is far more probable that Mr. Lloyd-George, who is a little child in such matters, has been cozened by the astute Teuton into consenting to postpone additional British shipbuilding until 1911, on a vague verbal assurance that the German Government—having then got ahead of us in battleships—may be willing to discuss the limitation of armaments. This, judging by previous performances, is more likely to be "the fruits of Mr. Lloyd-George's peace mission to Berlin" than a courageous and serious naval policy. Or possibly, as a sop to disquieted public opinion, there may be a trumpery loan of five millions or ten millions, which, without being any substantial use to the British Navy, would stimulate the

Germans to further efforts. Is it not somewhat ominous that the enthusiasts who have been running this loan "shave" should already have halved the amount? The *Daily Telegraph*, which is an ardent Fisherite organ, started it at £100,000,000, but within a week the *Observer* (August 23), which is equally ardent in the same cause, reduced it to £50,000,000, so it is on a fair way to our more modest figure of £5,000,000 or £10,000,000. Frankly we believe that our Little Stickit Ministers are quite incapable of contemplating any big policy—though we shall be delighted if the *Observer* proves right, and if we are wrong in our judgment of the Government.

**Exit the "Dreadnought"**

THERE are, it must be acknowledged, somewhat disquieting features in the *Observer* announcement, which our esteemed contemporary vouches for as "an accurate version of the facts." In the first place there is to be no inquiry into Admiralty administration—a reasonable accompaniment of a big Naval Loan—as of late years there have been grave and increasing misgivings concerning the management of the British Navy. On the contrary, a blank cheque is to be placed at the disposal of the Grand Panjandrum, Sir J. Fisher. We have never joined in any depreciation of the "Dreadnought" policy, though we have been nauseated by the shameless booming of that particular type, but we confess to being concerned on learning from the *Observer*. which commands exceptional sources of information, that "Dreadnoughts" are *passées* before they are built, and that the *Indomitable*, which lately made a sensational trip across the Atlantic with the Prince of Wales, is the new basket into which all our eggs are to be put. Lest we be suspected of bias, we will quote our contemporary's startling declaration:

> To say that "Dreadnoughts" are obsolete may be going too far, but the *Indomitable* is beyond all question the ship of the future. Put full battle-power into vessels of that speed and you have, as has been said, the ship able to fight "when she likes, where she likes, and how she likes." One extra knot or two of speed are hardly worth having at the price. But put in an extra five or six knots, and a squadron of the improved "Indomitables" of the future would be able to waltz round a squadron of any battleships now in being or on the stocks.

Nelson's tactics consisted in putting British battleships alongside the enemy's battleships and blowing them out of the water, but apparently Fisher tactics consist in "waltzing"—*i.e.*, bolting. However, it is *lèse majesté* to question the autocrat's decrees.

> And let us not confuse the functions of the politicians and the sailors. Find the money for the Admiralty. Leave them with confidence to buy for it the maximum amount of sea-power. . . . Let us, therefore, hear no more of the untenable contention that the Admiralty introduced "Dreadnoughts" for other than the right reasons; and if it is true that the progress of foreign design and British thought tends to make even the *Dreadnought* the ship of the past, then we may be certain that the *Indomitable* will be the ship of the future if the four years' programme is to be carried out with concentrated efficiency.

Surely, in the face of this, on the showing of Sir John Fisher's warmest admirers, the case for inquiry such as those most distinguished ex-Sea Lords Sir Frederick Richards and Sir R. Vesey Hamilton have pressed for becomes irresistible, and should precede any new departure or any great expenditure. We cannot turn lightly from "Lord Nelsons" to "Dreadnoughts," and from "Dreadnoughts" to "Indomitables," on the *ipse dixit* of one man, be he genius or mountebank.

**The Spy Mania**

THE *Times* of August 21 contained a scathing article on the subject of "The Spy Mania," from which this country is reputed to be suffering. With the main conclusion of that article we are in entire accord. As our leading journal observes: "Public attention had much better be concentrated on the real conditions which make for conflict between any two nations. The magnitude of the preparations, on the one hand, the extent of the unpreparedness on the other hand, are among the principal factors which throughout history have brought about international collisions." We are told that "If the energy now expended upon watching and noting and discussing the possibly quite harmless wanderings of furtive visitors to our shores, were devoted more exclusively to insisting upon the complete preparedness of both arms of our Service, there would probably be little need for real apprehension of a conflict in any quarter." It does "the exponents of the spy mania the justice of recognising that they assiduously urge the importance of maintaining the efficiency of our defences; but they do so in the wrong way." We should be disposed to put the matter somewhat differently, and therefore cannot endorse the column and a half of contempt which our contemporary pours upon all and sundry who have interested themselves in this curious development of German thirst for knowledge, in which, as a matter of fact, the *National Review* has taken very little part beyond quoting a paragraph from the Military Correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph,* who professed to speak on information within his knowledge. We are prepared to maintain that the *Standard* and other organs assiduous in this matter have rendered valuable public service. You must take the British public as they are, with their defects as well as their merits. Their most conspicuous failure is a total lack of imagination and an abysmal ignorance of everything outside these islands. They do not readily visualise the sleepless belligerent activity across the North Sea, and it has been uphill work trying to hammer its significance into self-complacency. But apparently the indiscreet, and according to the *Times* totally unnecessary proceedings of German officers in disguising themselves as hairdressers, waiters, &c., and in swaggering about our Eastern Counties like stage heroes, have opened eyes previously closed, and have roused suspicions in thick heads, including many politicians who had previously pooh-poohed the whole German naval development, but who have been impressed by this open and clumsy espionage. There is surely no fear of our becoming unduly suspicious of the stranger within our gates but rather of our being too slack and of paying dearly for our slackness one of these days. Why should British hotels provide employment for so many members of the German Intelligence Department?

**The Clarion's Campaign**

BRITISH Socialists are in close touch with German Socialists, and the apprehensions lately expressed in the *Clarion, Justice,* and the *New Age,* may be regarded as the common apprehensions of a very intelligent section of the proletariat in both countries. German Socialists are placed in a painful dilemma, because they are patriots before they are Socialists, and would support the national cause in any emergency whether they deemed it just or unjust, whereas Socialists in most other countries are Socialists before they are patriots, many of them, like Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Jaurès, despising patriotism, some going so far as to advise the troops to rebel against the national Government in the hour of national need. German Socialists are sufficiently far-sighted to realise that this cowardly and criminal attitude on the part of their comrades elsewhere is a danger to the peace of the world, with which Socialism is bound up, because it plays into the hands of the German chauvinists who are inflaming the German masses. Herr Bebel has frequently declared in the Reichstag that the present feverish and frantic development of German Sea-Power is only intelligible on the assumption that it is directed against Great Britain, a fact which no honest German disputes, and which, indeed, constitutes its one attraction to pugnacious Prussia, which now dominates the policy of Germany, and is literally spoiling for a fight. The feelings and knowledge of the German Socialists emphasise the significant warnings lately appearing in the *Clarion*, edited by Mr. Robert Blatchford, which opened with a series of searching questions from the editor which were replied to by Mr. H. M. Hyndman, Chairman of the Social Democratic Federation, probably the most advanced body of Socialists in this country, in an article (*Clarion*, July 31) remarkable on account of its keen and incisive appreciation of the international situation. Mr. Hyndman refuses to bury his head in the sand.

> There is not the slightest doubt that Germany, under the leadership of Prussia, is steadily making ready at heavy cost, which the German Empire at present can ill afford, for a crucial naval engagement in the North Sea, followed by an invasion of this country. This is perfectly well known to all our leading politicians, and conclusive evidence of the truth of this statement is on record in the War Office and at the Admiralty. Everything is being got ready with that scrupulous care and minute attention to detail for which the Germans have been famous in military matters for nearly half a century. In regard to the naval preparations no concealment whatever is even attempted. Within six years from date, it is openly admitted on both sides of the North Sea that the German fleet, designed and built specially for this one object, will be in a condition, if we allow things to take their course, to challenge our own Navy in Home waters, and very possibly to win. German naval officers avowedly look forward to the day of the great engagement, and drink their toasts, even in the presence of foreign guests, to their own success in the approaching encounter. This deliberate intention on the part of Germany to fight out the question of our naval security to a finish is universally recognised on the Continent of Europe; and the most influential classes in Germany, as Englishmen who know Germany thoroughly, who visit Germany every year, and are very friendly with Germans, readily admit, proclaim that "England is the enemy."

In the opinion of Mr. Hyndman

> We are face to face to-day with a much greater danger than any that ever threatened these shores from Napoleon; a danger being deliberately worked up for us day after day, month after month, and year after year in a cool, calculating fashion, such as the great Corsican had neither the time nor the means to devote to his projects. Not only is a very powerful fleet being got ready with all due despatch, but the arrangements for transporting troops have, by assiduous practice, reached such perfection that within a few days, if the opportunity were deemed favourable, 200,000 men, fully equipped with all the necessary munitions of war, could be landed on our coast. We have no force in this island at the present time, nor shall we have six years hence at the rate we are going, which could hope to hold its own against such an army: an army that would quite probably be heavily reinforced by men of the same nationality who had purposely come here beforehand. War for Empire and European dominance is not the nice little game of pacific commercial plunder and competitive beggar-my-neighbour which our fanatics of peace when there is no peace are so fond of. It is a very deadly business, indeed, carried on in order to attain a definite end, without any scruples whatever, and no means are neglected by experts in the terrible game to ensure complete success in the long run.

"Oh, but," say the optimists, "this would never be permitted. The Germans are our very good friends, and would never allow their Government to commit such an outrage on a peaceful Power. Then there are the Social Democrats—they would have something to say too." Mr. Hyndman, who is the last man to underrate the power of the German Social Democracy, tells us,

> It is just as well to get this rubbish out of the way at once. Our Comrade Bebel, expressing the opinions of our Social-Democrat comrades, said plainly more than once in the Reichstag that the German Navy is being built in order to attack England, and opposed the voting of the money for the shipbuilding programme now being carried out on that ground, and because the carrying out of such a programme must inevitably lead to war. Yet German Social-Democrats cannot hinder the completion of the programme for a moment. The German people, however, have no quarrel with the English people; the English people have no quarrel with the German people. Quite true, and when they meet and understand one another they are excellent friends. But the German people most assuredly have no control over their Government. Moreover, we here have very short memories. Most of us have already forgotten how Germany threatened France with war but yesterday unless the Republic dismissed M. Delcassé immediately on account of Morocco, a country in which M. von Bülow declared just before Germany had no interest whatever. M. Delcassé was ejected and peace was maintained. But the choice offered France from Berlin was war or humiliation. When the German statesmen are ready they will find plenty of excuses for a rupture with Great Britain.

THE present generation know little of the great Franco-German war of 1870–71. It was preceded, as Mr. Hyndman points out,

**Mr. Hyndman's Forecast**

by the disgraceful campaign of brigandage, at the expense of little Denmark, when, without the slightest excuse, Prussia and Austria combined to seize Schleswig-Holstein. A year or two later, the more artful brigand fell upon his ally, quite unexpectedly, and had another excellent innings at the expense of Austria, for which everything, including the Italian alliance, had been assiduously prepared beforehand. Four years more of equally steady preparation and "the man of blood and iron" was ready to provoke and crush France, whom we English, with inconceivable cowardice and ineptitude, refused to help, even after the fall of the Empire and the proclamation of the Republic. Since then, peace. Quite so. Peace and commercial expansion; peace and military and naval preparation. But if any one is foolish enough to imagine there have been no threatenings and slaughters breathed out from Berlin in the interval between, let us say, 1875 and 1905, then he knows nothing about what has been going on. Germany to-day is by far the most powerful nation in Europe; therefore Prussia could well afford to wait for a generation. She has waited. Now the period of waiting is very nearly at an end; the period of action is again close at hand.

After paying a tribute to German thinkers and writers, and to the many things which Germans do so much better than we do, Mr. Hyndman ends by declaring that "for all that I regard German Imperialism and German jackbootery as a menace to Europe, and I believe firmly that the success of the German pan-Teuton, anti-English, anti-French scheme of aggression, would throw back Socialism in Europe for fully two generations."

We ourselves are a nation in decadence to-day, and our games and our gambling have become the most serious business of our well-to-do life. None the less, a thorough-going policy of the people at home and abroad, backed up by the national sacrifices which only a Socialist democracy could or would make, might speedily check our degeneration and give this country its rightful position in Europe and the world, to the benefit of others as well as ourselves.

MR. F. W. JOWETT, M.P., the Labour Member for Bradford, admittedly one of the ablest members of the present House of Commons, in another article in the same number of the *Clarion* observes: "Germany is rapidly increasing the strength of its

**Mr. Blatchford's Warning**

Navy, and the battleships which are being added to its fleet can only be intended for use against us. *They can reach no possible enemy more remote from their own dockyards*" (our italics). Naturally there was the usual shallow-pated denunciation of these warnings in the smug, ignorant, self-complacent Liberal Press, much of which is wire-pulled either from the Wilhelmstrasse or the Press Bureau of the German Embassy in London. These marionettes burst forth with their stale diatribes against "alarmists," "jingoes," "scaremongers," &c. &c., and Mr. Keir Hardie and the so-called "Labour leaders," who frequently succeed in being even more foolish than "common or garden" Liberals, met together as the National Executive of the Labour Party, and passed a portentous resolution deploring "the reskless and mischievous attempts now being made by small interested sections, both in Great Britain and in Germany, to persuade the peoples of the two countries that a war between them is inevitable," &c. &c. This prompted a spirited rejoinder from Mr. Robert Blatchford (*Clarion*, August 7), entitled "The Danger of War—A Challenge to the Labour Leaders." Noting that the Labour resolution referred to attempts "now being made by small interested sections in Great Britain and Germany to foment war," and the action "of a few individuals who have bought the Press, to distort news to suit their flamboyant political passions and their economic interests," Mr. Blatchford observed that these were serious statements coming from such responsible men as Messrs. Keir Hardie, Henderson, Ramsay Macdonald, and suggesting that they could hardly mean to convey the idea that the *New Age, Justice,* and the *Clarion* have been "bought." If certain journals were accused of inventing dangers, they had not invented the German fleet, the long quays at Emden, or the flotilla of transports, or the millions of German troops.

> The Labour Party hate war, therefore they will not hear of any danger of war. I hate and dread war, therefore I point out what to me appears an impending danger of war which demands immediate action from the British people. If we scaremongers are not deceived : if there is a danger of war, may I point out to the ostrich party that it is not a danger of collision between two equally-guilty Governments, but a danger of unprovoked, unjustifiable, and wicked attack by an autocratic ruler upon an inoffensive people? There is no war party in this country, but only a party of defence.

There was another thing the Labour Party hated and dreaded. "They call it militarism. They do not hate and dread it more than I do. But I want to point out that their present policy, or lack of policy, is helping the development and growth of that danger."

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> Towards conscription, as towards war, we are drifting because of the weakness of the democratic parties of the kingdom. I repeat my statement:
>
> (1) There is grave and present danger of a German attack upon this country.
>
> (2) This danger exists because we are not prepared for war.
>
> (3) We are not prepared for war because the ruling classes do not trust the people and because the people do not trust the ruling classes.
>
> The German people are an *army*. The British people are an unarmed, untrained mob. I think it is a time for plain speaking. I want to *know*.

**Mr. Keir Hardie's Contribution**

MR. BLATCHFORD concluded with an earnest appeal to the working classes to clear their minds of such current Liberal cant as that peace was assured, because "peace is the greatest British interest." "That is true, but it does not touch the issue, because unfortunately peace is not the greatest interest of Germany." The British working classes did not realise the horror and disaster of a successful invasion of England by Germany. "They are so used to denunciations of the capitalist and commercial system that they forget that its sudden destruction would mean starvation, ruin, and slavery."

> Is there one amongst the Labour leaders who remembers the Lancashire cotton famine? Imagine the sudden destruction of our foreign trade; the sudden overturn of our home industries. Women and men, will you let me beg of you not to commit the fatal error of mistaking words for facts? You want peace, comrades. Will you prove yourselves worthy of it? Will you listen to an old friend's warning of the approach of war? There is danger: not only to England, but to Socialism, to Democracy, to Liberty. And what do the leaders of the Labour party say? And what do the ruling classes propose to do? I protest vehemently against the conspiracy of official silence. I disdain to notice the juggling and disingenuous speeches of Liberal Ministers. Let us have light.

Mr. Keir Hardie replied with the usual twaddle in the *Labour Leader*, carefully ignoring Mr. Blatchford's points, and fatuously declaring that Messrs. Hyndman and Blatchford spoke for themselves alone. The following is a fine specimen of the Hardiean method of controversy. "Now either the threatened German invasion is a reality or a deliberately manufactured scare concocted by the ghouls of both countries, who live by playing on the credulity of the public. In the most unhesitating manner I declare it to be the latter." Upon which Mr. Blatchford caustically observes, "Hardie always speaks in 'the most unhesitating manner.' Why should he hesitate when he is always right? Why should he hesitate to declare that thousands of the most honourable and able of his fellow countrymen are ghouls? His method is the method of the Yellow Press: the method of reckless personal abuse." According to Mr. Keir Hardie all difficulties would be settled by the impending deputation of representative Labour M.P.s, who would visit Germany as "messengers of peace and goodwill." "We can kill the war spirit even before it is born. The resolution of the Labour Party which has given Blatchford so much offence, has already gone far to do this. If need be an industrial movement for stopping the output of war supplies, arranged and carried through jointly by the organised Labour movement in both countries simultaneously, will complete the task. To Herr Bebel and our German comrades all, hands all round and pledge deep the toast, 'Hoch! hoch! hoch! for the international solidarity of labour and the destruction of the war spirit.'" Mr. Blatchford is equally prepared to hoch! to any extent, but he is less certain than Mr. Keir Hardie "that our hochs will convert the Kaiser and the German War party to Socialism. I wish I could think with Hardie that there is no danger. But to me the danger seems real, and the policy of the Labour Party insufficient, and I have to say so whether I am suspect or not. Well, such is Hardie's answer. He cannot answer me fully, he says, because I irritate him. I am sorry. He does not irritate me. But he surprises me. And I have a good mind not to invite him to my garden-party."

**Morocco**

OUR readers ought to feel grateful to us for steadily resisting the temptation to elucidate the internal situation in Morocco, as any effort in that direction must have misled them. Just as the quidnuncs were declaring that Mulai Hafid, the Pretender, had shot his bolt, and that Abdul Aziz, the reigning Sultan, was about to recover control of his dominions, came the sensational news that the Pretender had completely routed his brother's forces, that the latter was a fugitive in a French camp, and that the victor had been proclaimed Sultan at Tangier. We suppose, though we do not know, and have no intention of prophesying as regards the land of the unexpected, that this may be regarded as the end of the well-meaning but inept Abdul Aziz.

Our main interest in Morocco is through France, our partner in the *entente cordiale*, and it must be a matter of keen congratulation to both British and French Governments that, thanks to the masterly inactivity of the latter, neither country is in any way compromised by the defeat or victory of either Sultan. No change in the Moroccan kaleidoscope will affect the international situation, which is regulated by the Act of Algeciras. The Germans, for their own very transparent purposes, have been desperately anxious to identify the French cause with that of Abdul Aziz from the moment fortune turned against him, but the French were too wary to walk into that trap. As the *Times* points out (August 24):

> The French have maintained an attitude of exemplary neutrality in the exceedingly difficult circumstances of the whole of the Moroccan struggle. The area occupied by their troops was forbidden to the troops of Abdul Aziz in their advance, while there was not the slightest interference with the forces of Mulai Hafid when their route led them within a short distance of the boundary of occupation. France will continue, now as heretofore, to devote herself to the tactful and patient fulfilment of the duty of introducing peace and order into the troubled Shereefian Empire in accordance with the mandate of Europe.

It may be hoped without being expected that some Sultan may shortly secure a sufficiently strong position to enable him to deal with the foreigner, but whoever he be, his position would presumably be endangered the moment his "wild men" suspected him of treating with the hated unbeliever, and a new pretender might do to him as Mulai Hafid has done by Abdul Aziz. The Moroccan question must inevitably impose a heavy and continuous tax on French patience.

**Belgian Annexation of the Congo**

NOT the least interesting event of an unusually fruitful month is the action of the Belgian House of Commons in approving the annexation of the Congo Free State after four months' discussion of the Treaty of Annexation and the new Colonial Law. The Senate's consent is regarded as a foregone conclusion, and under the Berlin Act of 1885 the Signatory Powers must be notified of Belgium's assumption of sovereignty. It may be hoped that the well-meaning busybodies in this country who have made the Congo question their own—the "men in buckram" so skilfully marshalled by Mr. Morel into the semblance of a large army—may permit this process to be peacefully completed, and will abstain from intervening with impossible suggestions, the only effect of which would be to wreck the whole scheme and reopen the question, a result which would cast doubts on the good faith of the Congo agitation. The one and only hope of decent treatment for the unfortunate natives who have been so inhumanly exploited by the avaricious King of the Belgians, who has turned parts of their country into a hell upon earth, is that they should be placed under the constitutional control of a civilised Parliament. This is secured under the Treaty of Annexation, and the enlightened attitude of many Belgian politicians during recent debates is a sufficient guarantee that the conscience of the country is aroused, and that Belgium's new subjects will be properly protected against abuses. Belgium has incurred no slight responsibility in undertaking the administration of a colossal country about the size of Europe, with a population three times as large as her own, and if the other Powers are wise, they will do everything to assist Belgium in the early stages of her Imperial career. England should be foremost in helping her, but it cannot be said that our policy on the Congo question has so far been helpful to any one, while it has brought us under grave suspicion abroad. Let us not forget that, while Belgium is engaged in annexing the Congo Free State, another Power is engaged in absorbing Belgium, *vide* Mr. Feibelmann's article, "Belgium in the Grip of Germany."

**The American Fleet in Australasia**

THE people of the Mother Country, as well as the Americans themselves, have been astonished by the wonderful ovation accorded the great American Fleet by the people of Australia and New Zealand. It is a subject of unmitigated satisfaction to the Press and people of the Mother Country, and it is no surprise to students of Australian affairs. President Roosevelt, in including Australasia in the itinerary of Admiral Sperry's tour, was doubtless making a bold bid for the hegemony of the British Empire, which is derelict during a Radical *régime*, and towards which—tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, though we may discreetly whisper it to one another now that he is turning his back on the White House—he is none too friendly. The intimate friends of our enemies cannot be our friends. Some Englishmen may have been disposed to interpret Australia's welcome as eloquent evidence of the Americanisation of the Island Continent, but as a matter of fact American influences both in Australia and New Zealand, are almost nil. There are but a handful of Americans in Melbourne, and occasional visitors elsewhere, who are personally popular, as they are usually of the right sort. But the American Press, which is generally speaking anti-British, has no footing in Australia, and although trade with the United States is increasing, it is not yet a serious factor. American politics repel Australians as they repel everybody else, and although ever since Federation American precedents have been liberally quoted in Melbourne, it is rather as warnings to deter than as patterns to imitate. The visit of the American Fleet is a pregnant political event for totally different reasons, which we should endeavour to understand, because British policy is entirely responsible for this demonstration.

**Lonely Australia**

AUSTRALIA has felt lonely since the withdrawal of the British Fleet and the practical disappearance of British Sea-power east of Suez. In our superior wisdom we of the old country are aware that this concentration is in accordance with "sound Imperial strategy." We have been taught that "the sea is all one," that Australia is defended in the British Channel, and that out of sight is not out of mind in Naval affairs, &c. &c. But Australia is no more able to surrender herself to these excellent maxims than we should were the parts reversed and our Sea-power were withdrawn to the other side of the planet. This policy of contraction has had an invigorating effect on the Australians, who are endeavouring without a superabundance of sympathy from the bureaucracy of Whitehall, to lay the foundation of an Australian Fleet while they are turning their faces against the odious doctrine of patriotism by proxy, towards the manlier view that it is the duty of every able-bodied adult to defend the State in the hour of need, and to prepare himself betimes to discharge that elementary duty by undergoing a certain minimum of compulsory service. No wonder that our isolated fellow subjects took advantage of the entry of a mighty American Fleet into the Pacific to show the world that though forlorn they were not entirely friendless. Feeble British diplomacy may have admitted Germany to the

Pacific, but the Australians have no desire to see that hostile influence extended, and let us hope that even President Roosevelt, who is body and soul a German—perhaps with an eye to the German-American vote—may gradually realise that Washington has a higher *rôle* to play in *Weltpolitik* than merely saying ditto to Potsdam. The visit of the American Fleet to Australian waters is an epoch-making event, which should make entirely for good. The American naval officers, who are splendid fellows, and have evidently had "the time of their lives," are as overjoyed at the warmth of their welcome as their hosts are delighted with the friendliness of their guests. The Australians would, however, do well to bear in mind that American sailors are not American politicians, and that if any Senator or Congressman publicly expressed such genuine enthusiasm for the British Empire as the gallant Admiral Sperry, he would be speedily retired into private life.

**Parliamentary Affairs**

IT cannot be accurately affirmed that either Government or Opposition reaped an abundant harvest of glory during the closing days of the first portion of the Session, which "petered out" on August 1. The record majority have made a record mess of Parliamentary business, and in spite of a record resort to gag and guillotine—which, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, have been employed by the present Government ten times in three years, as compared with the three times in ten years that these instruments were invoked by their predecessors—they have very little to show for the suppression of the liberties of the Mother of Parliaments, all the more when it is borne in mind that Members have been compelled to keep their noses to the grindstone in Grand Committees that no one ever hears of. The sum total of first-class measures achieved to date, apart from the Finance Bill (the Budget), is the Old Age Pensions Bill—which in the hands of unscrupulous Radical electioneering agents is already becoming an instrument of political corruption comparable to the American Pensions system—and Mr. Birrell's Irish University Bill, which provoked a certain amount of slobbering from the Opposition Front Bench, presumably because it was so amazing that Mr. Birrell should pass anything. Happily Sir William Anson saved the Unionist Party from complicity in this miserable measure, by an incisive speech which turned it inside out, and exposed it as a hollow fraud, which can by no possibility serve its ostensible object of promoting higher education in Ireland. When the British nation realise that instead of creating what they imagine, and what Mr. Birrell pretends with his tongue in his cheek, a real University on the lines of Oxford or Cambridge, they have merely enlarged and enriched Maynooth, and placed Irish culture in the hands of obscurantists, who will make a clerical seminary instead of a lay university—a very different verdict will be passed upon this "great constructive statesmanship" which commends itself to Parliamentarians simply because it momentarily disposes of an embarrassing question.

**Drones and Deadheads**

THERE is a certain amount of grumbling among Unionists over the proceedings of the Opposition in Parliament, on which the *Standard* has thrown a powerful searchlight, which reveals that nearly all the work of the Party is done by a handful of men—an undesirable condition attributed by experienced politicians to the culpable practice which was greatly stimulated under the *régime* of Captain Middleton of putting up safe Conservative seats—especially in the South of England—to the highest bidder, *i.e.*, to the stoutest cheque-book. As a consequence the rank and file of the Unionist Party contains a disproportionate number of plutocrats who have bought their seats, who take little or no interest in politics, and are in a Parliamentary sense practically useless, because they do not even attend and vote. Wealth is a desirable factor in any political party, and wealth ought to be fairly represented in Parliament especially on the Conservative side, but taking the lowest grounds, property itself suffers under Parliamentary Government unless its representatives have tongues or brains or both. There are of course admirable Members, like the late Mr. Alfred Baldwin—rich, shrewd, capable, and public-spirited—who we believe never opened his mouth in the House of Commons, but whose opinion on any question of business was invaluable. It is all-important to keep this type in Parliament, but there is no reason that drones should dominate our party. If they captured Radical seats, they would have something to say for themselves, but in too many cases they simply appropriate Conservative strongholds to the exclusion of more energetic and effective politicians who are kept out of the House altogether by the MacKinley Tariff of "subscriptions" levied in so many constituencies. The Central Office blames the selection committees in the constituencies for their preference for money-bags, while the Committees retort that whenever they consult the Central Office concerning a candidate, money-bags are thrust upon them. The result is what we see, viz., an attenuated Opposition largely composed of drones and deadheads.

**Vigorous Criticism**

We do not feel disposed to attack the Opposition in the House of Commons because they work under very discouraging circumstances, but it is highly desirable, with a view to next Parliament, to increase the number of workers. During the closing days of the Session Ministers were very effectively criticised. Apart from Sir William Anson's damaging exposure of the Irish University Bill, Mr. Balfour conclusively demonstrated their mismanagement of Parliamentary business, and Mr. Alfred Lyttelton once again laid bare the fraud perpetrated in connection with Chinese labour in all its naked enormity. Ministers who professed to be outraged by the system of bringing indentured yellow labour oversea had salved their conscience by importing indentured black labour overland, although there was far greater mortality among the Portuguese than among the Chinese. The self-righteous Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Colonel Seely, sought to shelter himself behind the decision of the Transvaal in favour of black as against yellow labour, which provoked Mr. Stuart-Wortley to observe that the Transvaal's consent to the repatriation of the Chinese had only been bought by a disgraceful bribe of a guaranteed loan of five million pounds. On the subject of the cowardly betrayal of the British members of the Transvaal Civil Service to the tender mercies of the Boer Ministers, who have unblushingly raised their own salaries, Pecksniff, in the person of Colonel Seely, was driven into a corner, from which he could only escape in the approved Pecksniffian fashion, as was subsequently shown by Sir Gilbert Parker. We trust that the episode will not be allowed to drop when the House meets. Colonel Seely misled Parliament as to the proportion of "retrenched" officials for whom the Colonial Office had found employment, and he would be wise to make a clean breast of it instead of trying to bolster up an impossible case after the manner of his predecessor in Downing Street.

**The Peers**

WHILE cordially agreeing with the brilliant panegyric on Lord Lansdowne's skilful leadership of the House of Lords during three critical and eventful Sessions, which we publish elsewhere from the pen of "A Peer," it must be confessed that the Upper House did not appear in a very heroic light during the closing days of the Session. After swallowing Mr. Birrell's crude scheme for creating a Jesuit seminary in Dublin the Peers struck a valiant attitude towards the Old Age Pensions Bill, which was denounced in every mood and tense as a measure calculated to pauperise and demoralise the entire community, and then suddenly executed a right-about-face, and tumbled over one another in their anxiety to support the Bill. This was neither magnificent nor politics. Of two things one. If the measure was as bad as the Peers declared, it was surely their duty as a serious Second Chamber to reject, amend, or postpone it. Lord Cromer offered them an excellent opportunity of giving effect to their hesitations by an amendment limiting the operation of the Bill to the year 1915, thus securing its reconsideration by another Parliament. The Lords allowed themselves to be bluffed out of this, as out of every other amendment, and ended by swallowing the leek intact. If, on the other hand, it was always obvious, as we are now told, that the Lords had no serious *locus standi* as regards the Old Age Pensions Bill, because it dealt with money—an objection which might be used to deprive them of practically all legislative functions—they would surely have been wiser to husband their diatribes. It is alleged that the Peers intend to screw themselves up to reject the Licensing Bill. We shall see what we shall see. Meanwhile the Reform of the House of Lords is on the political agenda. Where is Lord Rosebery's tardy Report?

**The Turkish Revolution**

PUTTING new wine into old bottles has been such a qualified success elsewhere as to make Westerners somewhat sceptical towards the miraculous revolution on the shores of the Bosphorus. If English comments seem reserved, it is not from any want of admiration for the handiwork of the disinterested patriots who patiently devoted themselves through many weary years to organising a new era, and who, when thehour sounded, struck with such amazing efficiency—but simply to a doubt as to its permanence. So far all has gone well, and the Young Turks have displayed an ability, a wisdom, and a patriotism beyond all praise. The story, as related by the *Times* Salonica correspondent, of how they captured the army under the nose of the Syrian camarilla, and, having captured the army, intimidated the Sultan, reads like a fairy-tale. The astute Abdul Hamid instantly realised that discretion was the better part of valour, capitulated to the reformers, promising a Parliamentary Constitution, consented to sacrifice his odious *entourage*, who have since been scattered to the four winds, and placed himself in the hands of the Young Turks, who are now ruling the country. All well-wishers of the Turkish people, of whom Englishmen are among the warmest, in spite of our prolonged estrangement from the Palace and the Porte, sincerely hope that the present *régime* will be equal to their tremendous task. Great Britain is fortunate in being represented at Constantinople at this crucial moment by so level-headed a diplomatist as Sir Gerard Lowther, who may be congratulated on coming in for such an interesting crisis, the effect of which on the international situation it is early days to estimate. That it must be considerable is evident. All Macedonian reform schemes are for the time being "off." Sir Edward Grey deserves well of his countrymen for having refused to be rushed by the cranks of the Balkan Committee into a policy which would inevitably have placed us in antagonism to the Turkish people as well as the Turkish Government. Curiously enough, although Germany has long been represented at Constantinople by an ambassador who is described by his admirers as "a second Lord Stratford de Redcliffe," with sources of information extensive and peculiar, he was so ignorant of impending events as to allow his sovereign to confer the Black Eagle on the Grand Vizier of the old rotten *régime* the day before its collapse and his downfall—an incident which suggests that this decoration should be rechristened "the Order of the Falling Star."

**Miscellaneous**

WE doubt whether the public generally realise that our thrifty Ministers who are unable to find money for the Army or the Navy contemplate raising the salaries of two of their number from £2000 to £5000, or that they have actually set aside the substantial sum of £20,000 to be annually squandered by Mr. L. V. Harcourt in entertaining any foreign cranks who may happen to drift to London. The spirit in which our self-styled "national host" will administer this trust may be gathered from the entertainments lavished on Congresses composed of persons without influence or importance in their own countries, whose presence afforded Ministers an opportunity of discharging a certain amount of claptrap, whereas Lord Carlisle's plea for some official recognition of the International Art Congress, a really serious and representative body, was contemptuously ignored, *ex hypothesi* because it provided no platform for Ministerial tub-thumping. * * * The untimely death of Mr. William Lavino, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, is a serious loss to international politics, as well as to journalism. He found himself in Paris at the psychological moment, and devoted himself to the great constructive work of the *entente cordiale*, of which he subsequently became a most vigilant and efficient guardian. So great is the influence of the *Times* in foreign questions that without Lavino's sympathetic support in all probability we never should have had the understanding which has become the corner-stone of European peace. * * * Mr. Rupert Guinness is to be heartily congratulated on his brilliant capture of the Radical stronghold of Haggerston, where a vacancy was caused by the death of Sir Randal Cremer. The emphatic declaration of one of the poorest constituencies in England in favour of Tariff Reform is an unmistakable sign of the times. * * * Just as our German friends were anticipating the glorious moment when they would be able to invade this country by air as well as by sea, Count Zeppelin's air-ship was destroyed by a thunderstorm. We breathe more freely. Meanwhile a national movement has been set on foot in Germany, the point of which is, needless to say, directed against England, of a similar character to the German Navy League, for the purpose of developing aerial aggression.

# THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND LORD LANSDOWNE

"THIS place will take a deal of pulling down," said a man in a soft felt hat and a dark grey suit, regretfully. Not a very good specimen of classical English, perhaps, but yet an honest expression of reluctant admiration. The occasion was the opening of the present session of Parliament and the speaker was a Socialist member of the Lower House, standing at the Bar of the House of Lords. The last notes of the wonderful, clear voice which has the gift of penetrating the depths of that worst of all places for sound had just died away, and the King, surrounded by the Great Officers of State, was reaching out his hand to his Consort to lead her down the steps of the Throne. It was a brilliant sight, a sight which always conveys the sense of majesty and dignity, and it was small wonder that the grey, earnest man, looking upon the scene with wistful eyes, should feel that here was the outward and visible sign of some hidden and mysterious power standing as a firm breakwater against which the storm of revolution must dash itself into mere froth and foam.

It may be doubted whether the Upper Chamber ever stood higher in the esteem of the country than it does at present. The General Election of 1906 was a cataclysm, a great tidal wave of Radicalism sweeping everything before it. The millennium of the Little Englander had come. The best traditions of an Imperial patriotism were for the time wiped out. It seemed as though the next step must be the singing of the Carmagnole in the streets of London. The Tory squire was sent back to his shorthorns, and to so much of his acres as the new powers should allow him to keep for his own uses. Capital was to be governed by Labour, the master by the man, the hath by the hath-not.

Great were the promises of the new House of Commons. But the performances? To what has this political orgy given birth? How little done, and that little by such means! A Government with a majority of two to one behind it, ruling no longer by the force of public opinion expressed in Parliament, but by the arbitrary will of a none too eminent oligarchy, has forbidden the House of Commons to discuss the measures that it is pleased to introduce. There is to be no debate; the voice of the representatives of the people is no longer to be heard; Bills which entirely change the institutions, nay, even the very life, of the country are passed without going through that searching analysis which is the safeguard of civilised States, and England, hitherto believed to be a free country, is shackled by a tyranny such as only mob government can produce. The Prime Minister's will and command are to stand for reason: let the Commons hear and obey. He does not seem to perceive how immeasurably the arrogance of a dictator tends to strengthen and popularise that Second Chamber the ending of which played so great a part in the Radical programme of 1906.

Not for long will the British people put up with this state of things. After all orgies there is a painful awakening, and that the awakening has already taken place recent by-elections have clearly shown. It would in no way fit the purpose of this article to dwell upon the often-discussed question of the greater or lesser significance of by-elections, but the trend of public opinion, so uniformly shown by those which have taken place during the last two years, is a clear proof that the country as a whole has seen reason to repent of its intoxication in the early days of 1906. So it has come to pass that the people, no longer infatuated by the glamour of Socialistic and Radical creeds, praying for a new prophet to lead them out of the dangers of the wilderness, begin to turn to the House of Lords, seeking for salvation from the idols of two years ago which they now perceive to be false gods. Obviously, in the House of Commons as at present constituted there is no hope of deliverance. The Radical members see clearly that a General Election, even if it should not give the Unionist Party a working majority, cannot fail to oust many of them from their seats; so they stick to the drifting ship, and in enforced silence do the bidding of the captain, though even they must see that he is running her into the unknown terrors of a treacherous sea. In the Lower House the personal interest is too strong. Salvation must be sought in "another place."

If a proof were wanting of the popularity of the House of Lords and of the firm hold which it has upon the imagination, and even upon the affection, of the people, it would be found in the fact that after all the bluster and bragging of the General Election the promised attack upon its rights is yet an empty threat. The timid attitude of His Majesty's Government towards the Peers remains that of Mr. Pickwick's poetical friend. It is always doffing its coat and announcing that it is "going to begin." In the meantime its supporters, greedily swallowing their denunciations of the monstrous iniquity of an hereditary chamber, are as keen as the most retrograde Tory to don the scarlet and ermine robes and make the prescribed bows to the Lord Chancellor. With Radical inconsistencies, however, we have not to deal here. After all, inconsistency is human; it is sometimes divine: we cannot expect even a Radical to be more than divine.

What is the secret of the power of an institution which the Liberals hold up to execration upon the hustings and yet have not the courage to attack, while to the rank and file of the Party a seat in its gilded chamber is a dearly cherished ambition?

If our estimation of the regard in which the House of Lords is held be correct, it is evident that much of the credit must be due to those who guide its proceedings; and, to be fair, we must admit that this is true not only of those who sit on both sides of the House, but also of some who sit upon the cross benches, owning allegiance to neither of the two great Parties. Lord Spencer is, alas! only a revered memory. In his place, of Lord Ripon, a much-respected and even beloved veteran in the world of politics, it was expected with confidence that his bearing as Leader of the House would be unexceptionable, and so it proved to be. When, broken by ill-health and by a sorrow in which he met with universal sympathy, he felt no longer equal to the strain of the chief command, everybody regretted his decision. Lord Crewe was at the beginning of the present Parliament an unknown quantity. As Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a position which in peculiarly difficult circumstances he had filled with becoming dignity, he had had no opportunity of revealing those debating powers of which he was presently to give proof. His management of the Education Bill, and his attitude on those occasions when from time to time he replaced Lord Ripon, at once raised him to the front rank of Parliamentarians; so that when the older Peer, on the recasting of the Government, resigned the leadership, it was clear that his mantle must fall on no other shoulders. Well has the wisdom of the choice been justified. His courtesy, his perfect temper, his knowledge of the most tangled intricacies of his Bills, testifying to an industry which never leaves him at fault, his dignified demeanour, are qualities worthy of the best traditions of English politics, and make a Tory Peer wish that he too were on our side. For the credit of the House it is well as it is.

The foremost man on the cross benches is, of course, Lord Rosebery; indeed it is difficult to think of the House of Lords without him. For forty years his eloquence, his wit, and his consummate knowledge of affairs both foreign and domestic have made his speeches one of the chief ornaments of statecraft in England. The pity of it is that he should elect to remain a political eremite, leaving his cave just often enough to make the world feel the loss of such a strength. That from time to time there should appear a literary gem such as the Napoleon or the Pitt serves to accentuate the sorrow with which we see a great captain sheathe his sword. Among the more recent additions to the intellectual wealth of the House are Lords Cromer and Milner, both sitting on the cross benches, but both separated by a great gulf on the most crucial question of the day—Tariff Reform. It is a comfort to those who cannot utter the Shibboleth of Free Trade to reflect that if Lord Cromer is a great authority upon Egyptian, as he once was on Indian, finance, Lord Milner's fiscal creed is born of long experience in dealing with the moneys of this country, both as Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and as chief of the Inland Revenue Department. But this is beside the present question. A third great pro-consu who has joined the House of Lords in the somewhat anomalous character of an Irish Peer is Lord Curzon; a man still young, whose experience in many lands has rarely been exceeded and whose striking talents as a writer, orator, and administrator have been fittingly recognised by the University which is proud of him as an alumnus of the past, and as a champion in the present and in the future. Another notable recruit, for many years a man of mark in the Commons, is Lord St. Aldwyn, of whom sometimes one feels as if he too might not inappropriately sit upon the cross benches; for if his eloquence and great power as a debater are always a terror to his foes, as a candid friend he occasionally makes his party wince also. In truth, there are many forces in the House of Lords. To pick out a few names at haphazard, there is Lord Cawdor, always an effective speaker; the Lord Chancellor, to whom all men listen with pleasure, even when they disagree with him, feeling that every word that he utters comes from his honest heart; the Duke of Bedford, whose complete mastery of Army questions has given him real authority; Lord Newton, witty, caustic, and sagacious; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, with his sledge-hammer; Lord Mayo, of whom the late Duke of Devonshire, no mean authority, once said that he was always worth listening to; Lord Roberts, a great personality; and last, not least, the Peer who still signs himself John Morley, a man of whom not only his Party but the House may be proud. If, as we said above, there are many forces, there is also a great sum of knowledge, experience, and wisdom, and so it comes to pass that a debate in the Upper House is always interesting. But what cannot fail to strike any man with experience of debating chambers is the fact that the House of Lords maintains the dignity of its proceedings without any controlling power. There is no Mr. Speaker to call an unruly member to order; no need of a Serjeant-at-Arms to escort a rebellious Peer to the Clock Tower. Like the Gentiles, the House "having not the law is a law to itself." There is absolute freedom of discussion; the gag is unknown; the guillotine, one of the revolutionary horrors of "another place." Measures which have been rushed through the Commons by the help of that inauspicious instrument have to face the ordeal of public examination by the House of Lords. No wonder that the Second Chamber should be dreaded by the autocracy of the Lower House. No wonder that, on the other hand, the country should look to the Lords as the one power which can save it from measures of spoliation and injustice, from attacks upon the Constitution, from the passing of laws for which the people have given no mandate—upon which they have not even been consulted.

The action of Ministers in reducing the House of Commons to silence, and thus substituting a Dictatorship for that Parliamentary form of government which has for centuries been an example to the world, has brought about between the two branches of the Legislature a crisis which they and their henchmen never lose a chance of fomenting. All-powerful in the one House, weak as wax in the other, they naturally seek to arouse the feeling of the people against the institution which they cannot coerce. In such circumstances a false step on the part of the Lords might have far-reaching effects and precipitate a struggle which it ought to be the object of all to avoid. There was, perhaps, never a time when the duties of the chief of the Opposition were more difficult, never one when there was greater need for the exercise on his part of wisdom, firmness, and tact. Happily, in Lord Lansdowne the Unionist Peers have a chief in whom all those qualities which befit the situation are united.

Few men have had a more varied experience of public affairs than Lord Lansdowne. Succeeding his father when he was just of age, he has been for forty-five years a member of the House of Lords. Applying himself at once to the serious business of the House, it was not long before he was selected for office. At the Treasury, at the War Office, and at the India Office, he served his apprenticeship to official life in subordinate posts. Later on, as Governor-General in Canada and Viceroy in India, he earned golden opinions from all with whom he came in contact. Though he worked hard and honestly, he was no mere dryasdust politician. He was known as a quick shot, a good man to hounds, a keen fisherman. His woodmen and gardeners recognised his skill and knowledge. Brought up among the treasures of Bowood and Lansdowne House, his hereditary knowledge of art makes him a valuable trustee of the National Gallery. There is a passage in one of Lord Beaconsfield's letters home, written when he was but twenty-five years old, in which he says: "To govern men, you must either excel them in their accomplishments or despise them. Clay* does one, I do the other, and we are both equally popular." Might not this saying be applied to the late Lord Salisbury and Lord Lansdowne, both leaders of the Unionist Peers, both commanding the most absolute loyalty on the part of their followers? It would be difficult to pick out two men more different in all respects. Outside his own family circle, in which he was adored, there were not many men who could boast of any degree of intimacy with Lord Salisbury. Constitutionally perhaps rather shy, and very short-sighted, wrapped moreover in the pondering of knotty problems, either political or scientific, there was about him a certain aloofness which men could not easily penetrate. Almost a recluse, he was yet capable of the most tender sympathy upon occasions, while the talk of this silent man was illuminated with the electric flashes of wit—so various were his moods. Had Lord Salisbury been so minded he might have achieved the success of a Luttrell or a Sydney Smith. His ambition lay in another direction; indeed it may be doubted whether the word ambition is fitted to his character. His motive power was more probably the sense of duty. In that virtue these two men, widely diverging in all other respects, essentially resemble one another. What had either to gain by devoting his life to the arduous and often ungrateful task of government? Both made great sacrifices at the call of patriotism. Both, by qualities almost antagonistic in themselves, achieved the highest measure of success. Lord Salisbury, a lonely figure, appealed to the imagination of the many, to the love of the few. Lord Lansdowne, so keenly interested in the pursuits, the hobbies, and even in the games of his fellows, rules by the force of a many-sided geniality. It would be interesting to trace the characteristics of the foremost men of the last and present reigns. The fascinating pococurantism of Lord Melbourne, the ponderous pomposity of Peel, the never-doubting self-consciousness of Lord John Russell, the rollicking gaiety of Lord Palmerston, the chivalrous dash of Lord Derby, the academic solemnity of Gladstone, the mystery that was in Disraeli, the wit and literary distinction of Lord Rosebery, the dialectical power and personal charm of Mr. Balfour, the pawkiness of Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, all these are qualities brought to their ultimate expression, which, apart from statesmanship or political bias, have given men followers. Not always has the leader exceeded his subordinates in knowledge, experience, or in eloquence. There must be something of the divine afflatus even in what may be mere peculiarities that drive men out of the front rank into the first place.

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* James Clay, afterwards member for Hull, the finest shot, billiard-player, racket-player, and amateur boxer of his day. One of the most notable whist-players and writers on whist of the French and English clubs. Himself a fine singer, he was the father of Frederick Clay, the composer He and Disraeli travelled together in the East in 1830.

Whatever may be the secret of Lord Lansdowne's influence, it is pretty certain that no other man could have led the Opposition in the House of Lords during the last two years with the same success. The position has been one of singular difficulty. Courage and a firm determination not to yield one tittle of the rights of the Peers have been needed on the one hand, while on the other it has been essential to show tact and discretion so that there might be no excuse for alleging any desire to interfere with the privileges of the House of Commons. That Lord Lansdowne was possessed of political courage was well known. India had proved it. The way in which he dealt with the tragedy of Manipur in 1891 was a case in point; for it was an open secret that the punishment which followed upon the murderous traitors with no lame foot was dealt out by his firmness, and that he was ready to take upon himself the whole responsibility for a course of action which was attacked with no ill-informed acrimony in the House of Commons by the ultra-Radicals of that day. It was an ugly and, to those who knew the secret of it, a revolting story, to which the hanging of the Senapati was the only fit ending.

The same high moral courage and the same determination to shirk no responsibility was shown when, as Secretary of State for War, he was subjected to an attack as unjust as any by which a public man was ever assailed. If the War Office was indeed, as was said at the time, an Augean stable, that was no fault of his. Why did his immediate predecessor, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, not purge it? He was at least as responsible as Lord Lansdowne. But the truth is that the system or no-system was the growth of long years of haphazard administration, and certainly the period during which Lord Lansdowne was in command was not suited to making changes. There is an old adage as to the danger of swapping horses when crossing a stream. Lord Lansdowne had at his command a complete answer to the charges which were made against him. He maintained a dignified silence. He was too great a gentleman to enter into an unseemly pot-and-kettle controversy. But in 1900, when Lord Salisbury gave up the seals of the Foreign Office, Lord Lansdowne succeeded him, and there he gave evidence of the tact and judgment which, two years later, indicated him as the one man fitted to follow the great chief in the Leadership of the Party in the House of Lords.

So long as the Unionist Government were in power the task of leading the House of Peers was, to a man of Lord Lansdowne's resource and ability, a comparatively easy one. The two branches of the Legislature being practically in accord, there was no danger of friction, no risk of arousing susceptibilities. The Lords might amend and criticise details in the Bills passed by the Commons, but with their general principles they were in harmony. But when the great upheaval of 1906 took place, the majorities in the two Chambers holding opinions diametrically opposed to each other, the Master of the House of Lords found himself in a position which called forth all his diplomacy, all his nicety of discrimination. It would be so easy to provoke a rupture! It may be necessary that such a rupture should come: possibly, even probably, it is not far distant. What is essential is that the occasion and the time should be rightly chosen.

It was not long after the advent to power of the new Government that an opportunity arose of testing the strength of the Lords and the value of the threats so freely uttered by Ministers on the hustings. The Education Bill of 1906 pleased nobody. It was passed by an obedient majority in the Commons and freely amended by the Lords in Committee. The Lower House refused to accept the corrections and returned the Bill to the Lords, who "insisted upon their amendments." Upon this the Government threw up the sponge, contenting themselves with more threats against the hereditary Chamber—threats which have not yet borne fruit.

The Small Landholders Bill (Scotland), which, as Lord Rosebery put it, was an attempt to introduce into Scotland the miseries of Ireland, was another measure which the Lords strangled in 1907. They would have passed the Bill with amendments so far as the crofters were concerned, but they absolutely declined to ruin Scottish agriculture by treating the highly-farmed Lowlands in the same way as the barren and inhospitable mountains of the Highlands. Again the Government swallowed the leek.

It is, however, impossible within the limits imposed by a paper such as this to dwell upon the action of the Lords in individual cases of attempted legislation. To one more measure only will we allude. The Old-Age Pensions Bill of this year, after it had passed the House of Commons almost without discussion by the extraordinary application of the guillotine, was introduced into the Upper House with a great flourish of trumpets and with many ominous threats as to what would happen if the Lords interfered with it. The Government insisted that it was part and parcel of the Budget, only treated apart for the sake of convenience. As to that there might be two opinions. Logically, it could not be contended that it came under the scope of the famous resolution of 1678—a resolution, by the bye, in which the Commons endowed themselves with certain powers and privileges, but which never was submitted to or passed by the Lords. That resolution asserted

> That all aids and supplies, and aids to his Majesty in Parliament, are the sole gift of the Commons; and all Bills for the granting of any such aids and supplies ought to begin with the Commons; and that it is the undoubted and sole right of the Commons to direct, limit, and appoint in such Bills the ends, purposes, considerations, conditions, limitations, and qualifications of such grants, which ought not to be changed or altered by the House of Lords.

Now, the Pensions Bill, although ultimately it would involve a charge upon the Exchequer, made no provision for a grant to the King, which is Supply, nor did it in any way provide for the levying of a tax, which is "Ways and Means." It only asserted a principle, and that principle one which must work an entire change in the social life of the people. Upon the second reading Lord Wemyss moved an amendment to the effect that the discussion of the Bill should be postponed until the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, which had been sitting for three years under the chairmanship of Lord George Hamilton, should report, it being understood that the labours of the Commission were nearly at an end. Logically, there was no gainsaying the propriety of this amendment, and it argued for a great power of loyalty to their Chief on the part of the Peers that only fifteen men should have followed Lord Wemyss into the lobby. Lord Lansdowne thought, and probably he was well advised, that it would be better to read the Bill a second time, reserving the right of amending it in Committee.

When the Committee stage was reached there came a tussle. Lord Cromer had put down an amendment limiting the action of the Bill to seven years. Though this motion did not touch any financial operation that might be the outcome of the measure, Lord Wolverhampton claimed that it was a breach of privilege of the Commons and would be so regarded by them. In spite of Mr. Speaker's ruling, which confirmed Lord Wolverhampton, it is difficult to see how, if this contention be correct, the House of Lords could discuss any Bill at all. There is no conceivable measure of any importance which does not involve a claim sooner or later upon the public purse. The Army, the Navy, the Civil Service, all the complicated machinery of Government and of the self-preservation of the State, need money for their maintenance. Are such questions not to be debated by the Peers? In that case England would become a One-Chamber country. These arguments were well put forward by Lord Lansdowne, who in trenchant terms repudiated this attempt to muzzle the House of Lords. The amendment was proceeded with and carried; and although subsequently, the Commons having rejected it, the Lords did not insist, the right of discussion was maintained and a ridiculous pretension was scattered to the winds.

The Bill was a thoroughly bad one: it was full of glaring inconsistencies and injustices; the means by which it was to be carried into effect were not even dimly hinted at; all discussion upon it had been burked in the very House that claimed the monopoly of dealing with it. Yet the principle which it involved was one which had been advocated by political parties of all shades of thought. Many Peers who had formerly sat in the popular House had in former times proclaimed their adhesion to it. Had they voted for the amendment of Lord Wemyss (though that only sought to postpone, not to throttle, the Bill), they would have been accused of inconsistency and of dishonesty, and the cry, so valuable on the hustings, would have been raised that the Lords were killing a measure which was for the good of the people. Lord Lansdowne did wisely. He allowed the Bill to pass.

In considering the individual part played by such a leader, it must of course be borne in mind that he naturally acts in consultation with his colleagues not only of his own front bench but also with the chiefs in the Commons. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Balfour and those who act with him are left out in the cold when weighty decisions have to be arrived at. That would be against all those principles which govern party politics. But if the main plan of campaign is settled in consultation, the detailed strategy of each action must be left to the general in command, who often has to act upon the inspiration of the moment.

And here it is that Lord Lansdowne is so strong. For six years he has been the Master of the House of Lords—first as Leader of the House, and for the last two years of the Opposition, being no less powerful in the second place than he was in the first; for it is obvious that whoever commands the majority rules the House. It is not too much to say that every month of those six years has strengthened his position and increased the respect in which he is held by both sides. Always in his place, exercising a watchfulness which is ever on the alert, he allows no opportunity to slip, no mistake of his opponents in judgment or in debate to escape him. His readiness of retort, enhanced by great practice, is remarkable; while his wit, never allowed to degenerate into flippancy, serves him well upon occasions. What could be better than the way in which he compared the privacy of the correspondence between Lord Tweedmouth and the Kaiser to that of the private view of the Royal Academy? Again, when the Peers were told by a member of the Government that Mr. Haldane's Army scheme was a gamble but that he was prepared to back it, the reply was sharp: "Is the noble lord prepared to gamble with the safety of the country?" But what commands the obedience of his Party is not so much his debating power, though that is great and often brilliant, albeit without any aim at histrionic display; it is the serene judgment carried into effect with earnest calm, and an amazing instinct for seizing opportunity, which give him the mastery. When some hot-headed Peer behind him brings forward a motion of which Lord Lansdowne does not approve, a word from him is enough; after a critical sentence or two he hopes that his noble friend will not press his amendment to a division, and there is an end of the matter. Perhaps it is his diplomatic training which has given him this precious sense of restraint; at any rate, it has served to strengthen an inborn talent which, whencesoever it comes, is a very valuable asset to his Party. His fighting power is undoubted, and it has been shown above that his moral courage is of the most determined quality. Had he been only a free-lance in politics that would have sufficed to make him remarkable. As a leader something more was required, and happily here, too, he has not been found wanting. There are moments in politics when dashing charges are magnificent though they are not war. It is the business of the great general to choose the fitting time and the fitting place. And when such a general can command the willing obedience of his lieutenants, we may be sure that he has been well chosen and that his victories will not be barren.

It has seemed opportune to dwell upon this subject at the present moment for two reasons. In the first place, the House of Lords must be the battlefield of the next few months, perhaps years. The guns of the House of Commons have been spiked and its batteries are silenced; any resistance on the part of the minority is there impossible. Such debating as may take place is purely academic in character, and the Mother of Parliaments is restricted in her dotage to registering the will of Mr. Asquith. The Duma has more real power. In the second place, it is perhaps only those who closely watch the proceedings of the House of Lords who realise the importance of the part played by Lord Lansdowne. He himself is so modest, so self-effacing, that the public hardly realise what an immense debt of gratitude it owes to him. Those who sit under him, looking to him for light and leading, know his worth. It is well that others should share that knowledge.

A PEER.

# THE CULT OF CANT

Like the well-known optimism accompanying advanced stages of hopeless disease, an infatuated complacency seems often to possess the advocates of doomed causes. When the whole world is rejecting their faith with a nearer approach to unanimity than ever before, they persist in believing that mankind is on the point of adopting their opinions. There is no surer sign of political mania than this benevolent belief that the majority of the human race has become mad to such a degree that it must at no distant date return to sanity. We might almost say this—that reason is discrimination no less certainly than science is measurement. But Free Traders cannot discriminate and wrap their heads in a towel when they are invited to study the complicated facts of our various life. When in particular we observe a dwindling band of economic theorists, who are evidently the helpless victims of their own syllogisms; who argue without ceasing in a circle; who ignore the larger part of the economic scholarship of the modern world; who refuse altogether to face the broader lessons in connection with the development of nations; who believe that any one who differs from them must be either untaught, corrupt, or stupid; and who, in presence of the plainest signs of their impending ruin, nurse a foolish hopefulness like nothing so much as a fatuous smile upon a weak countenance—then, indeed, we know by all the certain signs and symptoms that we are dealing with people who are fundamentally incapable of a real examination of fact.

They do not read the vast body of literature opposed to them by statesmen and economists greater than any of their own except Adam Smith—who is not their own, for although they may claim him for Free Trade, they cannot claim him for that doctrine of abject submission to the will of every Protectionist nation which is the quintessence of the Free Import policy. If, indeed, they hear anything said in reply to them they do not listen. The world as it is seems bad. They hymn the vain vision of the world as it will not be. They regard past history as, on the whole, a mistake, and present politics as, on the whole, an insensate scene of wicked delusions. They offer incense to each other. They commend each other for their intelligence, their lucidity, their infinite knowledge, and their infallible judgment; they dwell upon the peculiar purity of their political motives and actions. This extraordinary mental egoism—the very ecstasy of self-worship—is worse than unregenerate and unashamed. It is utterly unconscious. It is the enraptured cult of cant; and when we consider the tone as well as the matter of the recent Free Trade Congress at the Caxton Hall, we may well doubt whether any gathering in the world ever came nearer to the political equivalent of a Pharisee's paradise.

For days we had the dull drone of orthodox declamation—repeating fallacies a thousand times refuted without noticing the fact that there has ever been an answer, calmly attributing to other people opinions that they do not hold. If there could be imagined such a thing as an argumentative sewing-machine, such would be its dialectical mechanism. Assembling in England, a few days before the Haggerston election, as clearly fought and won on Tariff Reform in a popular constituency as any contest could be, the one fresh and useful thing the conclave of pundits might have done would be to examine thoroughly and to refute if possible the arguments by which Tariff Reformers are rapidly converting the country. When we realise that these artists in optimism confined themselves to explaining elaborately once more to each other the self-evident excellence of their principles, and in congratulating each other upon the progress of their cause, we may well doubt whether there has ever been such an irrelevant application of energy since Nero fiddled. Consider for instance the mere initial absurdity of the position. The Free Trade Congress was composed partly of delegates from the foreign nations where Protection is universally practised, partly of representatives of the cause in this country where Cobdenite candidates are going down like ninepins. These cheerful gentlemen assembling in these circumstances might well remind us of nothing so much as the man who delighted to lie down in his own coffin ordered in advance.

The tailors of Tooley Street were as representative of the world as were the foreign delegates of the nations they came from. What are we to say to the excellent enthusiasts from the great Republic who expound the glaring absurdity and immorality of the tariff system and who know that it would be as impossible in the forthcoming elections to run a Free Trade candidate for the Presidency of the United States as to nominate an advocate of the restoration of monarchy. Even a good medicine may be a rank poison in an excessive dose, and no sane Tariff Reformer can think himself bound to defend that caricature of a principle called McKinleyism, any more than that caricature of the opposite principle called Cobdenism. But to whom are we to attach most weight? To the politicians who belong to an impotent minority of the American people, or those not represented at the Free Trade Congress who speak for the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States. There is Mr. Roosevelt, a man of a certain character and no inconsiderable ability. His career at the White House has been to a large extent a battle for public morality and a campaign against the Trusts. Mr. Roosevelt's strength lies in the fact that like no other man of our time he is the incarnation of American sentiment both in its faults and its qualities. He defends none of the evils which the American speakers at the Free Trade Congress denounced, and he has done more to curb these evils than all Transatlantic enthusiasts for Cobdenism put together. If the President had been able to stand for a third term he would have been elected by an overwhelming majority drawn from both parties. Yet Mr. Roosevelt is a convinced Protectionist. That is a serious fact. There are other facts of the same character. Why did the Congress in the Caxton Hall make not the smallest mention of them? Authority doubtless cannot determine those things. But if people in this country only remember that the Free Trade delegates from the United States were on one side, but Mr. Roosevelt is on the other, they will agree that while the Caxton Hall contained a few American gentlemen, it contained no representatives of the American people. Mr. Taft is a Protectionist. Even Mr. Bryan is in no true sense a Free Trader. When he says that he is in favour of tariff for revenue only he notoriously means that he is in favour of duties scaled down by comparison with the present preposterous level, but still three or four times as high as the tariff rates Mr. Chamberlain proposed. What is the use of leaving wholly unmentioned these practical truths? The American delegates would have done better to explain quite clearly that any possible reduction of the Protectionist schedules in the United States will leave them higher than any tariff in Western Europe. Cobdenite theorists who speak in the name of a minute minority of the American people on behalf of a cause totally extinct as a real influence upon affairs are, we may say, eulogists of the anatomical structure of the dodo. The dodo was a great bird, but it is very dead. The problem of reviving it is insoluble.

But again let us take the delegates from Canada. Here, again, we have a small number of good men who genuinely believe that in a moral sense they are the people, and virtue as well as wisdom shall die with them. We have just explained that the Democratic Party in the United States, if returned upon a programme including the cry of tariff for revenue, would perpetuate Protection in a form moderate for the United States, but from our point of view unthinkably extreme. Again, we have the strange spectacle of delegates from the Dominion appearing not to speak for the greatest of our younger nations, but to bring an indictment against both parties in Canada. Again, it is the attitude of the man who had never met eleven such obstinate fellows in his life; and the world remains totally unconvinced. The people of this country believe that Canada is right. They listen to but they do not heed Canadian speakers who tell them that Canada is wrong. The story of how the tariff has been made the foundation of the national policy of the Dominion was held up to the Caxton Hall Congress as a shocking example, but it ought to be repeated as an inspiring precedent at every Tariff Reform meeting in the land. In 1896 we are assured the Liberal Party swept the polls upon the cry of free imports. When they were in office they found that pure Cobdenism was an impossible policy, and that any attempt to approximate to it in practice would be a ruinous policy. Then came the great departure. Under the leadership of Sir Wilfrid Laurier the Liberal Party in Canada acted precisely as the Radical

Party will act sooner or later in this country. They did not repudiate any abstract principle they had ever professed. They pleaded revenue and other necessities. But they adopted the tariff, they continued the tariff. It has been repeatedly revised. It has never been lowered. After twelve years' trial the system is stronger than ever. What person in his senses can believe that if Sir Wilfrid Laurier's system had impoverished the nation, the nation would not have felt the consequences and rejected it and him?

Who does not know that the period since the tariff was accepted by both parties at Ottawa as the basis of the national policy of Canada, has been, upon the whole, a time of such abounding prosperity and progress as never was known before in the records of the Dominion? Who is not aware that while the Liberal Party in Canada was practically associated with Cobdenite dogma it was rejected again and again? And who can mistake the significance of the fact that since Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his followers became identified in the public mind with a sane and steady exercise of the tariff, avoiding all extremes whether of Protectionist crudity or Free Trade fanaticism, it has been again and again returned? The English-speaking peoples throughout the whole North-American Continent have proved that tariffs do not restrict trade and do not check prosperity, but that social progress may advance, even under extreme forms of what is called Protection, at a rate which reduces to ludicrous absurdity the professional gloom of those mechanical dialecticians who repeat their convictions interminably without the least heed to the facts. Cobdenism as advocated at the Caxton Hall, and as at present practised in this country, has been abandoned in Canada and the United States by both the great parties which control public life. To exhibit a white elephant at the Caxton Hall, not as a notable thing in itself, but as the typical representative of the elephant species, would be as legitimate as the suggestion that the abstract opinions of the foreign and Colonial delegates to the Free Trade Congress have any important bearing upon the policy of their nations. When we find any community animated for very long periods together by an overwhelming sentiment we may be sure that there are good grounds for it. Just as the House of Commons is wiser than any person in it, the United States and Canada, and every considerable nation abroad, are far wiser, we may depend upon it, than any of their economic mugwumps.

The case is exactly similar in Germany. Ludwig Bamberger, one of the last of the leaders of the older Liberalism in Germany, knew that the fight he had waged against Bismarck had been waged in vain, and he declared before his death that in Germany Free Trade was "rooted clean out" (*gründlich ausgeräumt*). How true is that saying for all the purposes of practical politicians has been shown again and again in these pages. The most prominent by far of all the Teutonic delegates to the Caxton Hall was Herr Theodor Barth. Now, Herr Barth is a brilliant Ishmaelite, but he is the most isolated politician in Germany. His paper, *Die Nation*, recently stopped publication to the great regret of all who love good writing. This may be taken as one indication of the amount of support commanded in his own country by this eminent Continental member of the Cobden Club. Herr Barth was until recently a member of a very little party which was itself the fraction of a section. But Herr Barth no longer agrees even with this limited company of the Radical elect. He has seceded and forms a party of one. No other politician of anything like equal influence and character stands by his side. Herr Barth speaks for himself and for very few besides. He is at least as isolated as Mr. Harold Cox. What could be more misleading and more mischievous in practical politics than the attempt to direct the attention of the people of this country to Herr Barth's opinions rather than to those of the vast mass of the German people. The causes of this German delegates' present extreme degree of isolation are interesting.

The Fatherland under its new tariff has been in the last two years more protective and more progressive than ever. But the Radical Party, with which Herr Barth was until lately associated, have become a Government Party. They are part of Prince Bülow's *bloc*. They maintain the Government which maintains the tariff. And even a Radical Ministry in Germany, were such a phenomenon possible, as it is not, could not abolish the tariff. Precisely the same process would appear which has led in practice to the abandonment of Cobdenism both by the Liberal Party in the Canadian Dominion and by the Democratic

Party in the United States. A useful witness upon this point was Professor Arndt. Even as we are this German delegate is not satisfied with us, and from a Free Trade point of view he defends his own country valiantly. True, that it is more than thirty years since Bismarck repudiated Free Trade. True, that the latest and highest Teutonic tariff before it was adopted was denounced—like all the previous tariffs—as a certain cause of blue ruin. True, that German commerce expanded as never before. True, that the very efficient but probably quite sufficiently severe fiscal system at present in force is a scheme of rates at least three times as high on the average as Mr. Chamberlain proposed. But that invaluable Free Trade professor Dr. Arndt instructs us as follows: "It was perhaps unnecessary to point out that Germany, even official Germany, although she had turned to a protectionist system, and recently had increased the duties, was not by any means to be reckoned among the extreme exponents of protectionism." If the German tariff is moderate in adding only about a third to the average cost of any British manufactures which the Kaiser's subjects might attempt to import, then clearly Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal principles by comparison are as mild as mother's milk, a fact which might well have been explained at Caxton Hall for the especial advantage of the foreign delegates if British Cobdenites were as fair to Tariff Reform as Teutonic Cobdenites are indulgent towards German protection.

And Dr. Arndt goes on to warn us in effect that there is the same possibility of obtaining reduced tariffs from Berlin as of securing a limitation of armaments—no more, no less. Let dreams be unfettered, especially upon this side, and only let us not expect too much in the future. For the abolition of Protection, Dr. Arndt conjured his hearers to fight vehemently in the abstract—but in practice, as he added, that abolition "Could of course only be a gradual one, if they did not want to give some sudden and injurious shocks to German economic life." This is precisely like the attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier or Mr. Bryan—the abolition of tariffs would be so very gradual upon these principles that nobody in the present generation would see the end of the process, even if Teutonic Free Traders could ever have the power, which they have no chance of acquiring. "Who is that?" asked Coleridge as Klopstock passed. "The German Milton," they replied.

Said Coleridge, "A very German Milton." It is a harmless story as it stands, but might gain in point if adapted. When the excellent Professor Arndt is commended to us as a German Cobdenite we can only answer that we perceive him to be a very German Cobdenite. Meanwhile the Radical fraction of Prince Bülow's *bloc* will implore us to be true to free imports on our side, while they maintain, by their votes on their side, the Government of the most powerful Protectionist State in Europe. The redoubtable Dr. Barth, for his part, is so convinced of the gross scandal of this that he suggests, as the alternative, an alliance between Liberalism and Socialism. The Socialist lion would lie down with the Liberal lamb, though the lamb would be inside. The weakness of Dr. Barth's position is, of course, that he would ruin what remains of that purely bourgeois creed known as German Radicalism, and at the same time he would not have the slightest chance of restoring in Germany free imports, as our innocent natives among the members of the Cobden Club understand that policy.

Most German Socialists, though by no means all, are bitterly and extravagantly opposed to the food taxes, which keep twenty-five millions of the German people splendidly rooted in the soil, and thus preserve intact the true national foundations of physical fitness and military power. But between the agrarian duties and industrial protection, the followers of Herr Bebel are learning more and more to draw a deep distinction. If the German Socialists, by some transformation as sudden and peaceful, let us say, as the revolution on the Bosphorus, could form a Government to-morrow, it is not certain that they would abolish the food taxes, and it is quite certain that they would not abolish the tariff upon British and other foreign manufactures. Again, we may say that while there were German gentlemen at the Free Trade Congress, there were no representatives of Germany, and men like Herr Theodor Barth and Professor Arndt incur a considerable responsibility when, with the mischievous naïveté of sincere delusion, they convey false impressions of the state of economic opinion in Europe. They raise in the enthusiastic but uninstructed breast of the ordinary Cobdenite in this island hopes that never can be gratified, while our system of unconditional and unreciprocated free imports enables foreign protection to develop upon every side with complete impunity.

If enough had not been said upon this part of the question we might speak of France. Our good friend M. Yves Guyot is so admirable a supporter of the *entente cordiale,* and he is from his own point of view so courageous and so consistent—by comparison with the petrified pedantry of the native members of our Cobden Club he was even so sensible when he approved of defensive legislation against sugar bounties—that we are bound to criticise him with great tenderness. But he can look back upon a long life. He has always had the opinions he holds now. He has preached them for a generation with the same vigour and vivacity. And yet, and yet—M. Yves Guyot has seen France growing happily richer and richer, but also more Protectionist. She is becoming to an increasing extent the banker of Europe, although so many of our representatives of high finance would have us believe that if we adopted the very mildest measure of Tariff Reform—and kept in our own country some of the money we are sending out of it—we should cease to be the bankers of the world. Now Mr. Lloyd-George's Patent Act, as is reasonably computed, will transfer to this country at least £25,000,000 of foreign capital which would never otherwise have been invested here, and, of course, that is good for Britain, and, of course, it is good for banking.

Let us return to the example of the Republic. M. Yves Guyot extols Cobden's treaty with France nearly fifty years ago. That treaty was forced upon our neighbours by the despotic power of Napoleon III., and it was repugnant to the French people. They had no sooner recovered their full freedom than they set themselves more and more definitely to restore the historic principles of the national economic policy founded by Colbert two centuries before. M. Guyot and his friends preached and pleaded. France increased her tariffs and increased her prosperity. French Free Traders commenced to be a rapidly dwindling band, but M. Guyot and his friends pleaded still more vehemently, like Philosopher Square, for "the immortal rule of right and the eternal fitness of things." But again our neighbours increased their tariffs. Again they increased their prosperity. M. Clemenceau is a Radical like Mr. Bryan, like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, like the Freisinnige who form part of Prince Bülow's *bloc*—and in spite of a common inclination to Free Trade opinions in the abstract, they have all discovered in the concrete that Free Trade opinions have nothing to do with the case. The action of all these Democratic statesmen speaks louder than words—much louder than the persevering accents of isolated politicians who are remarkable for the extent to which they do not represent their country. The collective and national intelligence of France is no mean thing, and we must prefer it even to the acute dialectics of an intellectual Ishmaelite so accomplished as M. Yves Guyot. Of course, it may be usefully remarked in passing that all depends in these things not upon abstract principles, but upon the judgment with which they are applied. France is probably now carrying as high a tariff as she can bear, and it is even possible that Protection across the Channel has passed beyond the point of greatest economic efficiency. We must always remember, and we should more frequently say, that we are not concerned to defend upon principle any system of Protection which foreign nations may have applied to their own peculiar conditions, but that we are only responsible for the Tariff-scheme which we ourselves propose. Another French delegate, M. Jules Hayem, remarked: "French Free Traders had hoped that Protection would not spread in France, but it had spread, and sent its roots still deeper into the soil."

Finally, let it be remarked that Italy is another very intelligent and enlightened nation which has made astonishing industrial progress since Tariff Reform principles, more extreme than our own, were adopted in that country twenty years ago. Huxley thought the Italian mind was, upon the whole, the intellectual instrument of finest temper in the world. Nowhere has economic thought in the present generation been more active and more penetrating. Nowhere have the adherents of the Cobdenite School more rapidly disappeared. Prince Cossano lamented in the Caxton Hall that in Italy there is now "but a small minority who tried to spread the principles of Free Trade."

The first Free Trade Congress was clearly an unprecedented collection of polyglot prophets still preaching a universally abandoned principle in the most various tongues, but equally without influence in their own countries. The popular mind in this island is nevertheless so constructed that it wonders why so many ingenious theorists belonging to so many different nations are compelled to acknowledge their total failure to spread conviction at home or to prevent the irresistible increase of heresy. Our people will be driven to believe that there must be another side to the question. They will assume that side is rather likely to be right, since it was so sedulously ignored by those who had every inducement to examine it calmly and to confute it clearly if they could. The very spectacle of the Caxton Hall gathering, considered as an international home for lost causes and strayed casuists, was an object-lesson more priceless for the purposes of Tariff Reform than a new armoury of set arguments.

In the meantime facts pursue their passionless way. The American depression was more sudden and severe than our own, since it was the reaction from a period of more intense prosperity than has ever been known in this country during the present generation. There are unmistakable signs that prosperity will return in the United States much sooner than amongst ourselves. By comparison with Germany in foreign trade during the first six months of the present year, our commerce shows a greater decline in exports and imports alike. The figures are as follows:

| | Imports. | | Exports. | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1907. | 1908. | 1907. | 1908. |
| | Mill. £ | Mill. £ | Mill. £ | Mill. £ |
| United Kingdom . . | 277 | 259 | 206 | 190 |
| Germany . . . . . | 213 | 204 | 162 | 161 |

Upon both sides of the account it will be seen the German position is better than our own—a fact enough of itself to prove once more the utter charlatanism of the contention that the tariff enriches the minority by impoverishing the majority and restricting trade; and that free imports is the best means in all circumstances of promoting the volume of exchanges. That a nation under a tariff may be the better able to hold the trade in bad times as well as to take it in good—reckoning the home market and the foreign market together—is suggested still more strongly by the comparative figures for unemployment. It is certain, in spite of the vague and meaningless protests in the *Labour Gazette* against any institution of comparisons upon this subject, that the returns for unemployment in Great Britain and Germany may very properly be compared. Among the Kaiser's subjects of all the members of Trade Unions making returns, only 2·8 per cent. are unemployed. In this country the corresponding figure at the end of June showed the appalling figure of 8·3. With this grim comparison before them the working classes of Germany are as unlikely to be converted to Cobdenism as Democracy in this country is tolerably certain to be converted far more generally than hitherto to Tariff Reform. Do any of the orthodox economists of the Free Trade Congress dispute the fact that capital provides employment? Yet from what industrial country, with full manufacturing facilities and an increasing population, has capital flowed away so largely as from England during the last few years? Why is it that during the last few years emigration from this country under free imports has been from five times to well-nigh ten times as large as from Germany under the tariff?

We pause for a reply, but we have asked the searching question so often before that we know no intelligible answer can be furnished. As for the charges about the necessary connection between tariffs and corruption, which is the quintessential article in the whole cult of cant, if the American fiscal system is responsible for Tammany, what fiscal system is responsible for Mile End? Of the appeal to fear nothing need be said. Whenever Dr. Barth suggests that though foreign nations have adopted tariffs with impunity we cannot use the same liberty without risk—when Lord Carrington reduces the same idea to the very ignominy of nonsense by bleating about the "friendly nations who gave us a free hand in the South African War"—let us never forget that weakness invites attack and strength averts it. That the only way of abating or arresting foreign Protection is by adopting a tariff of our own is as certain as that our only safeguard against foreign armaments is the Fleet.

J. L. GARVIN.

# BELGIUM IN THE GRIP OF GERMANY

THE little kingdom over which King Leopold rules is, at the present moment, confronted by two very serious dangers, which may have a serious bearing upon its future. I do not intend to deal here with the first of these two perils—*i.e.*, the management of the Congo Free State; too much literature has already flooded the English newspapers on this subject and, besides, the question is on its way towards a satisfactory solution.

The second, and I believe the gravest, is the "German peril," which is daily threatening Belgium more acutely. I will try to explain the facts of the case, but as they are somewhat complicated a short retrospect is necessary.

To be able to grasp the question in its entire magnitude a fact must be borne in mind which is often forgotten by students of purely Belgian affairs, viz., that the people of Belgium include two races, entirely different in language, in sentiment, and in ideas. Northwards we have the Flemish race and southwards the Walloon, and if you draw a straight line across Belgium from Ostend to Verviers, you will find that above the line, in the valley of the Scheldt, live the Flemish people, of German and Dutch descent; below the line, on the banks of the Meuse, and of its tributary the Sambre, are the Walloons, of Gallician descent. A century ago the Walloon territory was still incorporated in Napoleon's empire and that of the Flemings in the kingdom of Holland; but the two conflicting races were constitutionally united in 1831, and this reunion formed the Belgian kingdom of to-day. In spite, however, of this legal union, the struggle between the two races has been going on ever since 1831 with renewed intensity. A great many Flemings have resented and still resent the separation of the Flemish provinces from Holland, and they have always regarded the Revolution of 1830–31 as a mere adventure brought about by a handful of men who were mere tools in the hands of the French Government. In fact, the Revolution quite naturally established the predominance of the French spirit in Belgium, all the more as the whole movement which culminated in this Revolution had originated in a strong ill-feeling against King William of the Netherlands, provoked by his wish to compel the Belgians to learn the Dutch language, while the majority of them only spoke French. This was the first, the initial reason of the Revolution of 1830; so much so that the Belgians, in order to prevent any further possible curtailment of the freedom of languages, included in their Constitution a provision (art. 23) establishing "the absolute freedom of all citizens with regard to languages."

The insertion of this clause in a Constitution which embraces some three million Flemings and only two and a half million Walloons was looked upon as nothing short of a defiance flung into the face of the Flemings; and thus, as a protest, a "pro-Fleming" or *flamingant* agitation was started in the country. It was never discontinued one moment during seventy-seven years, and to-day even, in spite of more than three-quarters of a century's constitutional union, Walloons and Flemings are as hostile to one another as in 1830. And they have remained wonderfully different from one another. The people of Belgium, one may well say, have two consciences, for they have two bloods: the Flemish blood, which is wise, pacific, stubbornly attached to its most antiquated traditions, fervently catholic and staunch in defence of the Roman Catholic religion; on the other hand, the Walloon blood which is more pugnacious, is politically liberal and philosophically free-thinking. Thus the two people are entirely different, and are both devoted to their race and to its expansion. The Belgian Government have had abundant evidence of the mutual jealousy of Flemings and Walloons and realise how difficult it is to govern so as to satisfy them both; and they have experienced it recently more acutely than ever when the Chamber of Representatives was engaged in the discussion of a Bill introduced by M. Coremans, deputy of Antwerp (Antwerp is the strongest Flemish fortress of the country), providing for compulsory teaching of Flemish in several classes of Government schools.* The Bill provoked universal criticism in the ranks of the Walloons, who deeply resent this "compulsion" in the teaching of their rival's language. From a practical point of view, the Coremans Bill is of no value and would involve many Belgians in serious difficulties, as the Flemish language is of no earthly use outside three or four Belgian provinces, and to make its teaching compulsory is simply preventing the numerous Belgian scholars, who have no time to learn more than one language, from learning thoroughly a much more useful language—*i.e.*, French. French is spoken in every part of Belgium, and to give an official character to another language, which, by the way, is considered by many people as a mere Dutch dialect, is a measure of no practical utility. But it has, from a Flemish standpoint, great political importance. By instituting "compulsory Flemish" in the Belgian schools, the Conservative Government wants to give unqualified support to the Flemings to the detriment of the Walloons. The reasons of this singular attitude are the following: the Walloons are, intellectually speaking, Frenchmen; all their cities, *i.e.*, Liège, Namur, Tournai, &c., are more French than Belgian, and above all the French spirit, which the Walloon domination entails, is the spirit of anticlericalism. The more powerful the French element becomes in Belgium the weaker will be the Catholic party (they have been in power since 1884). The latter, therefore, dreads nothing more than the increase of the French spirit in Belgium; the Catholic party has always been supported by the Flemish provinces, while the Walloon provinces have as consistently supported the Liberals and the Socialists; this is the real reason of the support the Government, irrespective of possible trouble, are giving to the compulsory Flemish Teaching Bill.

*Sus aux Français!* is the war-cry of the innumerable Catholic electoral agents. During the last elections, in 1906 and in 1908, the Catholic propaganda had as its watchword, *A bas le Combisme!* thus threatening the people that, if they failed to vote for the Catholics, the Roman Catholic Church would be treated in Belgium as it had been in France under the Premiership of M. Emile Combes.

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* The Bill was discussed, and then sent back to a special committee for further consideration. It will be taken up as soon as the Belgian Chamber has concluded the debate concerning the Congo.

For the moment the Flemings have the best of this internal struggle. Should they ultimately win, the influence of France over Belgium would be a thing of the past, which would be a moral and material disaster for King Leopold's country. This crisis is still distant, but it is approaching. This is why the situation requires watching. Were French influence ousted from Belgium, that country would fall under the influence of Germany, who is, not without reason, suspected of backing the pro-Flemish movement.

This is the peril to be instantly signalised. The Germans are slowly but surely invading Belgium, and they regard that little kingdom as their future prey. How could it be otherwise? The Pan-Germans, who are almighty just now in Berlin, are ambitious—German trade would gain much by the adjunction of the Belgian coast to Germany's. This is, I am well aware, only a dream at present, but every one knows that the Pan-Germans are not mere dreamers. The population of Germany, the trade of Germany are daily expanding. Where will the surplus of the population go? Certainly not to the German colonies, where the rule of Germany has not hitherto been very successfully established. Where then? To the Western hemisphere—and failing the means of emigrating so far away from home, the German emigrates to Belgium and to Holland. Then, again, through what channels will the overflowing exports of Germany reach their destination? Hamburg, Bremen, Altona, &c. &c., are already too small for present needs. It is common knowledge that the Germans have their eye upon Antwerp.

Of late emigration towards Belgium has been systematically encouraged in Berlin. No stone has remained unturned by the Wilhelmstrasse authorities. The number of German consulates in Belgium has been increased; cheap railway arrangements have been made for emigrants, &c. &c., and consequently the number of Germans living in Belgium has risen. According to the census of 1890 there were 45,000 Germans in Belgium; according to that of 1900 there were 54,000, and so rapid has been the movement this century that were a census drawn up to-day the figure would not be far from 100,000.* And the tide is rising daily.

Respecting the trade, one can assert that Germany has ousted from the Belgian field all her competitors save Great Britain and France; and while her imports into Belgium used to hold, say ten years ago, the fifth or sixth rank, they have risen this year to the second or third. Germany has, wisely enough, secured a solid foothold in every Belgian city. In Antwerp, the commercial metropolis of the kingdom, she controls the entire shipping trade through the two powerful German combines of the Hamburg-Amerika Line and the North-German Lloyd, and the banking and export business is largely in German hands. The Antwerp Exchange has given seats to a great number of German brokers, and the rest of the trade is carried on by a heavy proportion of Germans. I have myself often noticed the somewhat significant fact that in Antwerp the "man in the street" knows no word of French, very little Flemish, but speaks German fluently, a result of the steady policy of germanisation which is carried on, not only by the Germans individually, but also by the numerous *Vereine* which have in recent years been created everywhere in Belgium. There are some *Vereine* in Brussels, in Antwerp, in Ghent, and in every other large town, which conduct a ceaseless propaganda in favour of Germany and the Germans. These *Vereine* meet and publicly celebrate the innumerable "Geburtstage" of the members of the Imperial family, from the Kaiser to the youngest princes. Last year the Antwerp *Verein*, the chairman of which is the local director of the North-German Lloyd, organised a visit of German burgomasters to several Belgian towns. These *Vereine* distribute pamphlets throughout the country, representing Germany as the saviour of all the small countries and as the principal guarantee of the independence of the neutral States, such as Belgium. I have before me one of these pamphlets, from which I take the following extract:

> The Flemings can, just as easily as the North-Germans (who only speak

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* This figure only includes the real Germans, who have remained faithful to their nationality. To those 100,000 one must add about as many former Germans who have been recently naturalised Belgians, but who remain true Germans to the backbone.

"Platt"), learn the *Hoch Deutsch*, which is the literary language of some 70,000,000 people. German science, the German language, the German culture now play a prominent part in the world. Germany contests England's world supremacy in trade. Germany is not only the country of poetry and philosophy, but also of business and enterprise. Everybody knows that, even in France, except a few French novelists like M. René Bazin and M. Maurice Barrès, who still believe in the superiority of the French race.

This pamphlet was written by M. Louis Germain, and published in Antwerp a few months ago, and, reading between the lines, it is easy to see by whom it is inspired. Such literature is widely circulated in the country, and inevitably produces an effect. Thanks to the Germans in Belgium, several German schools have been established where German and Belgium children are educated in German. Two schools of this kind exist in Antwerp, one in Brussels, and several others in minor cities. They are crowded with German children, and meet with more and more success. They shape the intelligence and character of a considerable number of young boys and girls who will one day be Belgian citizens, but whose character and intelligence will be in entire conformity with German ideas and ways of thinking. The founding of these schools is one of the most remarkable phases of the Germanisation scheme of which I am writing, and which actually is in operation all over the country, especially in the Flemish provinces and in the Belgian districts adjoining the German frontier. In Verviers, for instance, and around Verviers (province of Liège), all the farm labourers are Germans, and I have myself in late years often found it difficult to go about in that region without German. Moreover, German homesteads have been created there, and also in the Belgian province of Luxemburg, where German is universally spoken. In fact, German is the only language of thousands of people, who are Belgians by birth, but who have always lived amongst German-speaking communities, and who are already Germans in heart and by feeling. Further, every summer the Belgian seaside resorts are literally invaded by Germans. Ostend, where Englishmen and Frenchmen used to feel at home, is now flooded by Berlin and Hamburg merchants, and it is about the same with another seaside place, Blankenberghe (to which a London paper referred some weeks ago as the "German Ostend"). The French, English, and even Belgians, are almost expelled from the *littoral* by the ever-increasing

Germans, who generally buy houses and villas there, and thus become owners of landed property in Belgium.

All these circumstances are sufficiently significant to call for no further comment. The German hand is slowly but surely overwhelming Belgium; signs of this are at hand in every corner of the kingdom, and this state of things causes no little uneasiness amongst a great many Belgians. A group of very distinguished men (politicians, newspaper editors, &c.) became aware a year ago of the danger confronting their country; further inquiry soon proved how grave it was, and moreover that it was as serious for Holland as for Belgium. In the Netherlands, too, the Pan-Germans are at work, and the marriage of Queen Wilhelmina with a German prince stimulated their nefarious activity in the land of the tulips. It was from this "German peril" threatening the two kingdoms that the idea of an *entente* between Belgium and Holland originated. The project was approved in the high political circles in both countries, and was about to be discussed officially, when discouraging news came as to the effect the intended *entente* had produced in the Wilhelmstrasse. The Kaiser's Government had not been slow to notice that such an *entente* (*i.e.*, military, naval, industrial, and postal) would check the development of Germany in the Low Countries; Germany is quite willing to fight those who oppose her development in Belgium and in Holland, but only to fight them separately, thus being sure to fight with advantage. But she is most reluctant to have to oppose the two States in combination; therefore the semi-official intimation came from Berlin to the effect that a Belgian-Dutch *entente* of the kind suggested by the articles of M. Eugène Baie in the Brussels *Petit Bleu* would be viewed with little satisfaction. In reply to this communication it was at once decided to abandon the provisions regarding the "military" and "naval" *entente*, this decision being nothing short of the abandonment of the scheme. Once more Germany has shown what importance she attaches to seeing her influence in the Low Countries remaining unchecked.

What will be the end of this slow, steady infiltration? Sooner or later Germany will acquire a free hand in Belgium. She has already hinted to the Belgian Government that German might advantageously become an official language in Belgium through an article in the *Koelnische Zeitung* in May 1906, obviously inspired by the Wilhelmstrasse, wherein the German organ coolly suggested that Germany should allow Belgium to incorporate in her territory the contested district of Moresnet-Neutre, situated on the German-Belgian frontier, if, *in return*, the Belgian Government would recognise the German language as official; a measure, by the way, which would involve the creation of German official schools and the appointment of German officials in Belgium. This amazing proposal was strongly and wisely rebuked at the time by the *Indépendance Belge.* "One wonders," said that Belgian paper in a weighty editorial, "which is the more conspicuous, the *naïveté* of the *Koelnische Zeitung*, or its duplicity. Nobody in Belgium would ever consent to such a combination as the one suggested, as it would inevitably lead to the Germanisation of Belgium."

And this time the "ballon d'essai" burst.

But the situation develops rapidly. In two years the number of Germans in Belgium has remarkably increased, while the Compulsory Flemish Bill if ever voted would slowly but surely check the influence of France and gradually decrease the number of French-speaking Belgians. It is moreover admitted that the Flemish language cannot suffice to all the Belgians, as it is not even spoken in the whole of Belgium—and nowhere outside that country. What other language besides Flemish will the Belgians learn? German, of course, all the more as it is spoken throughout the world, and as the knowledge of Flemish greatly promotes the study of German. Thus the Coremans Bill, if passed in the Belgian House of Representatives, would bring about the complete Germanisation of Belgium. When the Bill had been in operation, say for some fifteen years, the study of German would become a necessity—in twenty years it will be compulsory.

This situation is, I believe, very grave. The fact is this: Belgian, a neutral country, whose neutrality is guaranteed by the great European Powers, is slowly becoming a mere dependence of one of these Powers. And this is happening during the reign of Leopold II., who is a great admirer of France and of the French spirit, and who spends a great deal of his time in France. What will happen when the Crown reverts to the Crown Prince

Albert, a son of a princess of Hohenzollern, and an avowed Germanophile?

Measures ought to be taken to check the growing influence of Germany in Belgium; of course, at present, the majority, the great majority of Belgians still speak French; but time and statistics show that this majority is slowly diminishing. Will Germany be allowed to abuse her force to make Belgium a mere province of the Empire? Everybody knows that Leopold II.'s kingdom is a very desirable cake, especially when it has annexed the Congo Colony. The covetousness of Germany is intelligible. But will the other Powers who guarantee the independence of Belgium, and to whose welfare the maintenance of this independence is necessary, will these Powers, by their apathy or by their ignorance of the facts of the case, be the involuntary accomplices of those who are working out a scheme carefully prepared in the Wilhelmstrasse, aiming at the slow Germanisation of Belgium, and against which the Belgian Government, for mere political reasons, is unable or reluctant to take suitable action?

René Herbert Feibelmann.

# MOTOR TRAFFIC ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

ENOUGH, and more than enough, has been written and said on this subject to satisfy the most inveterate reader of newspapers, magazines, and Parliamentary reports, but, as the problem of adjusting the ambitions of motorists to the needs of the general public still remains to be settled, a little further indulgence in speculation as to how a *modus vivendi* is to be attained may perhaps be pardoned. It is not unduly rash to assert that we have now reached a phase in the history of road traffic when it can be adequately dealt with by nothing less than an Act of Parliament. Acts with regard to self-propelled vehicles were passed in 1861 and 1896; these were found sufficient until 1903, when the popularity of the modern motor-car made the passing of another Act imperative.

Great things might have resulted from this Act, if it had only been able to command obedience to its principal provision, namely, that imposing a twenty-mile speed-limit. This was its real essence: the remainder of its clauses with regard to lights, numbers, and so forth, were only auxiliary to its attempt to regulate speed, which, from first to last, has been at the bottom of all the heart-burning and trouble of which the driving of motor-cars on public roads has been so prolific. A twenty-mile speed-limit was the one thing that every anti-motorist was determined to see inserted in the Bill, and the one thing that every motorist was equally determined to reject, while doubtless registering a secret vow not to be governed by it in the event of it being passed. The Bill began life in the House of Lords, where the speed-limit clause was supported by a hardy little band of peers, and struck out by a large majority, only to be re-inserted in the House of Commons by an overwhelming number of Members of Parliament, who had, in the meantime, probably received a hint from their constituents as to the desirability of this course of action if they wished to retain their seats. The passing of the Act marked the beginning of the very unedifying struggle we are still witnessing between motorists and the police, a spectacle which in the interests of law and order ought to be, and can only be ended by passing another Act of Parliament which has some prospect of being obeyed. I will not stop to inquire whether the best interests of the public service are being consulted by those who try to thwart and embarrass the police in the execution of their duty, or whether a good example is being set by those who openly boast that they are habitual and intentional law-breakers. Their answer has been that there is nothing immoral or anti-social in exceeding the speed-limit, as it partakes of the nature of a by-law. The rejoinder to this is that the Motor-Car Act is not a by-law at all, being a Statute passed by Parliament for the express purpose of protecting the public from an intolerable nuisance, and that the violation of its main provision is a far greater offence against society than the breaking of a by-law which, for instance, forbids you to alight from a train in motion, or to sit on a window-sill to clean a window with your back to the street. The fact remains that, rightly or wrongly, nearly every motorist has arrived at the conclusion that the pleasure of driving more than twenty miles an hour is greater than the pain of paying the penalty of conviction, as he apparently can always afford to produce enough money to satisfy the magistrates, to say nothing of the numberless times he may enjoy the exhilarating sensation of stolen and unpunished excess. The attempted enforcement by the executive power of a law that no one means to obey surely creates an *impasse* to which the legislature ought to address itself. But that is not the only reason why an Act of Parliament is demanded. The whole motor question has assumed very alarming proportions. The danger, nuisance, and expense attendant on the enormous increase of private and public motor carriages of all kinds are far beyond the powers of local authorities to cope with, and are no longer bounded by the four corners of the Act of 1903. It is not here proposed to either lament or applaud the invention of self-propelled traffic; it has had both good and evil influences. The undoubted convenience in the method of transit, especially for cross-country journeys of about forty or fifty miles which constantly take four or five hours in a slow train, with many tedious moments spent in the waiting-room, may possibly be said to counterbalance the dangerous displacement of horses, one of our most valuable and already rapidly diminishing national assets; while the *laudator temporis acti* must console himself with the reflection that he is only paying the penalty for living in an age when he can have his teeth painlessly extracted. If only science had stopped short at the invention of anæsthetics! To say that motor-cars have come to stay is to utter a platitude which is now by common consent forbidden. The question which we must now concern ourselves with is how far, and by what means, it is possible to make their existence tolerable to society generally.

The three great evils arising from their use are danger, damage, and dust. Let us try to consider how these may be mitigated. In dealing with the question of danger and accidents, the favourite argument of motorists is that accidents arise in the main from the driving of the "scorchers" and the "road hogs," and that inconsiderate driving is daily becoming less fashionable; I will at once admit the latter half of this proposition and welcome the new class of motor-drivers, recruited, it may be, from those who have been coachmen and have some knowledge of "the road" and sympathy with ordinary users of it, or, at any rate, derived from a class infinitely preferable to the chauffeur pure and simple, who appears to have no evidence of anything human in his composition. But, in the face of a yearly increasing casualty list, the argument that accidents are in the main due to reckless driving cannot be very forcibly adduced. If the style of driving is so much more careful, why do not the newspaper reports of accidents due to motor-driving show a decrease instead of an increase? The answer is that any motor-car, however carefully driven, is bound to carry with it, owing to its colossal weight and power of speed, very grave potentialities for danger to life and limb. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu argues, with commendable adroitness, that the number of accidents caused by automobiles only stands in a comparatively insignificant ratio to the number of miles that are covered. We will not quarrel with his lordship's figures, except to remark that it appears from his argument that if motorists could not cover so many miles there would not be so many accidents, and that whatever construction you place on his proposition, the accidents still take place and are directly attributable to placing this form of traffic upon our roads. In relation to this aspect of the matter attempts are often made to draw comparisons between the number of accidents arising from motors and those due to horse-drawn vehicles. No one who knows anything about "the road" can deny for a moment that drivers of horses are very far from blameless, and the inclusion of all horse-traffic in any Act dealing with the road question ought to be seriously considered. But there is this to be remembered, that it is possible to get into apparently hopeless trouble and entanglement with one, two, three, or even four horses without inflicting much grievous bodily harm on your passengers or on any one else, whereas disturbing the equilibrium of a motor-car is usually fraught with sensational consequences. The remedy here proposed to place a check on accidents arising from motor-cars is the abolition of the horn. Instead of requiring a chauffeur to blow his horn on approaching any likely source of danger, he ought to be forbidden to use any warning signal of louder tone than a bicycle bell. This requirement would place him on a level with other users of the road, and would throw on the driver, instead of on the public, the responsibility for the accident. It would have the effect of forcing him to slacken his pace, as he ought to do, at all corners, cross-roads, and other places wherever he might meet anybody suddenly, instead of being able, as he now is, to order the whole world out of the way, and have the corner cleared so as to admit of his uninterrupted passage by causing the passer-by to remain *perdu* until the road is once more free. This provision would incidentally form a very healthy check upon speed. The non-motoring public seems to be rather frightened of adopting it, probably thinking that sacrifice of dignity is preferable to sacrifice of personal safety. But it is quite possible to argue that personal safety would ultimately be more effectually secured by the increased vigilance that would be imposed upon chauffeurs by forbidding the use of a warning signal loud enough to clear the road from a distance, which after all is only an appliance to save them the trouble of thinking what places are likely to be dangerous. The first question that is always asked in proceedings in the courts following on an accident is, "Did you blow your horn?" An answer in the affirmative is far too apt to be regarded as absolving the driver of the car from any after consequences. Motorists themselves will object to have their horn taken away from them, as they will tell you it is sometimes very difficult to make the driver of a waggon or covered cart hear them coming, and that they consequently might have to submit to the inconvenience of pulling up and shouting. It is respectfully urged that in this they would be no worse off than every driver of a horse-drawn carriage; especially as nearly all carriages now have india-rubber tyres, and make very little noise; moreover, in approaching the Legislature, motorists would be in a far more logical position if they consented to be treated like other users of the roads: let them concede this point and owners of horse-drawn carriages should not object to be included in the next Motor-Car or Highway Act. It is to be suspected, however, that motorists have another objection to being deprived of their horns, arising from the consciousness that they would have to pull up and slacken their pace a great deal more often than they do at present, and would be robbed of the luxury of seeing every obstacle to their progress gradually melting away like a dissolving view as the result of a very small effort on the instrument of warning. It may be urged that the old coaches used horns, and some modern ones still use them. The old coach-horn was, in the first instance, used as a signal to the ostlers who had charge of the change horses, and postmen with letters, that the mail was arriving; its secondary use was to wake up sleepy van-drivers, and hence to accelerate progress. But it must be remembered that the coaches of those days were the only means of public transport, and had a perfect right to expect all other traffic to give way to them, a privilege that can hardly be demanded by a modern gentleman of means driving in a motor-car. The coach-horn never ought to be and never was used to help coachmen to avoid accidents. Anybody who cannot safely drive four horses without the assistance of a coach-horn ought not to be allowed out on the roads at all. The same remark applies to drivers of motor-cars.

The damage due to motor traffic was abundantly testified to before the Royal Commission. That done to gardens and crops really is part and parcel of the dust nuisance, and will be mentioned later on. The depreciation in the value of real property is due to the same cause. It will be sufficient for our present purpose to quote one or two pieces of evidence from the Report of the Commission. This is what a lady living near Guildford replied, in answer to a question. "Do you suffer from the dust?"

> Very much. In 1904 it was so unendurable that we hardly knew how to live in the house. The dust simply ruined everything indoors and out. I have a very pretty garden, having spent a good deal of money on it, putting up glass houses and laying it out in an attractive fashion, but all the plants under glass were spoiled, all the strawberries and grapes were spoiled, and our health was injured.

Other pieces of evidence follow in the same strain, which the Commissioners state are fair samples of a considerable body of testimony on the subject. For instance, a market gardener at Brentford said:

> The effect of the dust from motor-cars is so to destroy the marketable value of the produce on either side of the road, more particularly of fruit, flowers, and salads, that growers have frequently complained to me.

He further stated that the rental value of the land, and of the produce that could be grown upon it, had been affected in consequence of the dust. Other evidence was given as to the specific deterioration in the value of houses, of which the following by an estate agent at Ascot and Windsor may be of interest:

> There is a house at Salt Hill which, for many years, has been let on lease as a ladies' school. . . . The schoolgirls were unable to use the garden, and in the house they were unable to open their windows. The property cost about £5000 and was sold for £2000, and the man who bought it is unable to sell it at any price.

As a set-off to all this, it is claimed that the letting value of many houses in some parts of the country has been substantially increased by the accessibility which they have acquired owing to the introduction of motor-cars. But to hear that some one else's house has been well-let or sold owing to this reason, is no consolation to the owner of a property that has been ruined by the same cause, any more than it is a consolation to a man whose land has disappeared by the influx of the sea, say, on the coast of Wales, to be told that some one else has gained a farm owing to the ocean receding from the shores of the Wash. But there is a far more serious aspect of the damage question even than the hardship occasioned to owners of property in certain districts, and one which is felt by the whole ratepaying community all over England, the majority of whom do not own motor-cars; and that is the damage to the roads. The roads of England had never been in a better state than they were in about ten years ago, just before the introduction of motor-cars on a large scale. With the exception of the carriage-builders, to whom the long life of a well-built india-rubber-tyred carriage, running on a steam-rolled surface, was causing certain misgivings, no one had any cause for complaint. But, in spite of an enormously increased annual expenditure, many of the roads are in a worse state than they were seven years ago, owing solely to their being torn up by heavy motor-cars driven at a high speed. This traffic always takes the crown of the road, and a road that is constantly carrying motor-cars can always be recognised by a rut on each side of its centre, and large holes all over it, directly due to the displacement of the metal following on the wear and tear of fast and heavy cars with steel-shod tyres. Road surveyors' reports are teeming with this kind of thing, and one only has to go and inspect some motor-frequented highway to satisfy oneself of the ample foundation for this complaint. The same story reaches us from France. In the *Times* of December 7, 1907, M. Ballif, President of the Touring Club of France, who would not be likely to over-colour his statement, writes:

> The French Highways, which completely fulfilled their function with the traffic ten years ago, are less capable of doing so to-day, and, owing to the motor-car, will be still less fit in future. . . . The roads are going to ruin owing to the wear and tear of motor traffic. . . . Ten kilometres of frequented highway, which, under horse traction, lasted on an average six years, cost for that period £13,200. The addition of motor traffic reduces the duration of the road to two years and increases the cost of maintenance to £30,000.

So much for ruined highways and increased expenditure in France. It is common knowledge that in England the cost to the ratepayers is increasing every year at an alarming rate; figures that are within reach of every one can be easily produced to support this contention. For instance, it appears from the report of the proceedings at a recent meeting of the Warwickshire County Council, that on the maintenance of the Birmingham and Coventry and London main roads alone, an expenditure amounting to £15,000 is now necessary. The Council further declared that the extra cost was chiefly due to the great speed of the motor traffic, and this extra cost falls on the county ratepayers, the greater number of whom are not owners of motor-cars. It is surely not too much to ask Parliament to find some means of ensuring that owners of motor-cars shall help the ratepayers to repair the roads that the speed, weight, and number of cars have done so much to destroy.

We now come to the dust. There is no doubt whatever about the dust nuisance. It is admitted by motorists themselves, and is brought home to almost every dweller in the country. No word-painting is necessary. Travellers to Eastern countries may have seen something like it. The only atmospheric effect, known to this country, that can at all rival that produced by the passage of a motor-car in fine weather, is that of the Long Valley at Aldershot just after it has been traversed by a battery of Horse Artillery at full gallop. It cannot be claimed by motorists that the dust nuisance is due to inconsiderate driving. The raising of dust is absolutely inseparable from the use of any motor-car driven at a speed of more than ten miles per hour, and has precisely the same effect when it is raised by a philanthropist as when it is raised by anybody else. Nobody can go out in a motor-car on a fine day without inflicting serious inconvenience and annoyance on somebody or other, unless he is content to keep within a limit of ten miles per hour. How often does one hear the motorist of the benevolent type deplore the cruelty he is obliged to inflict on other people, knowing full well that on the morrow he will harden his heart and stifle his conscience in the interests of progress! What are to be the remedies for the dust nuisance? There appear to be three:

(1) Some alteration of the structure of the car.
(2) Preparing the surface of the roads, or
(3) Controlling the speed.

With regard to altering the structure of the car, we have been told that the dust is raised by the body of the car being close to the ground, and that if there were more space between the ground and the bottom of the car, the evil might be mitigated. The most sanguine advocates of this invention cannot speak very hopefully of it, and it is not at all certain that a high-built car would be welcomed by the motor industry. Does not a high-built car mean some diminution in the capacity for speed? If this is the case, we are not likely to see this form of car adopted. Dust trials with various forms of cars have not hitherto been very convincing, and the invention of one that will not raise dust must be relegated to the Greek Kalends. Then there is the preparation of the roads. This is the direction in which the Royal Commission invited the general public to look for the solution of the dust problem, and although it appears to be more within the bounds of practicability than the remedy mentioned above, it is as yet in a state of embryo. A great many more gardens will have to be spoilt, and a great deal more comfort will have to be sacrificed, before the Utopia of a dustless surface is safely arrived at. Here and there some inventor has claimed a success, but only at an expense that is virtually prohibitive. Nor can a so-called dustless surface expect to survive for any length of time on a motor-frequented road. A preparation that will withstand the disintegrating power of a studded, steel-shod tyre for any appreciable time, almost exceeds the limits of imagination. But one never need be surprised at anything nowadays, and it is just possible that we shall wake up some morning and find the invention has been perfected. In the meantime, however, some method must be found of controlling the speed of motor-cars in places where the dust is the greatest aggravation, because, after all, it is speed, and speed alone, that is the real cause of the mischief. There may be a difference of opinion as to the precise ratio in which dust increases with speed, but the considered opinion of the Commissioners is:

> that at a speed below ten miles per hour the dust is comparatively slight, that it increases very greatly at from, say, twelve to twenty miles per hour, and continues to increase, but in a smaller proportion, at higher speeds. It therefore follows that the dust nuisance, which supplies perhaps the most common and serious ground of complaint against motor-cars, is largely within the power of the driver to control if he is content to reduce the speed of his car to that of ordinary horse-drawn traffic.

However satisfying it would be to see all motor-cars travelling at the same speed as a four-wheeled cab, it cannot of course be seriously advocated, but something can be, and ought to be done to insist on such a speed in villages and populous places, that the dust raised is reduced to a minimum. Some restrictions exist for inhabited places in all other European countries. The limits are: France, 12½ miles per hour; Austria, 9 miles per hour; Germany, 9 miles per hour; Italy, 7½ miles per hour; and Belgium, 6 miles per hour; giving an average of under 9 miles per hour. The stock answer to those who demand legislation on the subject is that these restrictions may be imposed, and are being imposed, by the local authority; but the local authority is not obliged to act, and only does so at the request of the inhabitants; so that notices requesting slackened speed in villages are by no means universal, and even if they were, would have no special sanction attached to them. A great deal of the dust problem would go a long way towards being solved if Parliament would pass an Act requiring, amongst other things, a special speed-limit of, say, ten miles per hour in all populous places, and imposing very severe penalties for infringement; and further, the fact of being within the ten-mile speed-limit should not constitute a successful defence to the charge of driving to the danger of the public. This regulation ought to apply to all traffic, horse-drawn or otherwise. The problem of how the dust nuisance in the open roads is to be settled still remains to be solved. The twenty-mile speed-limit has already proved abortive, and nothing could enforce it except a resort to penalties on a savage scale, or an armed rising of the entire country populace. A Draconian code to which heavy fines and imprisonment form the sanctions might be open to objection, though it is quite clear that a fine of £5 or £10 has no effect. A useful deterrent might be that of sequestrating the motor-car of any offender, and taking away from him, and any one employed by him, the right of driving his own or any other car for some considerable time. The abstention from taking the law into their own hands argues an admirable temper on the part of the sufferers, and only strengthens their case when they demand the protection of the legislature. But as the speed-limit in the open is practically never adhered to, the country people would be no worse off than they are now, if they were to agree to extending it to say thirty or thirty-five miles per hour, and in return for this privilege, and the consequent relief from the annoyance of police-traps and constant appearances before the magistrates, it is not unreasonable to expect that all the better kind of motorists would agree to the speed-limit in villages being reduced to ten miles per hour. There is great reason to hope that a fairly satisfactory compromise could in this way be effected; and if the heads of the motor party would use their influence with the rank and file, to secure their faithful adherence to this speed in the villages, the dust would be greatly diminished.

If they would also agree to slackening down to ten miles per hour at all cross roads, corners, and other dangerous places where a notice was erected, a great deal of the ill-feeling that undoubtedly exists would be on a fair way to be allayed. Those who drive horse-drawn carriages should show their readiness to combine with motorists to dissipate the present state of chaos, by being included in any Act of Parliament that may be produced with the object of settling this matter. The coachmanship of a great many of us leaves much to be desired. How seldom does one see a coachman of either sex who has really been taught to hold the whip and reins properly, or to turn a corner with the greatest amount of ease and safety to horses and passengers. The reason that so much crude and untutored coachmanship exists, is that you may drive horses all your life without having acquired any actual knowledge of technique, and still survive with a whole skin and untarnished paint; but it cannot be disputed that anything that will tend to raise the general standard of skill in the matter of coachmanship is highly desirable.

It is submitted that a sufficient case has now been made out for a Bill to be prepared, to deal with the whole subject of the highways, and perhaps a recapitulation of some of the points which should be included therein may now be allowed.

1. The use of the motor-horn or of any warning signal louder than a bicycle bell to be forbidden.
2. The Central Government to require danger-signals to be placed outside all inhabited places, and at all cross roads, turnings, and dangerous points. On approaching these signals, the pace of all vehicles must not exceed, at most, ten miles per hour. The fact of driving below this speed to be not necessarily a valid answer to a charge of driving to the public danger.
3. The present speed-limit of twenty miles per hour to be extended to thirty or thirty-five miles per hour for open places; but a general speed-limit to be retained to prevent trial of cars for racing.
4. All vehicles, horse-drawn or otherwise, to be included in the Bill.

5. Racing of any form of competition on public roads to be forbidden.

These are a few of the directions in which a settlement may be found. In the opinion of a great many people, the increase of the speed-limit to thirty or thirty-five miles per hour may seem to be fraught with danger. It is, no doubt, a considerable concession, and it may be fairly argued that the roads of this country were never meant to carry traffic going at that speed, but if the increased latitude were so hedged about with the above requirements with regard to slackening speed at corners and cross roads, the danger incurred would be considerably less than it is at present, when every motorist exceeds thirty miles per hour, and has a horn wherewith to clear the way. You cannot go very far on an English road without coming to a corner; take away the motorist's horn and he will be obliged to constantly slow down in the interest of his own safety, as well as in that of other people. A great many people are beginning to wish that the invention of swift automobiles had been postponed for another generation. But, rightly or wrongly, these engines are now with us, and the situation they have created has got to be handled. But the first thing the public has a right to expect is that Parliament shall protect it from the formidable encroachment that is being made on the safe and peaceable enjoyment of common law rights to the King's Highway. Motorists deprecate legislation for they know full well it can only have the result of clipping their wings. But they will do well to pause before they try the patience of the people any longer. It is already strained well nigh to breaking-point. The lust for speed contains the germs of class feeling that may ultimately have a very disastrous effect upon society at large. It is difficult to imagine a spectacle more out of tune with the spirit of the age than that of a rich man driving the emblem of wealth through the village, smothering the cottagers with dust in the summer and mud in the winter. In the meantime the weekly death-roll is sad reading indeed, and savours more of the events that led to the French Revolution than part of the domestic history of England in the first decade of the twentieth century.

WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

# THE LONDON SEASON

To most people the main interest of the London season is its entertainments and especially its balls. The awning and the carpet on the pavement are the outward and visible signs. The whole subject of entertaining in London suggests many absorbing questions from whatever aspect it is viewed. While to the seeker after useless knowledge many fascinating inquiries present themselves, such as, why linkmen wear red waistcoats, how they become linkmen, and what they do in the daytime in those months when it is unlucky to have weddings; why it is as uncommon to get any number lower than 117 for one's coat and hat in the cloakroom, as it is to see as low a number on a cab; what happens to all the old white gloves that are not used to pull on shooting boots, and many other questions of the same sort, the observant onlooker who remembers that the "proper study of mankind is man" (and woman) will find equally interesting food for thought in the entertainments themselves and the givers and partakers of them.

Entertaining is, of course, in essentials so entirely different from hospitality, that it sometimes happens that those who entertain the most are the least hospitable. Hospitality can never be anything but a virtue; entertaining can and sometimes does become a vice, for hospitality comes only from a full heart, but entertaining occasionally from an empty head. It is usually only when the two are combined that a good ball or party is the result. For since, unless the party is for the guests and not the guests for the party, it will not be a success, the more she thinks of others the greater will be the reward of the hostess. This has the great merit of being both good morality and sound worldly wisdom. Entertaining is not an art in which the specialist succeeds. The woman to whom her social life is everything is rarely such a good hostess as she to whom it is but one of many spheres of action. It follows inevitably that the wider her interests, the more successful will be her entertainments. After all, even at a party, other people's brains are more often amusing than their tiaras.

In fact, if the whole question of entertaining in London be rightly analysed, it will be found to provide moral lessons, beside which all the maxims of all the copybooks are but "talk of the lips." The general idea, which is fostered by the social writers in the halfpenny press and other more costly but equally valuable and well-informed media, is that entertaining is merely a question of money, that London society—a vulgar title which must be used for want of a better—like Rome is a "city up for sale." According to these writers, the only motto of society is, "It's your money we want."

Now the result of a fairly long experience of life and people in many countries has convinced the writer of the great, if hoary, truth that, as a general rule, the people who talk the loudest about a subject know the least about it. This is no new and epoch-making discovery, but it is at least as true to-day as it was in the days of the author of the *Book of Proverbs*. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the majority of writers of so-called "Society" novels, plays, and paragraphs, give such a false idea of the characters, aims, and ideals of the men and women who are living the kind of life they are trying to depict. While it would be ridiculous to pretend that the spirit of commercialism and self-advertisement, which is the bane of so many sides of modern life, has left untouched that social side of it, which now, as always, plays and must play such a prominent part in the existence of individuals and nations, it may fairly be said that the great majority of the people who give entertainments in London, do so from a true spirit of hospitality and from a proper sense of the fitness of things. Money can do a great deal, but there are doors which even the golden key will not open. The nerves of all crowds are peculiarly sensitive, and the knowledge that a hostess has spent two or three times the yearly income of some of her guests on her flowers, or one item of her concert, has very often exactly the opposite effect on them to that which was hoped for. It brings her, if not into "hatred," certainly into "ridicule and contempt." And this is anything but a healthy state of mind for guests to be in. Money can provide the best of rooms, and floors, and bands, and suppers, but there is something far more important in making a ball a success than all of these, and that is the vague something of which everybody is conscious, and which can only be called "atmosphere." That of itself no money can buy. (It should be said in parenthesis that the actual atmosphere—the ventilation of the ballroom—is more important than many people believe. It is perhaps the most important factor in the success or failure of any ball. Every one who has addressed public meetings must have noticed the remarkable difference in an audience in a badly or well ventilated hall. If people cannot breathe, they cannot be happy, and they will certainly feel the result the next day, and express it in their spoken or unspoken criticisms.)

It would be rash to affirm that in this wonderful world, in some part or other of which the ingenuity and resource of the late Mr. Barnum never failed to discover some fresh monstrosity, there could not be found the strange individuals and lurid incidents, which the imagination of the "Society" writers describe as common in what they call "Mayfair." The *débutante* who loses thousands at the bridge table, the impoverished younger son who pockets his host's silver and his hostess' jewels, may exist, and the vulgar and ambitious but H-less millionaire, like the poor in this at least, is always with us, but it is not as a rule in the "stately homes of England" that these are to be looked for.

In all classes of all communities the vulgar and dishonest exist, and there may even be circles in which decency, honour, and self-respect play as small a part as they do in the minds and actions of the characters of most "Society" fiction, but it is certainly not in what is called "Society" that these "sports" are found, and it is only fair to hope that, after their laborious airing in the press and pulpit during the last two or three years, these luckless ladies and blue-blooded blackguards may soon be allowed a well-earned repose in those Elysian fields, where they are doubtless awaited by the bold, bad baronets of the *Family Herald* and the divine guardsmen of Victorian fiction.

Even if it does not consist of types like these the most striking thing about English Society is its elasticity. People are taken and judged on their merits, and the mere possession of money is certainly no passport to it. It is this quality and freedom which make English Society the most amusing in the world. And if it has the faults of its qualities, if it is sometimes imposed upon, and if its idols, especially its artistic idols, sometimes have feet of clay, on the whole its advantages far outweigh these defects. Outwardly, at least, it has changed very little in the last ten or fifteen years. The motor-car and the telephone have made invitations and acceptances the easier, but the entertainments themselves take much the same form that they did. Outwardly all "seasons" are much the same. Prosperity or bad times, politics, and even the weather, seem to affect it very little. Even a year like the present, which with its Pan-Anglican Conference, its Olympic Games, and its Exhibition has catered for all tastes, has made little or no difference to what is known as the London season. It has, perhaps, induced many blameless people to dine considerably nearer to Wormwood Scrubs than they would have formerly considered decent, but that is all. They have returned immediately after dinner to some more familiar ballroom, and, for all its effect upon the season, the Exhibition might still be the lonely mud-flat it is alleged by travellers to have formerly been.

The accounts in the "Social Column" of any one night in July, in any year, would do equally well for any other year, and probably for any number of years, for there is nothing more touching than the constancy with which these mysterious reporters cling to their accustomed favourites. Time cannot wither them in the eyes of these faithful recorders. But no one who has gone out, or who has had sons or daughters going out, during two or three seasons, can fail to have been struck by marked differences. In one year the good balls will be very rare, in another nearly every ball will be good. Probably night after night the same people go to the same kind of balls, dance to the same tunes played by the same band, eat the same kind of supper served in the same kind of way, and yet no two balls will be the same, except, perhaps, those given in a hotel or public gallery. In these cases the sense of association is so strong that it is almost impossible for the hostess of Tuesday night to make her ball different from that given in the same place by the hostess of Monday. It is an act of genius to give any individual character to such an entertainment. To be merely a number is always depressing, and to the hotel management the guest is bound to be that, even if to his hostess he be a name; by no means a certainty in the case of a young man.

But if balls, like stars, differ from one another in glory, seasons vary still more and quite unaccountably. It is usually possible to give adequate reasons for the failure or success of a particular entertainment; so much depends on the ventilation, the numbers of people present, the weather, and the thousand and one other outside circumstances which affect it for good or for evil, that success or failure can be perfectly well accounted for. But why in one year there should be an almost continuous succession of amusing parties, and in another very few, why for no obvious reason every one should seem to be always happy and ready to find amusement in one year, and yet in another quite independent, apparently, of outside events, be depressed and take all their pleasures sadly, is one of the most mysterious of problems. Perhaps, like other human affections, it is the work of a microbe; if so it will doubtless remain long undiscovered, for those who know most about the habits of microbes are not, as a rule, the habitual frequenters of ballrooms.

If any one who has gone out fairly frequently in London during the last two or three years, after an absence of several seasons, is first struck by the apparent sameness of it, the differences will surely strike him as much. He will find on closer observation that in the course of ten or fifteen years everything has altered. The thing which he will probably notice most is the general improvement in the dancing. Some years ago the number of young men who thought it worth while to learn to dance were comparatively few. Provided that he could stagger drearily once or twice round the room without any worse mishap than tearing his partner's dress, he felt that honour was satisfied. Now it is very rare to find any young man who cannot dance at least moderately well. A few years ago dancing consisted of every one revolving monotonously round the room in the same direction. There might be one or two foreign diplomats or Americans to whom dancing meant more than this, who would persuade their unwilling partners to reverse, which they would do with a mingled feeling of alarm at the unknown, and pride at their courage. But these pioneers numbered only two or three at the most, and were looked upon with pity and contempt, not perhaps unmixed with envy, by the other dancers. A little diplomat in those days would humorously recount how, when he reversed, "large lords" glared at him; but little by little it occurred to the "large lords" and others that this way of dancing was certainly more graceful, and probably more amusing, than the monotonous English method, and so at the end of the evening when the rooms were empty they would be seen trying to learn it, and now it is very rare to find a couple who do not reverse. At the present time the general level of dancing is very high; but to an outside observer, at least, the improvement is entirely on the side of the men. The girls have always danced well and, if anything, the present generation is less graceful than their elder sisters. In spite, however, of the improvement in the dancing of the men, any one who has lived abroad will be impressed with the fact that dancing does not come naturally to the English as it does to most other nationalities. The Englishman, even if he can do the steps smoothly, dances as a rule without rhythm and with entire disregard of the music; this is not saying that he does not dance in time, which is a very different thing. He would, in fact, probably dance just as well if the time were beaten on a drum as he does to the best band in London. This, of course, is only another way of saying that as a rule the Englishman, in many ways to his advantage, is entirely without the artistic temperament. But at least he no longer dances merely as a means of taking violent exercise. That he still takes it his collar often bears witness.

A comparative analysis of balls and dancing in the last fifty years would be a curious and interesting study. That there is a great difference between then and now is certain; how much has changed even in the last seventeen or eighteen years must be obvious to any one who has seen the mothers of the present generation dance. The waltz, as danced by them, is as entirely different to that which their daughters dance, as are the tunes of twenty years ago compared to what are now always played. The rhythm, the pace, the character, all are changed, and changed, probably, vastly for the better. Even the dances themselves are altered. Nowadays a ball consists of a succession of waltzes, with perhaps one or two "two-steps" in the course of an evening, and a quadrille for the benefit of royalty, and apparently solely for their benefit, as they seem to be the only people who know the figures and can dance them naturally and correctly. It would be useless to-day for the enthusiast to invite his friends to see him dance the polka; he would get no opportunity of displaying his gifts, and his friends would only be bored if he did. London balls then, in their actual dances, show but little variety. It is waltzes, waltzes all the way, with perhaps one or two "cotillons" in a season, like angel's visits, few and far between. Except in this respect anything more unlike an angel's visit than a cotillon it would be hard to imagine. There is nothing so illustrative of the national character as the attitude of the average Englishman to a cotillon. In the first place he is not familiar with it, therefore he views the idea with the gravest mistrust; he doubts whether he can do it, so he looks on it rather with contempt; he suspects that he is going to be made a fool of, he knows that he will probably have to do something by himself very publicly, and he has no conception when or what; all this tends to make him wretched. And if he is given time to indulge any one of these reflections for long, the cotillon is doomed. A cotillon in London, to go well, must be short and sharp. Pauses are fatal—once let people begin to think about it, and all is lost. As a rule, in England, all our set entertainments are too long. We would rather be thought extravagant than mean, with the result that cotillons, like pantomimes, dinners, sermons, weddings, speeches even, sometimes articles in reviews, are too long. When this is not so, when they are short, and well and quickly led, cotillons are usually a great success, and even those who come to curse, find to their surprise that they have stayed to bless, and that even in the unfamiliar there occasionally lurks the amusing.

A few years ago dancing was a branch of education which was almost entirely neglected in the case of boys, but things are now fortunately very different. There are few things which will bring them, directly and indirectly, more pleasure than a love of it. Apart from the enjoyment of the actual dancing they get to know people, which is bound to help them whatever their life may be, and to make friends, and, above all, friends of the opposite sex. It would be absurd to say that a ball, with all the heat and the noise and the excitement, is the best place either to make friends or to see them; but the fact remains that, for most young men, unless they see their friends there, they will see very little of them at all. To go to four or five balls in a week, as some young men do when first they come to London, speaks volumes for their constitutions, even if it is more prudent not to inquire as to their capacity to deal with their own or their employers' business on the following day. But such a voracious appetite as this brings its own indigestion, and very soon, as responsibilities and discretion increase, "to-morrow" becomes more important and "to-night" more exhausting, and the young man goes out less and enjoys himself more. But, after all, this is merely another way of saying that he is not as young as he was once; and if he has never done anything more foolish than go to too many balls, there is not much harm done—certainly far less than if he had never gone to any. The man who has never gone to any has deliberately closed for himself one whole side of life; he has thrown away the chance of making friends who will remain his friends all his life. He will never have such opportunities again either of making friends or of finding his own level. Two or three seasons in London, unless he is a fool, will take all the vanity and conceit out of the most self-centred. If at first he is flattered by the number of invitations he receives he will soon discover that, however much some of his hostesses want him for himself, still more want him for somebody else, and ask him because he wears trousers, and not because he is a genius, even if he should happen to be one. This may be a discouraging thought at first, but, unless he is a fool, he will find that if he is asked in with the band and the waiters and the linkmen at some houses—which is inevitable, as none but an actor-manager can hope to play a principal part in every play—at many others he is asked because he is a friend, and is wanted as such. And this is no small thing to discover. If he finds some worldliness, he will find much more real goodness. He will receive kindnesses that he probably does not deserve, and can certainly never repay. And, if he has eyes to see, he will find that human nature is, as a rule, much better than it appears to be. He will, in fact, gain an education which would otherwise have passed him by. "To put on a black coat and go into Society" is just as valuable advice for a young man to-day as ever it was.

DOMINO.

# AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *August* 10, 1908

LITTLE has happened since the nominations of Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan to enable any unprejudiced observer to form any definite conclusion as to the result of the election. It is perhaps too early to expect the people to have been worked up to that pitch of excitement which is always a part of a Presidential election in this country, and possibly after the heat of the summer wanes and men can discuss politics with less danger of being overcome by sunstroke they may take a more active interest in their candidates and party platforms, but certainly at the present time indifference is more noticeable than anything else. Surface indications point to Mr. Taft's triumph, but it would be only a very foolish or very inexperienced person who would at this time make an absolute prediction. Mr. Taft has more things in his favour than Mr. Bryan, and he has the prestige of belonging to a successful party and having the support of the best political manager this country has perhaps ever known. President Roosevelt's backing is an enormous help to Mr. Taft and counts for more in this campaign than anything else. Mr. Bryan is his own campaign manager and must rely very much on his own efforts.

The apathy of the people thus far is a surprise to the politicians, who are at a loss to understand what it means. Three explanations are offered, none of which can be regarded as quite satisfactory. One is that long before the two conventions had made their nominations the people knew what would happen and had determined how they would vote. The second is that the great mass of the people see little to choose between Taft and Bryan, as they feel confident that Mr. Taft will observe the promises made before nomination and carry out the "Roosevelt" policies, and if Mr. Bryan is elected those policies will be pressed even more vigorously, as he is a more thorough-going reformer than the President. And the final explanation is that the country is very much in doubt, and is silently pondering the question whether Taft's or Bryan's election is for the best interest of all concerned. It is impossible, of course, to determine whether this indifference is due to the first or the last course. If the first, then the time and labour of the politicians is being wasted, and they might better turn their attention to more profitable things; but if the latter, it shows how uncertain the outcome and what trifling causes may turn the current.

That as yet only perfunctory interest is being displayed in the election I have discovered from personal observation after having travelled some 6000 miles and coming in contact with a great many men in various parts of the country in all walks of life; and my observations are confirmed by those of other men whose judgment is reliable. I found that the majority of the people with whom I talked were more interested in their own personal affairs and were apparently giving more thought to present and prospective business conditions than they were to the next occupant of the White House. Among men engaged in large enterprises, bankers, and great merchants, and the officials of the great railway systems, there undoubtedly exists a belief that the election of Mr. Taft will be for the ultimate welfare of the country, and these men representing the upper stratum of society will vote for Mr. Taft, as it has been their custom to support the Republican nominee during the last few years. But among the middle and working classes this feeling does not exist, or at least I have found little visible expression of it. Men drawn from this social level are frank in saying that they have no fear of Mr. Bryan and do not believe that his election will bring disaster, and some of these admissions were made by Republicans who coupled them with the statement that they intended to vote for Mr. Taft.

To this extent Mr. Bryan has grown and strengthened himself with the country since he first meteorically flashed into prominence as a Presidential candidate. As we look back twelve years and see Mr. Bryan the secular head of a great party, and the man in whom the hopes of some millions of his fellow countrymen centred, we can now see that many of his followers, in praying for his success, believed that his way to reform led through the path of destruction. They were not Anarchists in the sense that they welcomed chaos merely for the sake of ruin, but they honestly thought that only a drastic remedy would cure. There might be confusion for the time being, but in the end it would lead to order and the stamping out of flagrant abuses which could no longer be borne in silent patience. With a people so marvellously quick to grasp the salient facts of a great question, twelve years have done much to enlarge their view and teach them the truth. When in 1896 it became necessary for the Republicans to combat the "heresy of free silver," Senator Hanna, Mr. McKinley's political manager, coined the phrase "a campaign of education," and said that all that was necessary to make the American people escape from the delusion that obsessed them was to convince them of the fallacy of a doctrine in which they had faith. Since then the campaign of education has been steadily in progress. In the last ten years the American people have thought very earnestly, and with much intelligence, about many great questions which vitally concern their present welfare and their future happiness. There is, I venture to say, little if any belief that good can come out of destruction or that ruin must be the prelude to reform. There are better and cheaper ways of roasting a pig than by burning a palace. The American people have become Radical, as the term is used in the United States, but it is the Radicalism of sanity, the note of cheerful progress; it is constructive rather than destructive.

The so-called Radicalism, of which we hear so much and which twelve years ago was sufficient to defeat Mr. Bryan and wreck a great party, is now the livery of politicians of both parties and all shades of opinion, and who dare not turn their backs upon it even if they wished to avoid it, and few do. Between the two parties there is little to choose as embodied in their declaration of principles, the platforms, although the Democratic platform, perhaps, takes somewhat more advanced ground on certain subjects than does the Republican, but whatever may have seemed not quite clear to the public mind in that document has been explained at length by Mr. Taft in his speech when he was officially notified of his nomination. On such great questions as the tariff, the trusts, the regulation of railroad companies, labour, and the courts, no wide gap separates the two parties, even if in some instances the Democrats are more specific than the Republicans and have sharper remedies to propose. The Republican platform "declares unequivocally for a revision of the tariff," and the Democratic platform favours "immediate revision of the tariff." The Republicans plume themselves on having passed the Sherman Anti-Trust law, but believe its objects can better be attained by placing in the hands of the Federal Government greater supervision and control over "corporations engaged in inter-State commerce having power and opportunity to affect monopolies." Democrats would curb the trusts by a system of Federal licences. The Republicans very naturally approve of the recent railroad law, "and the vigorous enforcement by the present administration of the statutes against rebates and discriminations," while the Democrats go further, and not only "favour the efficient supervision and rate regulation of railroads engaged in inter-State commerce," but recommend the valuation of the existing railway systems as a preliminary to bringing about the readjustment of rates based on the amount of capital invested, and they also advocate legislation that will give to the inter-State commerce commission power to declare an established rate illegal because it is excessive. Both parties found themselves in an embarrassing situation in meeting the demands of organised labour, which for the last few years has vigorously demanded the passage of a specific enactment prohibiting the courts from granting a writ of injunction in disputes between labour and capital, but which capital has with equal vigour opposed on the ground that the only bulwark against violence in a labour dispute is the injunctive process backed with all the power and authority of the Federal Government. Afraid, on the one hand, to alienate the support of organised labour by not making the "plank" drastic enough—and labour feels none too kindly towards Mr. Taft because, as a Federal judge, he issued several writs of injunction—and equally apprehensive that if labour was satisfied capital would show its resentment and throw its influence to Mr. Bryan, the Republicans attempted to steer a safe middle course. Their platform "recognises the special needs of wage-workers generally," and while affirming that the Republican party "will uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts," and will "ever insist that their powers to enforce their process and to protect life, liberty, and property should be preserved inviolate," they affirm their belief that the rules of procedure in the Federal courts with respect to the issuance of the writ of injunction should be more accurately defined by statute. The Democrats, believing that they have more to gain from labour than from capital, are more outspoken. "Experience has proven the necessity of a modification of the present law relating to injunctions," the platform says, and approval is given to a Bill to that effect, which passed the Senate in 1896, but which the Lower House refused to accept. This is extremely adroit, because the Bill referred to was passed by a Senate in which the Republicans had a majority, and it had the approval of a man so ultra conservative and so distinguished as a lawyer as the late Senator Hoar of Massachusetts.

Although the battle is between two great political parties, of which Mr. Taft is the official champion of the Republicans and Mr. Bryan that of the Democrats, there are five other Presidential candidates in the field, and while neither they nor any one else expects that they will come within several million votes of election, they may have considerable influence on the fortunes of one of the two men who will be the next President of the United States. In addition to the Republican and Democratic parties, there is a People's party, which has nominated Thomas E. Watson, a former Democratic member of Congress; there is the Socialist party, which has nominated Eugene V. Debs, who for many years has been prominent in labour circles; the Prohibition party, whose nominee is Eugene W. Chaffin; the Socialist Labour, which has nominated Morton R. Preston, but who, unfortunately for his party, will take no active part in the campaign, as he is now serving a term in prison for assault, and the Independence League or Hearst party, which has nominated Thomas L. Hisgen, a successful business man comfortably well off. Of these five minor parties, serious consideration need not be given to the Socialist or the Socialist Labour, as, if the experience of the past is any guide, they will poll only a handful of votes. Nor will the so called People's party do much, if any, better, although it might cause the Democrats some uneasiness in one or two of the Southern States—in Georgia, for instance, where there is very strong Democratic opposition to Mr. Bryan. Under normal conditions the Republicans would waste no time in an attempt to carry Georgia or any of the other Southern States, because it is proverbial that the South is "solid," and can be relied upon under all circumstances to cast its vote for the Democratic candidate. But this year, what with the antagonism raised against Mr. Bryan, and the very vigorous campaign being raised by Mr. Watson, who as a former Democrat is showing all the traditional zeal of the convert by denouncing Mr. Bryan more violently than any Republican has so far, there is enough element of chance in the situation to justify the Republicans in believing that it may pay them to devote some attention to Georgia. The situation is still further complicated by the fact that the Vice-Presidential nominee of the Independence League is also a Georgian, and while he is fighting Mr. Watson and his People's party, that is merely a sham battle compared to the terrible onslaught he has made on the Democrats. If the Democratic vote in the South is split up between three candidates—Mr. Bryan, Mr. Watson, and Mr. Hisgen—there may be a chance for Mr. Taft to slip in, but I do not believe that is probable. Georgia will doubtless go Democratic this year, although with a reduced majority. Should Mr. Bryan lose any of the Southern States he cannot hope for election.

It is this Independence League, which was brought into existence by Mr. Hearst a few years ago when he so warmly supported Mr. Bryan and his policies, that now causes Mr. Bryan and his friends considerable uneasiness. The vote that came so near electing Mr. Hearst Mayor of New York and Governor of that State was very largely a Democratic vote, although a great many Republican workmen in New York at the time of the mayoralty election, and in the large cities of the State when Mr. Hearst was the candidate for Governor, voted for him. Mr. Hearst has a large following in New York, where his newspaper is widely read, but whether he controls it sufficiently to be able to detach it from its natural allegiance, which is the Democratic party, and turn it over to the candidate of the Independence League is a question yet to be determined, and personally I doubt it. If Mr. Hearst himself were the candidate it would be different, because Hearst is known and stands for something, but Hisgen is a practically unknown man and has to be taken very largely on faith. Mr. Hearst's power to do injury to Mr. Bryan in the present campaign comes from his chain of newspapers which he publishes in New York, Boston, Chicago, Los Angeles, and San Francisco. The Democrats have no hope of carrying Massachusetts, so that the Boston paper exercises no influence, but New York, Illinois, and California are fighting ground, and in those States the Hearst papers are valuable Republican auxiliaries. The kind of campaign that Mr. Hearst is making on Mr. Bryan is shown by his review of the Democratic platform published originally in his New York paper and republished in all the others. Reciting that "for the third time William J. Bryan has been nominated by the Democratic party, or rather by that fragment of former efficiency which is called the Democratic party," Mr. Hearst announces that he has lost confidence in the Democratic party, as millions of other Democrats have done, and he adds "with regret" that he has also lost confidence in Mr. Bryan, "who by mere machine politics has compelled his nomination." Asserting that no reliance can be placed on the Democratic platform or on Mr. Bryan's declarations, who is "apparently without permanent principle, or sincere conviction, or even honest attitude," he thus concludes: "A note is a promise to pay. It is valuable according to who makes it, and who endorses it. A platform made by the Democratic party and endorsed by Mr. Bryan is not worth the paper it is written on."

If Mr. Hearst's Independence League candidate, Mr. Hisgen, should poll a respectable vote in New York, Illinois, and California, he would ensure Mr. Taft carrying those States and make his election absolutely certain. There are many men who believe that this will happen, and that the appeal to the Independence League to one class of voters will make very heavy inroads in the Democratic strength. At one time it looked as if this might be the result, but now I question whether the Independence League will be a very important factor. Every intelligent man knows that the Independence League candidates have not the slightest chance of election, and that a vote cast for them is either a vote thrown away or done deliberately to injure Mr. Bryan; and it is obvious, so far as Mr. Hearst is concerned, he will have no regrets no matter how badly Mr. Bryan is injured. But the majority of the men who may be expected to vote the Hisgen ticket are intelligent, and cannot be easily induced to waste their votes, for there is too much at stake to permit the election to go by default. Mr. Bryan will, of course, lose some of these votes, but, perhaps, not as many as Mr. Hearst thinks and hopes for.

Of much greater importance is the disposition of the labour vote, for if labour can be induced to vote as a unit, or practically so, here are votes enough to ensure the election of their candidate. After the adoption of the Democratic platform Mr. Gompers, the President of the American Federation of Labour, announced that the Democratic platform appealed more strongly to the working man than did the Republican, and that labour would do everything possible to try to secure the election of Mr. Bryan. The Republicans immediately took alarm and have tried to counteract the effect of Mr. Gompers' declaration. Various labour leaders have been inspired to declare that Mr. Gompers, although the official head of organised labour in the United States, spoke without authority when he attempted to "deliver" the labour vote to Mr. Bryan, and that labour would vote as an individual, and would not permit itself to be voted at the dictation of any man, even a man who in his own sphere would always command the respect of all members of the Federation of Labour.

It has been somewhat amusing to watch the indignation of the Republican newspapers and to notice the disinterested advice that they are gratuitously offering to the working man. "You are a very fine and noble work of God," they say in effect, "and we hate to see you soiled in the mire of politics. Maintain your independence, keep out of politics, vote for the best man, but don't permit yourself to be used by the politicians." The working man is gravely reminded that he has always been politically independent, and now, if he has any sense, he will show that he is a man by "rebuking" Mr. Gompers and voting for Mr. Taft.

How much Mr. Gompers and his Cabinet in the Federation of Labour can influence their fellow working men no one can tell, but that he exercises very great influence cannot be denied. Labour heretofore has been politically independent and has voted according to its individual preferences rather than as a cohesive body swayed by a small group of leaders. Labour has looked upon the politicians with suspicion, and has been taught to beware of the Greeks bearing gifts; it has always been led to believe that it could gain more in the long run by this nominal independence. For this reason it has made no serious attempt to elect Labour members of Congress, although it has by a common understanding supported Congressional and other candidates who were supposed to be friendly, and voted against those who were objectionable. During the last few years Gompers and some of his close associates have looked forward to the time when Labour would play as important a part in American politics as English Labour has done in British politics, and I have reason to believe that they think the time has now come when it is wise to make the first move. It may be that they are in advance of the army, and that the attempt to lead will be met by mutiny; but if they know the temper of the working man better than outsiders do and a considerable proportion of the Labour vote can be "delivered" to Mr. Bryan, then he is very much nearer the realisation of his ambition than most people imagine; but there are too many elements of chance for any one to feel certain at this time how Labour will vote, or whether Republican working men can be persuaded to vote for Mr. Bryan.

The action of the Federal Court of Appeals in reversing the decision of Judge Landis in the court below in the celebrated Standard Oil fine of $29,000,000 will have far-reaching political effect, in the opinion of some of the shrewdest observers, and the Republicans fear that it will make the judiciary an issue and strengthen the impression now prevalent in some quarters that Republican judges can always be relied on to treat leniently the rich and powerful. Although in practically all the States the judges are elected, and therefore must be more or less prominent party men, and justices of the Supreme Court and judges of the inferior Federal courts are appointed by the President from members of his own party, public sentiment during the past few years has shown a strong tendency to keep the courts as far removed from politics as possible under a system that is admittedly political, and to make non-partisan nominations rather than to hold out the Bench as a reward for active political service.

It was inevitable that the decision should be given a political interpretation. Some of the Conservative papers, both Republican and Democratic, were unsparing in their criticism of Judge Landis when he fined the Standard Oil Company so heavily, and now that the decision has been reversed and pronounced by the appellate court as indefensible both in morals and law, they do not hesitate to say that Judge Landis simply yielded to popular clamour, and influenced by the radical sentiment then prevailing listened to the mob rather than to the evidence. The reversal of the decision is hailed as a return to sanity and a reverence for the law. The view taken by the Radical Press is that Judge Landis has been sacrificed because it was necessary to conciliate the great interests, who now need not further fear that they will have to suffer for their violations of the law. Mr. Rockefeller is perhaps the most unpopular plutocrat in America, and as his oil monopoly pinches the pockets of too many people who are least able to be pinched, there is more sorrow than rejoicing that he has managed to escape a fine of nearly six million pounds.

It has often been said of Mr. Roosevelt that he has an intuitive knowledge of the temper of the American people, which explains the hold he has over them, and it is this extraordinary intuition that leads him to do the right thing. If Mr. Roosevelt has not in this instance mistaken public sentiment, his action shows that he appreciated the danger of the political effect of the decision of the Court of Appeals, and saw the necessity of quickly counteracting it. No sooner had the opinion of the Court been handed down than the President issued an official statement that he had directed the Attorney-General to take immediate steps for the retrial of the case, and the President added, "There is absolutely no question of the guilt of the defendants; the reversal of the decision of the lower court does not in any shape or way touch the merits of the case, excepting so far as the size of the fine is concerned." The President has quite naturally been severely criticised for indulging in this outspoken comment on a case *sub judice*, and pronouncing the defendant guilty when the Court shows there is a grave doubt whether the law has been violated; and as the President must, of course, be defended by the party Press, the controversy increases in bitterness. What adds a sinister touch to the whole affair, and does not mollify the "plain people," are the charges made in certain newspapers that the Rockefellers and their associates knew the tenor of the decision long before it was announced, and on the strength of it bought Standard Oil and other stocks, thereby making millions.

Of recent years we have heard so much of the United States controlling the trade of the Orient and the Pacific being turned into an American Lake, that the public is somewhat puzzled to understand why the great transcontinental railway companies that own lines of steamers to China and Japan have decided to withdraw from that trade and leave it to their rivals. Nominally this decision was the answer of the railway companies to the ruling of the interstate commerce commission requiring them to publish their freight rates so as to show the proportion charged to land and ocean carriage. This the companies refused to do and announced that they will abandon the business and let the American shipper send his cargoes to the East under other flags. Mr. Harriman, who manages more miles of railroad than any other man in the world and knows what he is talking about, said: "The Oriental business is largely sentimental. The hopes of building up a large Asiatic trade through the Pacific ports of the United States has been largely a dream and it has turned out to be a fake." This will be a bad blow to the expansionists, who have justified the holding of the Philippines for the benefits that were come to American trade in the Far East, and a great deal of money has been spent in endeavouring to push American commerce in China and Japan. Congress made an appropriation under which special agents were appointed to travel through both countries and investigate the opportunities for the sale of American manufactures, and those agents made numerous and voluminous reports, which showed the market existed if American manufacturers knew how to avail themselves of it and could compete with foreign rivals. No great increase of the trade has been noticed, however, and it is evident from what Mr. Harriman says that the American has not yet become an international trader on a grand scale. True he sends millions of dollars' worth of commodities to Europe every year, but they are principally the products of the farm and the forest and the mine, such things as Europe must of necessity buy. But the great trade of South America, which naturally ought to belong to the United States, is in the hands of foreigners, and the trade of the Orient he has to admit has eluded him.

A. MAURICE LOW.

# THE COUNTRY PARSON AND THE VILLAGE SCHOOL

In the village adjoining the one in which I write a new Church school was opened in 1902. It was built at a cost of eighteen hundred pounds, every penny of which has been paid, the whole being subscribed by Church people for the express purpose of securing Church of England teaching to the children of the village. To make things safer, a trust deed was drawn up and a new site near the old one was purchased. It will be rightly asked, Is the school so provided for their children acceptable to the people of the village? The answer to this question is simple. The excellence of the secular instruction in this school is a proverb locally, and there is no murmur of dissatisfaction against the religious teaching given. There is not a single child withdrawn from that teaching. The people take the greatest pride in "our school." One has only to go to one of the Christmas entertainments to see how well the children are taught, and that going to school is a pleasure to them. It is true that in this particular parish there is little or no dissent. The people, no doubt, as in other places, are many of them hazy, many altogether indifferent, on religious matters, but they, one and all, if asked whether they wished their school to be handed over to the County Council, and undenominationalism to be installed in the place of the Catechism, would reply, "I don't know what undenominationalism is, but I wish my children to be taught the Catechism, and I wish our school to go on as it is at present."

I do not say that in all villages the schools are so excellent, and the people so satisfied as in this particular instance, but of one thing, twenty years of life in remote country villages has convinced me, and that is that the grievance of country people in having only a Church school to send their children to, which looms so large in Nonconformist sermons and Radical newspapers, has practically no existence in real life at all. No efforts have indeed been spared to convince country Nonconformists of the enormity of a grievance they had not hitherto suspected. In twenty years' experience I have never known a child in a Church school withdrawn from the religious instruction. If a scrupulous clergyman suggests such a thing, the reply he will most likely get is, "I don't see why he should be treated any different to the rest." On one occasion I myself made the suggestion to some parents who were Baptists, that as their children had not yet been baptized, they might prefer that they should not learn the Catechism. "They can't learn too much that's good," was the response. In the case I am thinking of the venerable Rector agreed with the parents. "I know the Pursers are unbaptized," he told me, "but the family are not unbelievers. They defer the administration of the initial Sacrament." As in the old-fashioned theory of thrashing boys periodically whatever their behaviour at the moment, if the Pursers did not need the Catechism at that time, they were to learn it "against they do." If the children had been excluded from the Catechism lesson I have no doubt deep offence would have been given. Quiet readers of their morning paper would have been startled by the head-lines "Priestly Exclusiveness: Excommunication of Little Dissenters." Seriously I have never known a villager who ever imagined he had a grievance in having only a Church of England school to send his children to.

The idea that this is due to clerical intimidation is grotesquely ridiculous to any one who knows anything of village life as it really is. Villagers have no hesitation in speaking their mind on any subject, least of all perhaps on the subject of the schools. It is with many a very real grievance that they have to send the children at all; with most that they cannot keep them at home when their help is needed. I have been myself abused before now on this head, and have found great difficulty in convincing an excited woman that I was not responsible for the hardship. On my telling her that it was the law, she exclaimed scathingly, "The laws in England did ought to be more practick." So one does not fail to hear some very plain speaking if the children don't "get on" at school as they should, if the master is suspected of favouritism, if the big ones are rough and "put upon" the little ones as they go to school and come home again, very often if they are caned, "kept in," or, indeed, punished in any way. I remember a hubbub that went on for months about a boy receiving one stroke of the cane for fighting, whereupon his sister had exclaimed, *coram populo*, that the schoolmaster was "an old beast;" for this expression of opinion she was stood on the form. "Hounding my children," said the excited mother. "Do *you* think it was anything so out of the way," she inquired of me in wonder and amazement, if she did call him "an old beast"? Occasionally I have even heard complaints from parents who liked their children kept in order that they were not sufficiently chastised. "I sends my children to be learned," said one Spartan mother, "and I sends 'em to be thrashed." But amid all the many and varied complaints that I remember, I have never once heard a complaint that the children had been taught that they were regenerated in Baptism, or that the Eucharist is a Sacrifice.

Neither do I ever remember a case of the priestly tyranny, the clerical injustice and oppression, the persecution of little Dissenters and their parents, of which we hear so much in the newspapers, written by agnostics in London and read by Nonconformists in the country. My own belief is that these occurrences "do not happen." From my own experience, I should say that they are not so much exaggerated as altogether fictitious. I have never seen such a case, never heard of one, never read of one which would bear looking into for a single moment. With the best will in the world the Nonconformists are never able to discover such a case. Think of their organisations, their Free Church Councils, their stars from London scouring the country in motor cars, their members of Parliament, their newspapers—does any one doubt that if such a case occurred anywhere that all England would be ringing with it in less than a week? Imagine the *Daily News* on Monday morning—"The Little Tiddlington Scandal: Fearless Utterance by Mr. Silvester Horne: Dr. Clifford Speaks Out." I once challenged my antagonists in a newspaper correspondence to produce a case of priestly tyranny in a village. The only thing that could be wrung from them was an extract from a parish magazine about the Vigil of St. James, and the advantage of belonging to the Apostolic Church. But if this is persecution, every one who holds an opinion of whatever kind is a persecutor of those who do not hold it. Sometimes in darkest Bucks or Oxfordshire the chapel children are "bribed" by being given buns. If they had no buns they would be "branded." The worst case I ever read of was of a clergyman going into the school and giving out before all the children that the Church children would have their treat on Tuesday. But the cries of despair over all this oppression, as from prisoners *sotto i piombi*, or exiles amid Siberian snows, do not come from the victims themselves. They issue from Bouverie Street, from Westbourne Park, and from the Holborn Restaurant.

The fact is that under the "domination" of the Anglican clergy the evils of intemperate zeal are reduced to a minimum. They are too educated, too tolerant, too worldly, if you like, to be fanatical or persecuting. They would probably be more successful if more sacred fury filled their breasts. As a body of men they are most anxious not to offend the consciences of others. I remember a chapel "house boy" who said it was "against his conscience" to clean the rector's boots on Sunday. "I don't wish any one to do anything against his conscience, Jim," was the mild reply. "I think a steady-going clergyman is a very nice thing to have in a place," said a woman to me one day. Here and there, of course, there are wild curates, but the vast majority of the country clergy are "steady-going."

The people themselves, it must be remembered, even when theologically inclined, are not first and foremost theologians, and they have so many real grievances and sufferings that they do not make grievances where none exist. In winter their fifteen shillings a week is often cut down to twelve because they lose the wet days, and if their employer has not a cottage of his own to spare for them, they have to pay five shillings a week rent instead of three. This at least is the case with agricultural labourers in the southern counties. It takes four years hard, unremitting toil for a man to earn a hundred and fifty pounds. A woman told me the other day that all last winter the children had had nothing to eat but bread, and that all that time her legs had been so bad that she had crawled up and down stairs on her hands and knees. People in this situation are not likely to take a great interest in theological differences, or to lose their sleep at night because their children are taught a too sacramental doctrine. They really desire the childrens' good, although they are not always very wise in the means they take to attain it. They want the school to be a good one, they want the children to be well taught and kindly treated, they want it if possible to be near the home, and they would like what they consider a reasonable liberty in keeping them from school in what is, after all, very often urgent need. Above and beyond all this they like them to be taught the Christian religion. They do not distinguish theological differences very clearly, and I have never known one who had the least suspicion that there was anything wrong with the Catechism. Over and over again, when told that in the new Council School the Catechism may not be taught, they have said to me, "Well, I can't understand it—I never knew a school where the Catechism wasn't taught before." They one and all in my parish signed a petition in favour of the Church schools, which was lately circulated, with the most unfeigned willingness, the greatest alacrity. "Yes, I'll sign that gladly," they said. The immense majority, the vast overwhelming majority of parents in the villages throughout the country like the clergymen to go in and out of the school. The idea that he is not allowed to do so, his disappearance when the school is "taken over," fills them with amazement. It is a shock to all their ideas of the fitness of things. That is what the parson is there for, they think. "What I says is that when parson's in the school he's in his proper place," is their universal sentiment. For a long time they cannot take it in, then they say, "Well, I never heard of such a thing in all my born days."

This state of mind is not surprising when we consider what the history of the village schools has been, and how in all their recollection it is the parson and the parson's wife that have kept them going. They know that if any village boy learned to read before 1870 it was through their self-denying labours. They remember old Mrs. Merryweather losing her shoes in the mud in the dark lanes on winter nights on her way to the night-school to teach the hobble-de-hoys. They remember the buns and school-treats in the summer, the carols at Christmas, the getting primroses for the church at Easter, the practising an anthem, and bringing big turnips for the Harvest Festival. It was not always very enlightened from any point of view—I remember one man telling me that as a boy at school he had been required to learn the Thirty-nine Articles by heart—but it was so much well-meant, kindly, human effort, it was a Christian tradition and system which I verily believe they would like, if the gentlemen in London would let them, to hand on to their children, with all such improvements as a more modern intelligence may suggest.

I believe that this feeling is fully shared by the country Dissenters when they are left to themselves. The Dissenting villagers in large parts of Yorkshire, for instance, have no hostility to the Church or the parson. They find the chapels more warm and fervid, more familiar, but, as I was once told, "we look on the parish church as our principal place of worship." The old-fashioned Dissenters, especially the Methodists, had a custom of going to church in the morning and to chapel in the evening. That was before they had learned to call themselves "Free Churchmen." A kindly feeling often exists. I remember one man, a local preacher, talking to me about the rector. "Mr. Ellison don't give a very clear witness," he told me, "but if I wants a little bit of comfort I goes to Mr. Ellison, and if I wants pecoonary assistance, it's to Mr. Ellison I goes." North country villagers generally are very pleased to have a local preacher to tea, but if they can get a real clergyman their delight knows no bounds. I don't think old-fashioned village Nonconformists regard church and chapel teaching as antagonistic. Certainly country people in general do not. It would fill their simple minds with amazement to be told that one kind of Christian doctrine was taught in church, another different one in chapel, and that a third, different to both and not really satisfactory to either party, was to be set up in the school. I have no doubt that they feel dimly and confusedly what one feels oneself, that the destruction of the unity in the framework of the children's lives, the causing of antagonism, or at least distance and estrangement between church and school, is a most evil and mischievous, as well as altogether unnecessary thing.

It is easy to laugh at the "Anglican parent." In the conscious, sectarian, argumentative state, I dare say he hardly exists. As I have said, village people are for the most part not theologians. I remember indeed, in Tractarian literature, a villager called, I believe, "Old Richard," who used to argue for the Apostolic

Succession with singular acuteness, and in a manner recalling the more refined and subtle vein of Dr. Newman. But such men are rare. The villagers of the *Monthly Packet* are indeed occasionally to be found, and such old ladies as might have curtsied to Mr. Keble at Hursley. A remark of one of George Eliot's characters describes the old-fashioned village church-goer better than anything else I remember in literature (alas! that one should so often have to write "old-fashioned"). I cannot quote the sentence, but it is something like this: "When I hear the organ and the singing, and Mr. Crackanthorpe saying good words, I feel so set up as never was." A man said to me as we walked home from church one Trinity Sunday, "When you hears Mr. Elphinstone, you knows it's all as proper as can be." "I do so like Morning Service," you will sometimes hear. "I think they're such solemn words." This refers no doubt to the impetrations of the Litany, and the Nicene Creed, and the sacred and mysterious Eucharistic language of Christendom. "I come to church to do my duty to my Maker, my Saviour, and my Worshipper," said one good old man. The old objective Christianity, the dwelling on the facts of the Gospels, the deep reverence for the sacraments, the folk-lore of the Middle Ages, is not even yet extinct. In a village near this I know an old cottage woman who always puts on something white in which to come to church on Maunday Thursday. At the risk of being laughed at I will tell a story which illustrates this. The other day I met Mrs. Pellett starting to drive her donkey to market. We exchanged a few words about the weather and about Neddy. "I look upon him as an 'oly animal," she remarked, "my mother always instilled it into me that ever since our Saviour rode on his back into Jerusalem he's never been without the sign of the Cross. I'm sure it's most distinct on Neddy." Cynical modern readers will no doubt look upon this as a piece of hypocritical blarney, but I am sure that it was not. Mrs. Pellett would hold up both hands for the Church schools. "Our Saviour," by the way, is the reverent title which old-fashioned country communicants always use. From the speech of Cowper-Temple children the "our" will at once be dropped, and eventually I fear the "Saviour." The communicants I speak of are mostly found among the "residents," as they proudly style themselves, the people who have been settled in the village for years, perhaps for generations, in contradistinction to the class, alas, always increasing, of "them as comes and goes."

To the dispassionate observer there would appear to be a hundred reasons why the village parson should not be turned out of the village school. He has very probably—he or his predecessor—toiled to build it, and impoverished himself to maintain it. He cared for the education of the poor when nobody else did. In country villages at this moment he is very often the only human being who has any interest in education or any belief in it. The Squire will perhaps tell you that "education is the ruin of this country." The belief of the farmer often is, "God made little boys to scare the rook and the crow," from the age of seven and upwards, not to waste precious time in book-learning. The one idea of the small Radical tradesman is to keep down the rates. The anxiety of the parents for the blissful moment to arrive when the children can leave school and begin earning for themselves is pathetic. The parson knows the children. If he is worth his salt he feels that there is a real tie between himself and the children whom he has baptized. He knows each one by name, has seen them toddle into Standard II., and progress up to Standard VI. He knows their homes, and all the idiosyncrasies of village childish life. He knows, for instance, having year after year ministered to their needs on summer lawns, that they prefer good bread and butter, such as they do not get at home, to any amount of fancy cakes. He is quick to note any boy of superior intelligence, or with any special aptitude. Such a lad is almost sure of receiving help and encouragement from the parish clergyman. One has heard again and again of village lads going to the rectory for lessons in Latin and algebra, or what not, sometimes of their gaining scholarships at grammar schools as a result of such help. There are country clergymen who make a hobby of this. The parson has time to take an interest in the school, and he is often the only man in the parish who has. He is on the spot, he lives in the village, not miles away in the county town, like the vague and distant official of the County Council, who "runs" the school in his place. This is probably a solicitor, whom the children never see, who, from the nature of the case, is in no sort of touch with them, and can take no interest in them, but who is well paid for doing the work the clergyman had done for years for nothing. There is much talk of "atmosphere" in this controversy, but nothing more bleak and unhomelike can be imagined than the atmosphere of a Church school which has passed into County Council hands. Nothing is seen or heard of its new protector, and its old and tried friend and well-wisher has been alienated and driven away. It is impossible to get a broken window mended. It struggles on uncheered and unvisited by human sympathy of any kind. The unknown, the intangible, and the blank takes the place of the known, the homely, and the familiar. The question of Little Peterkin recurs to the mind. What is the good of it? The County Council Hall at Kingston may be depicted on the children's certificates instead of Winchester Cathedral; but you cannot alter English history, you cannot do away with the cathedrals and parish churches, though you may draw the children's affection from them and dissociate them from their lives. But is it worth while? Have you anything better to put in their place? Why should the clergyman be driven away and robbed of his legitimate influence by the very people who are always crying out because his influence for good is not all-powerful? Why should this wretched schism be made in the life of the village? I do not use the word "schism" in its technical sense, but in a very true and real one nevertheless.

There is a great tradition, a great authority, there is one great Name on which the whole civilisation of Europe has been built. In every village in Europe there is some one to represent this tradition and this Name. He may be known as the Rector, or M. le Curé, or il signor parocco, or der Herr Pfarrer, or the "meenister," or Father O'Flanagan. He is practically always a friendly presence, occasionally a gracious and venerable one. It was surely a kindly custom that he should go in and out of the village school, and that in church the schoolmaster should play the organ. It was surely good thus to "work together" as country people so often say. There is not the least sign on the horizon of anything to take the place of the tradition which the parish priest represents. No one, I suppose, seriously proposes to build the national life on a foundation of agnosticism. The enthusiasm for Bushido as a substitute for Christianity, so fashionable a year or two ago, is already on the wane. Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay; the youngest and simplest Christian child has something which makes him other, as we think "higher," than the oldest and cleverest Japanese. The Nonconformist ministers have no doubt a grievance, but there is just this one practical consideration to be thought of: there is not a Nonconformist minister in every village, and there is a clergyman. He can do the work, very unpretentious, very unostentatious, very unremunerative, but surely most useful, which the other, from the nature of the case, cannot do, if only because he is not there to do it, of teaching all the children in the parish the faith of the Apostles' Creed. I would ask those who wish to destroy this in England to pause and consider what it is that they are going to do.

R. L. GALES.

# MR. ANDREW LANG AND ROBERT BURNS

STANDARD authors are all more or less at the mercy of editors. First editions become rare and priceless, or altogether impossible of possession, and it falls to scholarly experts to provide tolerable substitutes for their respective generations. Thus bibliography grows apace, and one learned sponsor treads courageously on the heels of another. As a general principle, this intermediary activity is distinctly praiseworthy, for it serves to bring the best of what has been thought and said into constant prominence. Competent editors, who fully know their authors, consider them reverently, and never unduly obtrude themselves—such as Professor Skeat in his exhaustive and judicious treatment of Chaucer and Langland and the Cambridge specialists who have skilfully handled the text of Shakespeare—hold in the republic of letters a position that challenges at once the admiration and the homage of the appreciative student. Unfortunately the relations subsisting between eminent writers and their modern exponents are not all of the ideal order thus indicated. There are those who have rushed in where wiser doctors have feared to tread, producing by their hasty and inconsiderate officiousness nothing but bewilderment and distraction. What is needed in every case is exact knowledge and competent craftsmanship; if either of these is wanting, the result is certain to be unsatisfactory.

A recent example of misleading guidance is afforded by Mr. Andrew Lang in the "Selected Poems of Robert Burns" which he has contributed to the series called The Dryden Library. As a representative Scotsman, widely known for his scholarship and his ample range of literary activity, Mr. Lang is likely to be accepted by those unfamiliar with Burns as a safe and trustworthy expositor. In the opening passages of the Introduction to his volume he encourages the faith of such neophytes by admitting their unquestionable need of help. "To English students," he observes, "Robert Burns is, and must be, a foreign classic." In order still further to smooth matters for the beginner, Mr. Lang is considerate enough to explain that Burns not only uses the Scottish tongue but includes in his text a disturbing element in the shape of provincial phraseology. It needs to be said at once that his illustration of this point is less satisfactory than he probably supposes. He airily asks, for instance, "What is a shangar?" and, as there is no such term or article, he is safe to pass on after making his appeal. Continuing to solicit the confidence of his disciples, Mr. Lang says, "We learn little when we are told that a certain mare was a 'noble fittie-lan,' and though 'tarrow' rhymes to 'Pizarro' the word is so obscure that it escaped even the older minstrel who was so hard set for various rhymes to 'Yarrow.'" Now, to those even slightly familiar with ploughing, and to any intelligent reader of the poem in which Burns introduces his particular mare, there should be little difficulty about the "fittie-lan" or foot-the-land, but still it is well to be gentle with those imbibing elementary knowledge. Mr. Lang, however, is unwarrantably dogmatic about "tarrow," as his followers will ultimately discover if they persevere in their dialectal studies. The word occurs in at least four Scottish proverbs, and it was used by Henryson of Dunfermline, Samuel Rutherford of St. Andrews, Allan Ramsay of Edinburgh, Alexander Ross of Northern Angus, Picken of Paisley, and so forth. This denotes something other than provincial obscurity, and even suggests that the ancient minstrel, writing of Yarrow, might have used the term had he found it suitable to his purpose. Mr. Lang also wrestles with the expression "fecht wi' nowt," which is used by Burns in "The Twa Dogs" with reference to Spanish bull-fights. "Probably," says Mr. Lang, "the ordinary English reader does not even know that nowt are horned cattle in general." But most persons of average perspicacity, and all who are familiar with the sayings of David Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian," will hardly fail to connect "nowt" with "neat," and such as do so will know—what is evidently unknown to Mr. Lang—that horns are not indispensable features of the mental picture. Altogether, the critic's preliminary excursus among Burns's provincialisms is considerably more adventurous than illuminating.

In discussing the poet's native independence and his patriotism, Mr. Lang is disposed to consider both somewhat narrow, limited, and even prejudiced and misdirected. When he says that the language of the poems "smells of peat and bog myrtle, of heather, haggis and whiskey" (*sic*), he is likely enough to confirm a popular impression among Southern readers, to the effect that all Scotland is properly denominated the Land of the Gael, and that the kilt is the national costume. It was, however, a larger country than his critic thus indicates that the poet, in one of his strongest lyrics, apostrophises in the phrase, "Scotland, my auld respected mither." But, says Mr. Lang, "Burns was a child of the people, of them only he cared much to sing as a rule." Surely, however, this was a theme large enough to engage a genius throughout the period of his natural life; and when one thinks of the sense in which singing of the people must be taken with reference to Burns, when one reflects that he exploded superstition and gave a new direction and tone to the manners of his countrymen, and when one remembers all he did, not only in quick suggestive exposition of character but in subtle and keen and adequate appreciation of natural beauty, the amazing thing seems to be not the restricted area of his activity but the range and magnificence of his accomplishment. Again, Mr. Lang says he was surpassed by Scott in the collecting of ballads and the illustration of history, but this is merely a self-evident and indisputable fact which, while honourable to the one, reflects no discredit whatever on the other. Burns's temperament led him to prefer the song to the ballad, with results of such radiant splendour as nothing in their own kind has excelled, and when he utilised history, as he did in "Scots wha hae," he completed his delineation to immortal purpose. In this notable instance, however, says his critic, he displays a strange lack of precise information. Let us see how this stands. Because in the letter sent to Lord Buchan with "Scots wha hae" he states that "a cruel but able usurper was leading on the finest army in Europe," Mr. Lang commits himself to the opinion that the poet considered it was Edward Longshanks whom Bruce conquered. "These words," he asserts, "can only apply to Edward I., *Malleus Scotorum;* the English king at Bannockburn was neither conspicuously cruel nor conspicuously able," &c. In so far as this asseveration has any historical significance, it is merely a puny flight of hypercriticism, and otherwise it appears to be a specious attempt to minimise the importance of the poet's great war-ode. From the standpoint of a patriot Burns was justified in his description of Edward II., who was a usurper in design if not in accomplishment, and at once cruel of purpose and able because of his exceptional position and resources. With his "kingdom battled by his side," as he appears to Scott in his vision of the impending conflict at Bannockburn, he is a sufficiently formidable personage, who might well complete the policy of which fate had made him the representative. Confident of achieving his object, and eager for action, he breathed such valour as he possessed,

> And in his sprightly eye was set
> Some spark of the Plantagenet.

Scott without doubt would have supported Burns's estimate of the king who failed to add Scotland to his dominion. But after all, the point is of secondary importance when we remember that it has a merely infinitesimal bearing on the movement of the lyric with which it is associated. It is as useless to dwell upon it as it is to wonder, after the manner of his critic, that the poet made little of old ballads and neglected the Covenanters. Drawing upon the correspondence of an anonymous friend, the essayist completes his somewhat derogatory disquisition with an account of what was done for the feeling of Scottish nationality by Ossian and Smollett, thereby (perhaps undesignedly) fostering the impression that Burns after all is a generating force of less potency than is usually assumed. To prevent such an unwarrantable inference, he might have added that for one reader who has been influenced by Ossian or Smollett, or both together, thousands have felt and acknowledged the magic and the abiding stimulus of Burns.

When the Selection itself is reached, we find, of course, that Mr. Lang has no difficulty in choosing the material for the more important contents of his book. He seems to have solemnly paused before extending his favour to "The Jolly Beggars." There was, however, no need for scruples about the matter, for nothing in "The Jolly Beggars" is likely to disturb even a sensitive reader nearly so much as may be done by at least one other item, which he appears to have chosen without hesitation. It would have surprised all Burns experts had Mr. Lang not included "The Twa Dogs," "The Brigs of Ayr," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam o' Shanter," "The Vision," and "Halloween," but qualified and judicious critics will not fail to wonder at some of his other decisions. There is ample room to cavil at both what he gives and what he omits, and there is just the possibility of questioning his knowledge as well as his taste. Several of the shorter poems included might well have given place to "Death and Dr. Hornbook" and "The Death and Dying Words of Poor Mailie," while there seems no excuse whatever for hesitating over "The Jolly Beggars" and deliberately inserting the pruriently suggestive "Epistle to John Rankin." It seems doubtful whether Mr. Lang is sufficiently familiar with Burns's Epistles to discriminate among their respective merits. As it happens, he gives two of the best of them, those, namely, "To a young Friend" and "To William Simpson," but his readers have reason to complain of an editorial feature illustrated in the latter of the two as well as in certain of the poems. In a prefatory note Mr. Lang states that he has presented the text "as nearly as the poet saw it," and this arrangement implies that the Epistle to William Simpson is entitled "To W.S." As no elucidation is supplied, Mr. Lang's constituents, apart from other help, may conclude that the poet's friend is a person whose identity is for some reason shrouded in mystery. When the name has been perfectly well known for a hundred years, there was surely no reason whatever for thus setting the uninitiated a hopeless problem. Again, in "The Brigs of Ayr," which is duly inscribed "To John Ballantyne, Esq.," the Editor should have seen that the patron's full name, and not merely the initial letters flanked by three asterisks, was given in the text. Even this, however, is pardonable compared with the lacunæ that prevail in "The Holy Fair." When that poem appeared, local readers would be able to interpret the suggestive omissions for themselves, but such special knowledge as was theirs should not be expected of their successors everywhere after the lapse of a century. Exact reproduction is responsible for other rocks of offence that should not have escaped notice.

With Burns's Songs Mr. Lang is on even more delicate ground than he is when concerned with the Poems. In both cases a large number are inevitable, but with the Songs more than with the Poems the difficulty of choice arises after the very best have been selected. As a song-writer of marvellous profusion and rare quality, Burns has a peerless record. He is sufficiently delicate, graceful, and moving in the love lyric; he presents, with adequate directness and significance, the conflicting and complex relations that create a humorous predicament; he can be merry and jovial and boisterous without excess in the drinking song; he is strong, picturesque, and impressively resonant on a martial theme; and he commands, with easy and thrilling touch, the subtle emotions that underlie close friendship and prompt the beautiful and uplifting energy of social affection. Mr. Lang gives the general favourites, besides others almost equally inevitable, but it is possible occasionally to demur to his choice. One would gladly spare, for example, "O, Lassie, art thou sleeping yet?" together with the answer of the damsel addressed, if one might but have in their stead "Tam Glen" and "Afton Water," both of which Mr. Lang excludes. "Out over the Forth," "John Barleycorn" (a ballad rather than a song proper), and "Women's Minds" have an appropriate place in the poet's works, but they should not appear in such a volume as Mr. Lang's if their presence is prohibitive of "Bonnie wee Thing," the second version of "Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes," the daintily winsome "She's fair and fause," and the ineffably sweet and radiant "Lass o' Ballochmyle." Similarly, there are various others that might have been given because of their high and distinctive quality instead of less characteristic numbers that have received the editorial *imprimatur*.

Room for some of those lyrics that have not found a place might have been provided had due consideration been accorded to the question of relative claims. Mr. Lang, for instance, gives "Logan Braes" and "Up in the Morning Early," which are themes less happily treated by Burns than by John Mayne and John Hamilton respectively. He also includes not only the poet's "Braw Lads of Yarrow Braes," but also "Braw Lads of

Galla Water," which appeared in David Herd's *Ancient and Modern Songs* before Burns had emerged from boyhood. It is just possible that the latter song is one of those vagrant pieces which the poet recommended for insertion in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, and, at any rate, it was duly included in the second volume of that work. Curiously enough, while it appears in the index as an anonymous item, it stands there between Burns's "Blythe, Blythe and Merry was She" and "Bonny Lassie, will ye go?" each of which is announced with the poet's name. Some one—it may have been Burns, or it may have been Johnson himself, who had his own notions on matters of taste—introduced into Herd's text two comparatively trivial variations, but these are no sufficient warrant for assigning definite authorship. Nor is it any excuse for a new editor of Burns to say that certain predecessors have erred and misled him, for he should have known that it is long since the ignorance of these practitioners was exposed, and their decision shown to be unwarrantable.

The same criticism must be passed on several other pieces which Mr. Lang, unhesitatingly and without reservation, asks his readers to accept as unequivocal products of Burns's genius. There is a sense, for instance, in which "Coming Through the Rye" and "Hey, the Dusty Miller" may be called Burns's work, and, on the other hand, it is open to any one to say that neither of them is his at all. When an antiquarian expert can explain regarding the former that it is "an old song slightly emended by Burns," and is able to show that the latter is "a fragment of the old ballad with a few verbal alterations" at the poet's hands, neither should be assigned to him without qualification, as is done in this volume. Incautiously to credit a poet in this way with work that is his only partially and in a very limited sense is to do injustice to his reputation, and seriously to confuse and mislead such readers as may here make his acquaintance for the first time. It would have been in strict accordance with Mr. Lang's editorial method had he followed a tradition that makes Lady Nairne's "Land o' the Leal" Burns's deathbed address to his wife, and therefore included it in his second section with "Jean" as the name of the person apostrophised. He accepts without demur "O Kenmure's on and awa', Willie," which is anonymous in Johnson, and regarding which, after full investigation, the only plausible conclusion to be reached is that "it is impossible to say how much is old and how much is the poet's." When he was pressed for space, as he presumably found himself when preparing his volume for a miniature series, Mr. Lang need not have given both "Simmer's a Pleasant Time" and "When I Sleep I Dream," especially as the latter is only a trifling variant on an integral portion of the former. Nor in a book ostensibly designed to reach those for whom "Robert Burns is, and must be, a foreign classic," should the main lyric itself have been presented without a caution to the effect that it is an old song merely "touched by Burns." Probably the highest achievement made by the poet among his minor lyrics in thus rehandling earlier texts is in his fresh reading of "The Weary Pund o' Tow," in which he produced an essentially new and exceedingly spirited comical song. This might appear anywhere, plausibly and without comment, under the author's name; and, had he known it, such a clever and diverting paraphrase of a poor and tawdry original would have been more to Mr. Lang's purpose than several of those shadowy products which have just been discussed.

With regard to text, Mr. Lang says that he has been eclectic in practice, and that he has been relieved of the laborious process of collation by a willing and efficient substitute. He has utilised "the earliest texts of Kilmarnock, of Edinburgh, and of the scattered tracts and the additions made by Currie and others." This is quite sufficiently comprehensive, and on the whole the Poems and Songs as they stand present a fairly satisfactory appearance. Close examination, however, shows that the editing is anything but immaculate. Certain flaws are readily intelligible as probable errors of the press, but, passing these, we advance more substantial causes of complaint. Some points in the presentment of "Tam o' Shanter" call for consideration. We strongly suspect, for example, that Mr. Lang is not justified in differing from other editors over the elation of the jovial farmer when enjoying his potations and their alluring accompaniments. We have been used to hear that as he sat in the reckless glow of his rapture he felt himself "O'er a' the ills o' life victorious." Perhaps Mr. Lang, in the exercise of an Attic severity of taste, considers "the ills o' life" a sufficiently exhaustive expression without the aid of an intensifying epithet. At any rate he drops the all-inclusive qualification, thereby leaving the phrase to make an unaided impression, and also, of course, impairing the metrical character of the line. This should not have been done without a reason of the most substantial kind. Again, in the sententious passage on the evanescence of pleasures, Mr. Lang reads:

> Or like the snow-falls in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever.

This is manifestly inelegant, and, besides, there is no reason to believe that it is what the poet wrote. "The snow falls in the river" illustrates the old construction in which the relative introducing a descriptive clause is omitted, a syntactical arrangement which is in conformity with colloquial practice in the Scottish Lowlands. What Burns meant was, "The snow that falls in the river, which is a moment white," &c. The following from "Fair Helen" illustrates this elliptical practice:

> O Helen fair, beyond compare!
> I'll make a garland of thy hair
> Shall bind my heart for evermair
> Until the day I die.

Certain other readings given by Mr. Lang seem to contradict the principle of selection by which he professes to be guided. We learn from him that "where Burns originally wrote a coarse line, which he afterwards replaced by another, the second reading is given as more in harmony with modern taste." While "a coarse line" may possibly mean one that would not receive drawing-room favour at the present time, it may also conceivably signify such a verse as the author at first left in a rugged, unpolished form, and afterwards trained into a shape that satisfied his sense of beauty and proportion. In regard to the whole structure of "The Banks of Doon," which Burns remodelled to please Johnson of the *Musical Museum,* Mr. Lang is curiously misleading. He first gives the lyric in the revised form which Johnson accepted, and then boldly presents the other with the heading "Version printed in the Musical Museum." This is a proceeding less intelligible than divergences from accepted taste, in respect to which it is possible that Mr. Lang may have been inadvertent rather than arbitrary. But he should have striven to show unfailing respect for the poet's decisions. If readers are not to be furnished with an absolutely unexpurgated reprint of a first edition, then they should have all the author's final alterations of his work and not merely such of them as cursorily find favour at the hands of an editor. And every editor should be careful in case of merely following a wayward predecessor instead of faithfully reproducing his original from an authoritative source. Now Mr. Lang has not always escaped this subsidiary and perilous attitude. A striking example occurs in one of the readings he favours in the superb drinking song, "Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut." When Burns contributed this lyric to Johnson's *Museum* he said the king of boon companions was he "wha first beside his chair shall fa'." This remained in all the editions published in his lifetime, and may therefore be accepted as his final view on the subject of Bacchanalian pre-eminence. The dogma, no doubt, is disputable, for it is easy to say that the man who disdains heel-taps, drinks throughout honourably and on the level, and yet at the last can quietly contemplate from his chair the prostrate forms of his fellow revellers, is he who should be considered the prince among his peers. On the other hand, it may with plausibility be argued that the enthusiast who shows the highest devotion to his cult will be the first to reveal decisive tokens of special inspiration and influence, and this apparently is Burns's contention. According to him, the man who most readily yields to the spell of the jolly god is he who has earned supreme distinction at his chosen shrine. This did not satisfy certain commentators, and "first" became "last" in Currie's reprint of 1813. Now Mr. Lang's respect for accuracy, and his consideration for those readers to whom his author cannot fail to be but "a foreign classic," should have guarded him against the temptation offered by a rash example, and we therefore regret to find him in this matter following tamely in the wake of Currie. He likewise disregards the poet's preference in a line of the song "Green grow the rushes, O." When this first appeared, Solomon was characterised in the fourth stanza as "the wisest man the worl' saw," and this is the distinction the monarch still holds in Mr. Lang's text. But in accordance with the editorial avowal that "a coarse line"—an offensive line, surely, whatever the cause of its shortcomings—makes way for a successor, when the poet has constructed one to meet modern taste, this should have been superseded by "The wisest man the worl' e'er saw," which Burns in 1794 substituted for his original definition. In settling his text the editor should have explicitly followed the guidance of the author at every stage, or he should have been an unvarying law to himself, as he seems frequently to have been, and maintained a dignified silence regarding his practice.

A volume which offers an essentially "foreign classic" for the consideration of readers naturally provides assistance in some form to facilitate perusal, and Mr. Lang's *Selection from Burns* is thus quite properly followed by a glossary. Here, we fondly expect, all difficulties will be removed, and even provincialisms treated as their peculiarities demand. We do not advance far, however, before finding that in this verbal treasury we have an achievement of no common order. In the first place, much that obviously calls for comment is ignored altogether. Readers who come to the perusal of Burns for the first time—those to whom the poet cannot be other than a "foreign classic" —will wonder in vain over many terms and expressions that are left unexplained here. But the omissions, after all, are as naught when compared with the commissions, which are frequently amazing and sometimes prodigious. Let us consider a few specimens. "Broose," for example, we find to be "broth," and we turn to a poem which Mr. Lang in his "Introduction" cryptically calls the "Farmer's Good Year to his Auld Mare," and there discover that "at brooses," or races held at wedding celebrations, this venerable steed when in her prime had "ne'er a fellow." Now, what will the students of a "foreign classic" make of the problem thus presented for their solution? They may remember how the mythical fox entertained the stork, and hazily conclude that in the Scotland of Burns horses attended broth feasts, at which only young mares of exceptional quality won distinction and fame. Reflecting on his mare's docility in other spheres of action, the poet pays her the compliment of saying that in cart or car she "never reestet," or became restive. The only help for this appreciative assurance given in the glossary under consideration is that "reestet" means "withered." With regard to her lively movements when out of harness—when like any stag, as her owner says, the mare would scamper "outowre the lay," or over the lea—we are sharply pulled up when examining the glossary. As the entry under "lay" is "part of a weaver's loom," the uninitiated and imaginative student will get from this section of the poem a stimulating suggestion as to Scottish horse-training in the late eighteenth century. A young mare at full gallop, clearing weavers' looms or a portion thereof, would surely be a singularly picturesque and engaging spectacle, constituting a formidable rival to that of the proverbial bull in a china shop. Similarly curious results will be obtained by reading other poems with the aid of this resourceful commentator. In "The Twa Dogs," for example, we learn that the toiling peasants find their chief comfort in their "grushie weans," or thriving children, and their faithful wives. The ingenuity of the glossarist quickly responds to the demand made by the only difficult word here, and "grushie" is duly entered as "a protruding muzzle." One wonders what conception of a Scottish family in other days the English reader will form from the disconcerting picture thus suggested. In the descriptive passage on evening which closes the interview between the dogs, a characteristic feature is presented in the line, "The kye stood rowtin' i' the loan," that is, the cows stood bellowing in the farm-road. "Loan," according to Mr. Lang's explanation, is "a milking-shed." Receiving this assurance, one would gladly have the editor's definition of the "green loaning" in Jean Elliot's "Flowers of the Forest," but probably this, too, as with Burns's phraseology, would be considered on its individual merits. Our last specimen of interpretation, from tempting numbers that might be offered, is that which concerns the "rigwoodie hags" in "Tam o' Shanter." A rigwoodie is that by which the shafts of a vehicle are supported from the saddle, and being therefore suggestive of constant wear and tear it is particularly suited to the poet's descriptive purpose. Mr. Lang's readers, however, will learn from him that the rigwoodie is "the rope, or chain traces," and they will be further impressed with the weight of the expert knowledge thus placed at their service when they are informed that, metaphorically, the term signifies "lank and withered." Altogether, while we are astonished to find a glossary of this character seriously offered for consideration in these days of Scottish dictionaries, annotated editions of Burns, Primers elucidating the poet's work, and so forth, it is impossible to leave it without expressing admiration for the consistent independence, the sustaining courage, and the perverse ingenuity with which it has been laboriously compiled.

It is, no doubt, a praiseworthy thing on the part of any one interested in letters to do what in him lies towards helping others to the appreciation of a classic author. There is obviously better reason for making such an attempt in the case of Burns than there is for performing similar service for many whom it is now fashionable to glorify with introduction and commentary. Readers, it would appear from a modern practice, need to be encouraged and stimulated to make the acquaintance of numerous writers of a high order whom they are prone to neglect. This must be the explanation of the device by which publishers secure attention for one man by issuing his works under the kindly auspices of another. In these days of universal education, it appears that we are unable to discover standard authors for ourselves, but luxuriously make our investigations with the aid of specialists. Literary patronage has taken shape in a new guise, and there is some danger that we shall presently read nothing unless we find it commended by an expert whose eminence compels our confidence. While this as a general rule will indicate a woful degeneracy of intellectual vigour and moral courage, there is, in such an exceptional case as that of Burns, no room for surprise that help should be offered and accepted. The language in which he wrote has in large measure lost the direct representative value it had in his own time, till at length, as we have just seen, it tends to baffle even an accredited expositor. The poet who gave humanity its social hymn in "Auld Lang Syne," and who in both poem and song makes a universal appeal, needs to be elucidated for thousands of kinsfolk who cannot make his acquaintance at first hand. For these possible constituents a well-equipped exponent, who is at once wise and cautious, may do an invaluable service, but he must approach his task reverently and only after proving himself worthy by credentials that admit no possibility of challenge. Probably the ideal editor of Scotland's national poet is an educated and cultured peasant, who has otherwise taken an independent position among men of letters. It may be difficult to find such a sovereign product of his generation just when he is needed, but a serious effort should certainly be made to discover him whensoever the time seems ripe for a fresh presentation of Burns.

THOMAS BAYNE ("Glasgow").

# THE HINDU CONCEPTION OF MAN

> When we read with attention the poetical and philosophical works of the East, above all, those of India, which are beginning to spread in Europe, we discover there many a truth, and truth so profound . . . that we are constrained to bend the knee before the philosophy of the East, and to see in this cradle of the human race the native land of the highest philosophy.—Victor Cousin's *Collected Lectures*.

MAN has ever desired above all things to know whence he comes and whither he goes, as he passes "from eternity to eternity across the narrow bridge of Time"; and probably never until the present day has he found so many pathways open to him in his search for the inmost truth. Mostly man seeks an answer to the great riddle in Religion or in Philosophy, albeit Science has also attempted in her own way to solve the mystery; yet both Philosophy and Science still stand somewhat aloof from the people; while it has ever been the aim of all religions to keep in touch with the multitude, the poor in spirit, the man in the street, as one would say nowadays. But until quite recent times, we had only one, or at most two, religions within our ken, to turn to in our search for the utmost reality; whereas to-day—when the study of comparative religion engages many of our keenest minds—to-day all the great world-faiths are open to the earnest student, ready to yield their secret treasures. Alas that we do not yet see the fruits of this great intellectual movement! Misunderstanding is still rife between men of different faiths; we still talk of the Asiatic as a heathen and an idolater; we still send missionaries to people whose religion we neither understand nor seek to understand; and hundreds, nay thousands, of Englishmen living in India to-day still ignore, and are apparently content to ignore, that India holds one of the most complete answers yet given by man to the great world-problems of life and death.

What is India's answer to the question regarding man's origin and destiny, as given in her ancient sacred Scriptures? All the vast system of faith known as Hinduism might be expressed in two words: *Divine realisation.* Man is one with the Deity. Man must realise this oneness with the Deity: this is the corner-stone of Hinduism; from this belief all others flow: God is One, "Bráhman without a Second"; God and Nature are one; God and Man are one; Nature is but the garment of God, "the veil of Bráhman"; man is divine by birthright; *all* is divine, for all is God; "all the universe is Brahmâ; from Him it proceeds, unto Him it returns."*

The prophets of Israel in their most solemn assertions of Monotheism—"Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One God"—did but repeat, albeit unconsciously, the utterances of ancient Indian sages. In the Rig-Veda, the oldest book in the oldest of Hindu Scriptures, we read: "They call Him Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni: Sages name variously *the Real, Who is One.*" "This adorable and gracious God," sings the poet of the Mahâbhârata, "the Lord of all creatures, is known as Brahmâ, as Shiva, as Rudra, as Varuna, as Agni, as Prajâpati." . . . "The poets in their songs give many forms to Him Who is but One." "He who is in the fire, He who is in the heart, He who is in the sun, They are all one and the same." †

The modern materialist sees in the universe nothing but ether—ether condensed, crystallised, in the material forms of Nature, ether become self-conscious in the brain of man. This rigid Monism was anticipated at least 3000 years ago by Indian philosophers when they declared the world made not only *by* Bráhman, but *of* Bráhman. As the spider draws out of its own body the thread wherewith its web is woven, thus the Absolute, Parabrahman, in its creative aspect of Bráhman, evolves the world from itself. This conception really differs from the modern rationalistic one only in so far as it postulates an ultimate Reality—unchangeable, eternal—beyond ether itself, beyond all the fleeting pageant of the universe. The ether of our modern science, well-known also to the ancient Hindu philosophers, was to them but the garment of God, as they poetically expressed it, the "veil of Bráhman," and Bráhman was "the Rootless Root of all that was, is, or ever shall be." From this conception of the cosmos it follows inevitably that, to the Hindu mind there is, there can be, no separation between man, Nature, and the great Life that pulses through all manifested forms. "Aham Brahmâsmi," I am Bráhman, is one of India's sacred formulas.

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* *Chandogya Upanishad*, iii. 14.

† *Maitrâyana Upanishad.*

"I am Thou, O holy God, and Thou art I, O God!" To us in the West this assertion at first sight seems strange; to some it may seem blasphemous; yet for the Hindu the realisation of his divinity, of his Godhood, is the supreme fact in his religion. This spiritualised Pantheism, if one may call it so, is after all the logical outcome of Monism—the Monism which is to-day the faith of so many of our earnest and independent thinkers,—for can we, inheritors of the philosophy of Plato, of Hegel, of Spinoza, nay, even of Kant and of Herbert Spencer, can we, students of modern science with its ultra-Monistic theories—a science that is even now, before our eyes, reducing all forms of life to one original substance, and sees in matter nothing but centres of energy, or vortices in the ether *—can we contest the assertion that "All is One, and One is All"? And if all is one, if as the Hindu believes, all is built upon the one Reality, built *of* the One Reality, is not man as absolutely a part of this All, a manifestation of this All, as the sun or moon, or heaven with all its stars?

In all religions, ancient or modern, nay, in all the systems, whether religious or philosophical, which men have built, one finds an insistent, passionate desire for this One Reality, named by a hundred names, yet ever nameless—the Absolute, the Infinite, the Changeless, the Unconditioned, the Self-Existent, Energy, Substance, *das Ding an sich*, Parabrahman, God, the All-Father. But the Hindu has probed more deeply perhaps than any other in his search for the Supreme Reality, for Truth. In the suggestive Sanscrit language there is only one word for Truth and for Reality, and Reality is "that which endures," that which is changeless in a world of changes, which remains when all else passes away. And in his resolute, persistent search for this ultimate Reality, the Indian philosopher has ruthlessly dissected the universe and himself, Nature and Man, the Self and the Not-Self. All that is subject to change, he argues, all that is conditioned, phenomenal, cannot endure, therefore is not real in the absolute sense of reality. Knowing that the universe is ever changing, that all matter is in constant, rhythmical motion, that all forms of life appear but to disappear, he declares these unreal, the evanescent effects of an unseen Cause; and he beholds in Nature nothing but "the veil of Bráhman," the mystic robes that partly conceal, partly reveal, the invisible Reality. And even as the visible world is but the garment of God, so the visible, outer man is but the veil, the shell, the husk, of the real self, the true Ego, divine and eternal Man.

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* See *L'Evolution de la Matière*, by Dr. Gustave Le Bon.

Thus in Hindu philosophy man is in a very literal sense "the son of the gods"; born of the eternal Father-Mother he is immortal and divine by birthright; and the visible man, with his ever-changing physical body, the constant ebb and flow of his emotions, the stress and struggles of his intellectual activities, is not the real man, the divine Son. The Christian would say: The soul is the immortal part of man; but the Hindu would assert: The soul *is* the real man; for man is not a body, *plus* a soul, but a Soul clothed in a body, an invisible, spiritual Being manifesting in and through a physical encasement.

In one pithy line an Indian writer has expressed the essence of his faith:

> Bráhman is real: The world is illusory: Man's soul is Bráhman and nothing else.

Thus, for the Indian sages, Man, as well as Nature, is an incarnation of the divine, an *involution* of God; and they conceived *evolution* as the slow, patient return of all things to their divine Source. Involution and Evolution were the two aspects of manifestation, the two poles of creative activity—*Involution*, or the Unconditioned, the All, limiting itself within the forms of the material universe, the One appearing as the many, God becoming Man; and *Evolution*, Man becoming, or re-becoming, God—the slow ascension of Nature, through age-long periods, from the mineral to the plant, the plant to the animal, the animal to man, the man to God; Involution and Evolution, or the Morning and the Evening in the vast "day of Bráhman"; the out-breathing and the in-breathing of *Atman*, the Great

Breath: Involution, the sowing of the divine Seed; Evolution, the in-gathering of the divine Harvest.

Even as the All limits Himself, or Itself, in the process of manifestation, so man, the God in germ, is also limited by the laws of the world he lives in, by the vestments he assumes during his repeated incarnations on earth; for not in one brief human life can he learn the lesson of his divinity, realise his sonship with the Divine. "Man must return to earth until he has outgrown the earth;" and the great twin-doctrines of Hinduism, Karma and Re-incarnation, are founded upon this conception of human life: The God-germ must grow to the full stature of the God; the Son must know himself one with the Father. "As a man, casting off worn-out garments, taketh new ones, so the Dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new." *

It follows logically from this conception of life that what we call sin is nothing but ignorance, the folly of the child preceding the wisdom of the grown man. Not limiting, as we do, man's life to three score years and ten, the Hindu believes that souls in incarnation are of different ages, and the sinner is merely a young soul, a child-Ego, that has not yet, through repeated incarnations, learnt all his lessons in the great school of life. Man is the maker of his own destiny. "As the sowing, thus the reaping," declared the Hindu Scriptures long before St. Paul had said: "Whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap." And this great law of Cause and Effect that acts on the moral and mental, as well as on the material plane, holds man in its grip until knowledge sets him free—knowledge that the self within and the Self of the universe are one. "If a man fails to know (the Supreme Self) ere casting off the body, he will be re-embodied in creation's worlds. . . . If he knows (the Supreme Self) the mortal is free: To deathlessness he goes" (Kathopanishad), in other words, he enters Nirvana, he "becomes one with Bráhman." Thus knowledge, in its higher aspect of wisdom, is India's method of salvation: To "enter the Supreme Abode," to "attain the Nirvana of Bráhman," man must "see the Self in all things and all things in the Self;" by this knowledge only man is freed from "the Wheel of Births and Deaths."

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* *Bhagavad Gîta*, ii. 22.

It was inevitable that in ancient India, as everywhere else in the world, different schools of thought should have arisen and proposed various answers to the riddle of life; some later schools have taught salvation by faith, others, salvation by works; but the older, and truly Hindu, belief has ever been that divine realisation is the end of all human endeavours. "Material worship is the lowest stage," it is said in the Vedas, "mental prayer is the next stage; but the highest stage is when *the Self has been realised.*

That this ideal was not a sterile one, a metaphysical flight that ignored the sins and sorrows of this world—illusive though this world-pageant was deemed—is shown in countless beautiful passages of the Hindu Sacred Books:

> The wise man remembers only the good, never the evil, that has been done unto him: he doeth good without hope of reward. . . . In this world there is nothing dearer to a creature than its life: hence one should show compassion to the lives of others as one does to one's own life. . . . One should never do that to another which one regards as injurious to one's own self: this, in brief, is the rule of righteousness. . . . One should forgive under every injury. . . . Forgiveness is asceticism, forgiveness is holiness. . . . Abstention from injury, truthfulness of speech, benevolence, compassion—these are regarded as penances by the wise, and not the emaciation of the body. . . . Love all creatures, scorning none. Be truthful in speech, humble, with passions under complete control. . . . The carrying of three staves, the vow of silence, matted hair on head, the shaving of the crown, covering one's body with bark and deer-skins, the practice of vows, ablutions, the worship of fire, abode in the woods, emaciating the body, all these are useless if the heart be not pure.*
>
> Be always pure in thoughts, in words, in deeds. . . . Be gentle in manner; bear hardships patiently. . . . Give no pain to any sentient creature. . . . Being treated cruelly, do not return the cruelty: Give blessings for curses.†
>
> One should be hospitable even to an enemy who comes into one's house: The tree gives of its shade even to the man who cuts it down.‡
>
> The narrow-minded ask: Does this man belong to our family? But the noble-hearted look upon all humanity as their kin.§

In many passages of the Sacred books also is revealed the ardent love and devotion which even so abstract an ideal as the Supreme Self, the All, inspired to its devotees. It is true that most Hindus saw the All mirrored in Nature "as the sun upon the waves," and the Supreme incarnated, made manifest, in gods and in men. In the Sacred poem of the Bhagavad Gîta, Arjuna addresses the Lord Krishna in terms of the most tender love and confidence, as friend to friend, although Krishna is supposed to be the incarnation of the Supreme Deity. The Lord explains to his disciple that He is all in all:

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* *Mahâbhârata.* † *Laws of Manu.*
‡ *Pancha Tantras.* § *Sentences of Bhartrihari.*

> I am the offering, I am the sacrifice. . . . I am the sacred herb, I am the holy hymn and the sacrificial butter, I am the fire. . . . I am the Vedas. . . . I am the Father and the Mother. . . . I am the Way, the Lord, the Refuge and Friend, the Source and the Destroyer of life. . . . I am immortality and death, O Arjuna! I am the Manifest and the Unmanifest!

Then Krishna, to confirm the faith of his disciple, shows himself in his divine form, transfigured, no longer a man, but a god, the God of gods. Arjuna, prostrate before his master, cries:

Within thy form, O God, the gods I see . . .
Blazing as fire, as sun, dazzling the gaze
From all sides in the sky, immeasurable . . .
By Thee alone are filled the earth, the heavens,
And all the regions that are stretched between:
The triple worlds sink down, O mighty One,
Before Thine awful manifested Form. . . .
Hail, hail to Thee! A thousand times all hail!

. . . . .

If, thinking Thee but friend, importunate,
"O Krishna!" or "O Yâdava!" "O Friend!"
I cried, unknowing of Thy majesty,
And careless in the fondness of my love;
If, jesting, I irreverence showed to Thee. . . .
Forgive my error, O Thou boundless One!
Father of worlds, of all that moves and stands,
Worthier of reverence than the master's self,
There is none like to Thee: Who passeth Thee?
Pre-eminent Thy power in all the worlds.
Therefore I fall before Thee; with my body
I worship as is fitting: Bless Thou me!
As father with the son, as friend with friend,
With the beloved as lover, bear with me!

In another Scripture we find this prayer, which seems culled from one of the early Christian mystics:

> Lord, I do not want wealth, nor children, nor learning: If it be Thy will, I am ready to go to a hundred hells: But grant me this, that I may love Thee without hope of reward, unselfishly love Thee for love's sake!

In the Vedas is another beautiful invocation:

> Thou art our Father, thou art our Mother, thou art our beloved Friend. . . Thou art the Source of all strength: Give us strength! Thou art He who bearest the burdens of the universe: Help me to bear the little burden of this life!

This, very briefly stated, is India's answer to the great problem of man's origin and destiny. All is Bráhman—Nature, Man, all that exists; all things are divine; all things come from Bráhman, all things return unto Him at the end of one world-period, one "day of Bráhman." God and Man are one: All is One, One is All. Man is divine and immortal by birthright; he does not, in the words of a modern writer, die and live again, "he simply goes on living," for he is the son of the eternal "I Am," whose dwelling-place is Infinity, whose time is Eternity.

From his life on earth, man passes on to *Kamaloka*, a region, or rather a state, of transition; and thence to *Devaloka*, the "dwelling of the gods"; or, if absolutely evil, to *Naraka*, a place resembling the hell of Christian theology, save in this, that it is not eternal, for the doctrine of everlasting punishment never disfigured either Hinduism or Buddhism. In Indian belief, man returns from "hell," as he returns from "heaven," to learn fresh lessons in the school of life; and only when, after repeated incarnations, he has attained "liberation from the bonds of ignorance," from the glamour of the senses, and risen to the full stature of a god, can he enter Nirvâna—in other words, "become one with Bráhman."

If it be asked, Whence comes this knowledge? Whence come these doctrines, so ancient, so remote, yet so curiously in accord with the latest theories of Western science, the latest speculations of modern philosophy?—we find two distinct, yet by no means contradictory, answers given by the Indians themselves: (1) By Introspection; (2) by Revelation.

The Vedantist of the Advaita (Non-duality) School, pushing Monism to its extreme limit, declares that not only is man one with Bráhman, as the son may be said to be one with the father, but that man *is* Bráhman: and with the great teacher Sankaracharya, he boldly affirms that "the soul becomes Bráhman by being Bráhman." Man is God in manifestation, Bráhman enveloped in Mâya, in the illusion of the senses—the Absolute under self-imposed limitations. Thus all knowledge, all wisdom, are his eternally, and he needs but to destroy the illusion created by sense-nature, realise himself as the All, the One, to possess, or re-possess, all the secrets of the universe.

But the answer given by other schools—by the other two great branches of Hindu philosophy, the Dvaita and the Visishadvaita, by the greater number of Bráhmanical sects, by the vast majority of the Indian people—is simply, by Revelation; but by the word "revelation" they mean something totally different from our own conception of it, and from the teaching of our theology. *Thus have we heard from the Ancients, who gave us instruction upon it,* is the oft-repeated assertion in Hindu Scriptures, even the remotest in date.

Who are those "Ancients," those "Wise Men," those "Rishis," who play so important a rôle in the Hindu faith?

To answer the question in detail would require almost a volume in itself, and necessitate an incursion into the domain of esoteric cosmogony; but, briefly summarised, the idea is this: Hindu Scriptures, thousands of years ago, anticipated the latest discoveries of Western Science, and taught the cyclic processes of creation, or evolution—vast periods of activity and passivity, the ebb and flow in the shoreless ocean of divine Being. Worlds are born, attain their apogee and die, or rather are dissolved and transmuted; the humanities they have evolved, also, are born, attain their fullest development, then pass on to other planets, other universes. The perfected men of one great world-period become the teachers, the guides, of the infant humanity of another planetary cycle. These are the "wise ones," the "holy ones," the "gods that walked with men," whose presence in the early ages of the world is hinted at in all sacred scriptures of all nations, whose deeds are narrated in a thousand legends, whose existence is probably at the root of all mythologies in the East as in the West. These are the "Rishis" of India, the flower of past humanities, Elder Brothers of our race, Leaders and Saviours of the people, who came "in the beginning," and in later ages were worshipped as gods and demi-gods, as high priests and divine monarchs. To their inspiration are attributed the sacred books, the four *Vedas*, themselves the basis of all subsequent religious and philosophical literature in India; for the books of the Secret Doctrine, the *Upanishads,* are only metaphysical commentaries on the Vedic hymns; the *Puranas,* with their wonderful mythological tales, are but the popular exposition of Vedic philosophy; and the founders and teachers of the great *Dars'anas,* with their splendid systems of philosophy, their keen logic, their marvellous knowledge of nature and of man, the visible and the invisible universe, claimed nothing more than to be the exponents of the antique doctrine of the *Vedas.* "Thus have we heard from the Ancients, who gave us instruction upon it." For the *Vedas* were the Word, the eternal Word of Bráhman.

The Western student may wonder why it is that with such heritage of wisdom India is to-day a decadent nation, subject to an alien race. So old, so world-old is this ancient Aryavarta, that it would only be in the natural order of things, perhaps, were she in truth a decadent nation; but to all who look beyond the surface of things it must be evident that India is at this moment awakening from the deep, the trance-like sleep of ages—awakening to a new and wider life. The political agitation of the present time is but the outer sign of an inner, deeper unrest—the unrest of returning consciousness. India has well been called "a nation of philosophers," and in the social drama of to-day the philosopher, far more than the politician, plays a leading rôle. India thrills once more at the remembrance of her past glories; she listens again to the voice of the great leaders of ancient days. Her sacred Scriptures, unread and all but forgotten half a century ago, are once more diligently studied; the ancient records are searched; old texts are explained; a new light is thrown upon the teachings of the past.

Thus India has apparently still a mission to fulfil, for her thought is slowly beginning to mould the thought of Europe and of America; our keenest minds are to-day studying her philosophy; our "New Theology" is founded upon the old, old Vedânta; and it must be evident to any one who has at all deeply entered into the question, that India, whether decadent or not, has still many secrets to disclose, many words of deep import to speak to us younger Western races.

JEAN DELAIRE.

# VILLAGE SKETCHES: NAT'S WIFE

OH, he won't hurt you. He's nothing but bark. I don't think he could bite you, even if he had a mind, for there isn't above one tooth in 'is head. He don't belong to us by rights, he was a stray—we calls 'im "Stray"—for he came a prowling round 'ere whining and looking so miserable that I 'adn't the 'eart to keep on a-driving 'im away. That's just me all over. I am so regular soft-'earted, that if I sees a fellow creature suffering, well, it makes me as if I'd do anything—in reason. And I'm just the same with dumb animals. And my little boy, 'e says, "Oh, mammie, let 'im stay," and it did 'appen as we wanted a dog just then, so there he is! As my 'usband says, he does very well to sit in the front and bark—but I expect one of these days we shall 'ave to get rid of 'im, for 'e's getting very old. Well, I've always got a great feeling for old folks, and I do 'ope that when I gets old myself there'll be those about me to show me kindness, for what with leaving all the things behind you bit by bit, and not knowing what's before you, it must be a very melancholy feel. I thought a deal of my poor mother. She did keep up wonderful up to the last. We buried 'er two years come next Michaelmas, and she went off very sudden. As I always says, there's mercy in all things, and a long doctor's bill is a heavy burden to them as is left, for you don't like your dead to lie in debt. But I'm one of those who sets great store by my own flesh and blood. The family as you're born into is where your duty lies—next after your own home, you know. Of course you can't 'elp it, you're obliged to 'ave them for kin as the Almighty thinks fit, and that's just where luck comes in. Well, I've always 'ad good luck with my family, they've paid their way, and kept respectable, and that isn't what every one can say.

I never feels the same about the family as you marries into.

It isn't your own flesh and blood, and your duty don't lie in it any more than it do in your neighbour's garden. If you keep your own weeds down, I always say, it's as much as need be expected of you. Now there's Will's father. Of course an old gentleman about the place as can't do any work, is a bit cumbersome sitting in a armchair all day, and it gives a good bit of extra trouble, but I shouldn't 'ave minded a bit if it 'ad been my own father. I should 'ave felt it's what the Almighty sends you, and it has to be put up with and made the best of. But, as I said to Will, we are a bit crowded here, and will be when the children gets bigger and all, I says, so it's better for 'im to stay on at the farm with Nat and his wife. Then Will's money isn't so very much, and though of course an old gentleman like 'im isn't what you call 'earty, still he has to 'ave his vittles, and I'm not one of them as could bear to see any one wanting for what I could give 'em, you know.

You see the farm 'ad always been his, and 'is father's before 'im, so it would 'ave been very 'ard to take 'im off the ground. But 'e'd 'ad very bad luck with one thing and another. Bad seasons, and poor crops, and his wife laid by for a year or more, and the butter business falling through. And I believe, from all I 'ear, that 'e was 'elping 'is widowed sister more than 'e ought. She'd got such a family, you know. Any way things went from bad to worse. There was a deal o' business about it, and a deal o' talk. There was money on it or something. I can't follow it all through. Will's told me many's the time, and it seems to go in straight enough when he tells me, but it always comes out in a muddle when I tell it. But anyhow he was bankrupted.

Nat and his wife took the farm on, and the father along with it. She'd a tidy bit of money from her father, and they borrowed a bit more, and started it again. As she says, "Look at Nat's father, and look at mine, the one did all the losing, and the other did all the saving." Well, it's quite true. Her father was the biggest old screw in the country, and never give a copper away, I should say.

You see, as Nat said, the father must 'ave a home somewheres, and, as I says, we're crowded enough 'ere; and his daughter Mrs. Gask, as is married into the drapery line, she said as she knew he'd never make 'imself 'appy away from the farm—and there it was!

He's very broken now. He 'eld 'is head up at first, and bore it very brave. I've often 'eard 'im say as how he'd a good bit of work in him yet if the Lord'd spare 'im, and 'e'd 'elp Nat pull it through. He was quite a fine upstanding man then—but he gets so very bent. Of course Nat's wife is a 'ard woman. She's a splendid wife—she's that clean, and such a manager, she turns every threepence into sixpence, as the saying is—but her tongue's like a razor. It's my belief she's sharpened it on the old gentleman till she can't speak without cutting 'im.

I'm sure many's the time I've 'eard 'er say things to 'im that I shouldn't like to 'ave said to me. And Nat's no good with 'er. He's as meek as a lamb when she begins on 'im. Of course she's very 'ardworking, and they say as 'er butter's the best for miles round. My 'usband says 'e wonders the sight of 'er don't turn it sour, but, as I tell 'im, he'd be the very last to say so to 'er face. They're such poor-spirited creatures, men are. They're up in a moment if they get a blow, but a cut with a tongue soon sends 'em off with their tail between their legs. Well, as my poor mother used to say, "The Almighty provides for women creatures by giving 'em a tongue to 'ave ready when it's wanted."

The old gentleman can't do no work now. Of course it was very bitter for 'im at first to keep on at a place where he' been master. I think as Nat would 'ave let 'im go on ruling it, if it 'adn't been for 'er. But she said—and I dare say it was true—that if he'd managed it right he wouldn't 'ave been bankrupted, and they didn't want no more disgrace in the family. Well, of course she didn't want 'er money thrown away. You can understand that. But 'e's got so shaky he couldn't do anything now. He comes down 'ere at times when he can walk as far. It was only last Tuesday he was 'ere. I was busy with the washing, and I couldn't 'ave 'im sitting about when I was at work, it worries you so. So I just sent 'im off with little Willy into the meadow to pick cowslips. And when they come in, there 'e was a trying to make a cowslip ball for the children—but bless ye, his fingers have go so fumbly he couldn't do it, and at last 'e give it up. "Oh dear," 'e says, "oh dear, I can't do it, for I think I've forgot how. And I'd use to do 'em for my little lads—but that's so long ago," 'e says—"so long ago." And little Willy says, "Oh mammie, do look at granfer, he's crying"; and I says, "I'll make 'im a cup o' tea presently, I daresay he's a bit tired."

And there, after he'd 'ad 'is tea, he says, "Do you think as you could put a stitch in my coat, I've torn it, and Nat's wife don't like me to make rents in my things."

Well, of course, I was only too glad to do it for 'im, the poor old fellow, and you should 'ave seen how grateful 'e was! You'd 'ave thought that I'd done 'im ever such a favour. And I says to 'im, "Jane's very sharp, but she's very good to you," I says, "and makes you very comfortable"—for I didn't want 'im to get it into 'is head as he'd be better off with me.

"Yes, yes," he says, "oh yes. It's very 'ard 'aving an old fellow about the place as has been so unfortunate. I hope you'll none of you live to be very old. Willy, my little lad," he says, "if your daddy gets old like me, be good to 'im," he says. The child did stare at 'im, I can tell ye.

"Oh, as for that," I says—I always make a point of speaking very cheerful to him, you know—"we must all expect to get old if we lives long enough. And I'm sure no one would be any the better for being told as they're going to die young. It's so discouraging. And after all," I says, "you've a deal to be thankful for"—for he's apt to get a bit grumbling—"and when I'm past work," I says, "I only 'ope I shall 'ave as good a 'ome as you. And I'm sure," I says, "nobody 'ud think of saying anything against you on account of your misfortunes. I dare say as you did your best, though it did turn out so bad."

And there was Willy a beginning again, "Don't cry, Grandfer," and the baby setting on too, "Don't ky." She is a funny little creature, and ever so forward for 'er age. The old gentleman's very fond of them, and they're very fond of him too. But fancy them a noticing 'im crying! It only shows you how sharp they are.

One day he come down here, and really I couldn't keep from laughing, for he'd got something under 'is coat, and he brought it out so secret-like, and there it was—nothing but a paper of sweeties for 'em! And he says, "Nat's wife 'd say I was a regular old fool wasting a penny, but," he says, "it's only for once in a way." "Why," I says, "I thought after all that fuss as you'd got a watch-and-chain, or something grand a-coming out."

"I 'aven't nothing left," 'e says. "But now and again I can get a penny, and little folks like sweeties." I don't believe as Nat's children takes much notice of 'im. Once when I was up there, he'd got the little boy on 'is knee, and she says, "You put that child down," and then she says quite out loud to me, "I can't abear 'im holding the children, he gets so shaky he'll let 'em fall some day."

I'm sure he heard, for he put 'is hand up to his face, and I saw he was all of a tremble. Nat walked off out of the kitchen. He isn't man enough to stand up for 'im, so he goes out of hearing. You see, when a woman's got the money, it makes her that masterful.

I did think as she was harder than need be when we were there for the baby's christening. There was a tea, and there was Will and me, and our two, and Mrs. Gask and her husband. And as we was a sitting down to tea she calls out to the girl—they keeps a regular big girl: "Here, Mary, you 'aven't put the newspaper down." I couldn't think what she meant, and the girl got red, and 'er said, "I didn't think as you'd 'ave it with company," and Nat, he looked as confused as possible, but she would 'ave it. And what do you think it was? Why it was a newspaper put on the table where the poor old man sat, as she said, "She wasn't going to 'ave the cloth slopped all over." But it did seem 'ard for 'im.

When we was going 'ome, Mrs. Gask did go on about it. She says she couldn't abear to think of 'er father being put upon like that, but, as she said, it was no use a-saying nothing, for it'd only make it the worse for 'im. "If only we lived in the country," she says, "he should 'ave a home with us. But," she says, "I know what my father is, and if he was took off the farm it'd break his 'eart."

That's where it is. Of course, as I always say, you've got to put up with something wherever you be, and I daresay he'd rather be on the old place. You see, it would be very hurtful to

Nat if we 'ad 'im with us, and Will and Nat 'ave always been very good brothers. And *she'd* be very vexed. It'd make such a talk! They'd say as she'd drove 'im out. So, all considered, he'll 'ave to stay. And of course, as I always tells him, he's got every comfort, and nothing to pay for it. I dare say he feels 'is age, and it makes 'im low-spirited, and take more notice where any one else wouldn't pay no heed.

But, as I say, we all get old in time, and it's no use being mopey over it, after all. It's what we've got to come to. Now hark at that old Stray barking at nothing! Well, he's for all the world like Grandfer for that—and he'd save 'imself some trouble if he'd let things pass by.

And when you've lost your teeth and can't bite, no one heeds your bark.

ELLEN L. GRAZEBROOK.

# THE FUTURE OF JAPAN

As a special representative of the Government of Canada in the Far East, it has been my duty to investigate the commercial and economic conditions of the Japanese Empire, in view of an earnest desire on the part of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Administration to find a favourable field for the expansion of the trade of the Dominion.* My inquiries, pursued with a reasonable degree of diligence and responsibility during several months, revealed the gratifying fact that under the new conditions of its recent development, Japan is abundantly able to meet the obligations which the war with Russia entailed. And when one considers the marvellous progress indicated by an increase of public revenue from 98,000,000 yen in 1894 to 600,000,000 yen in 1907, some conception of the resources of this country may be obtained. The efforts made in certain quarters to prejudice a thoughtless public against the financial stability of Japan, in consequence of a failure to balance every year's expenditure with the ordinary revenue, is scarcely creditable. The wealthiest nations are frequently unable to confine their annual expenditure within the limits of their annual revenue, even when no abnormal demands growing out of costly wars have to be provided for. This has frequently occurred elsewhere to an extent far beyond anything that Japan in the ordinary current of events is likely to experience. As the result of a careful study of the economic conditions and possibilities of the Empire, the conclusion has been forced upon me that Japan has all the potentialities of success in her public finances that are possessed by the Great Western Powers.

The present rate of taxation in Japan, as indicated by the revenue received from customs and excise, is held by certain critics to suggest a serious doubt as to the financial ability of the Empire to carry her present burdens, but many of them have no personal acquaintance with the facts. The application of their hypothesis to other countries in like circumstances to those of Japan would have established the impossibility of the United States finances recovering from the effects of the Civil War, when the securities of the great Republic went begging for purchasers at half their value; and the inability of France to retain her financial status as a Great Power after the awful catastrophe of Sedan. Pessimism never makes sufficient allowance for the marvellous elasticity of the undeveloped resources of a nation which, like that of an individual, often only reveals itself in times of great stress. Consequently, such forebodings are rarely realised. In national affairs it is safer to be optimistic, as even weak nations frequently recover from national catastrophes. In Japan there has been remarkable development since the war, and there are none of the drawbacks that were so evident to outsiders in the case of these other nations, no internecine wounds to be healed; while the Empire has within its borders all the immediate and prospective advantages that both the United States and France possessed when they emerged from those terrible conflicts. Japan will certainly emerge from the shadow of the war within a reasonable time, and with as high a reputation for financial stability as other Great Powers.

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* See preceding article "Fair Play for Japan," in the August number of the *National Review*.

By an exhibition of valour and courage that will leave an indelible mark on the pages of history, the Empire of Japan has acquired a leading place in the councils of the world. In a comparatively short period following the institution of responsible government she attained this position among Powers that only reached their present position through long centuries of strenuous struggle. The fame achieved by Japan by self-sacrifice during the awful carnage of war, may also be attained in the commercial world through the paths of peace. No country in modern times has had a more favourable opportunity for occupying the highest point in national greatness as speedily as is now open to Japan, who appears to command all the elements of success. As the world judges greatness, a nation can only become powerful and influential (1) through success in war, and (2) by the development of its natural resources and the individual capabilities of its people.

Japan has secured the first of these prizes, what of her prospect of gaining the second, without which she could not hope to retain her influence in the Far East?

It is extremely difficult to institute a suitable basis of statistical comparison between Japan and Western nations, with the object of reaching a clear conclusion as to their respective situation on moral questions. The same may be said of any effort to institute such comparisons among Western nations. The moral condition of a community can hardly be gauged by the average number of crimes it commits, as such comparisons produce astonishing inconsistencies. In suicide, for instance, the delightful city of Dresden, distinguished among the cities of Europe for culture, education, science and art, almost holds the record, while Lisbon, in so many ways inferior to Dresden, is almost exempt from this crime. If the proportion of convicted criminals in a population be taken as the standard, then Western civilisation, as represented by several European nations, must be pronounced a failure. Japan presents a most favourable record in all such respects as compared with other Powers, although the writer does not admit the soundness of argument based on such premises.

Individuals and nations must be judged by the larger good in their composition rather than by the lesser evil. It may be possible to agree upon a national standard of recognition on other lines than its prowess in war. Thus has a nation an opportunity of expressing a healthy public opinion; are its statesmen high-minded and honourable; is legislation and the general administration of public affairs calculated to improve the conditions of the great masses of the people; are the public ideals as represented by the Press and the educational system, calculated to awaken the better natures of the people? In these respects Great Britain, the United States, Germany, France, and Canada, are not found lacking. And one can say, without fear of contradiction, that in every one of them Japan is equal to any of these countries. The Japanese authorities are determined to crush out any laxity of commercial morality in mercantile circles, and they are receiving the unanimous co-operation of the Chambers of commerce and the manufacturers' associations. In an infringement of a well-known trade mark, although the plaintiff failed on a legal technicality to establish his claim for protection, the Patent Office administration stepped in and protected the rights of the foreigner. This act of good faith on the part of the Government should be accepted as evidence of a desire to "do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you."

It is unnecessary to make further reference to Japan's magnificent educational system, extending from the primary schools, which contain a larger percentage of children than those of any other country in the world, nor to the technical grammar schools, colleges, and Imperial University, which are crowded. The statistics of crime bear most favourable comparison with any Western nation, from the freedom from insult, even of unattended women, in any part of Japan by day or night, to the absence of offensive or objectionable conduct, drunkenness or quarrelling upon the public streets, from the uniform respect with which foreigners are treated everywhere, to the recognition of Civil Law as the paramount authority. This condition of public order exists notwithstanding the irritation created by the insulting references to Japan which have appeared in so many Western papers, and are cabled to the Japanese Press from time to time.

I may be asked whether there is not an increasing anti-foreign sentiment in the Empire. There are marked differences of opinion on this question. The Japanese themselves will not acknowledge the existence of any such feeling, and, as a matter of fact, there is no evidence of anything of the kind in ordinary social, commercial, or official life. Persistent inquiries amongst the Japanese meet with the studiously polite suggestion that perhaps the foreigner has mistaken the national self-assertiveness for an anti-foreign feeling.

A national self-assertiveness is undoubtedly evident. There is a general desire to transact the business of the Empire, and to manage all local and domestic affairs without the control of foreigners. No reasonable critic will presume to say that this is not commendable. Foreign firms have been established in Japan for half a century, and enormous fortunes have been accumulated by foreigners in the transaction of business between Japan and the outside world. Yet it can hardly be argued that an uninterrupted monopoly for a time shall extend to perpetuity. The Japanese are learning to manage their own businesses. If they were not doing so, there would probably be less anti-Japanese spirit among certain foreigners. It is not unlikely, however, that the expression, "Japan for the Japanese," is finding a place in the thought of all classes in the Empire. This is perfectly natural in view of the fact that a similar shibboleth has been uttered in many other countries, more especially during the discussion of the Japanese question. Thoughtless demagogues who have appealed to national prejudice in their own country must be prepared to accept the consequences that may overtake their fellow countrymen elsewhere.

In view of the prejudices which for various reasons are running riot just now against Japan, it will be matter for thankfulness if a strong anti-foreign sentiment is not called into existence as a serious factor in the national life of the Empire. The unjust criticisms, the offensive sneers and innuendoes, the absolutely unfounded statements, the determined efforts to place a stigma of inferiority on the race—such conduct, if continued, is not unlikely sooner or later to have a serious influence on the minds of the Japanese masses. Those responsible for provoking such retaliation are incurring a serious responsibility. It is charitable to hope that they do not realise the force or effect of their agitation. Japan has done nothing to deserve such denunciation at the hands of any community in the world. The Empire has repudiated none of its international obligations. The Government of the country has committed no political crime. The only change in the conditions existing when the first Japanese loan was issued, in the beginning of hostilities with Russia, is that the Empire has abundantly proved its ability to carry its war-debt. Japanese statesmen, public representatives, and the Press have all preserved a dignified attitude in the face of the campaign which has been so assiduously organised against the nation. They have pursued the even tenor of their way, unmindful of the efforts to destroy confidence in the national honour.

The interest that the authorities are accused of taking in the efforts of the Japanese engaged in extending the trade of the Empire, is a subject of considerable criticism, and is regarded as an unpardonable affront by Westerners. Whatever else the Administration might be justified in doing, it is argued that the line should be drawn at the point of active participation in the special interests of their own people. Foreign critics, by inference at least, propound the general principle that the Japanese Government has no right to encourage and assist the individual efforts of Japanese, who should be left to the tender competitive mercies of foreign companies or traders who have monopolised Eastern trade for so many years.

It would be interesting to meet a single substantial argument why the Tokio Government should not do all in their power to assist their own people in establishing their business connections, either domestic or foreign, upon a profitable basis. Until a comparatively recent period, capital was confined to a very limited circle in Japan. With the start which these few secured in the early history of the Empire under the new conditions, it was not improbable that their wealth would increase beyond all reasonable comparison with that of the general community. Unless the Government had come to the rescue of those outside this limited plutocracy, whose capital was insufficient to meet the enormously increasing demands of trade extension, foreign competition would have swamped every new national enterprise, and serious financial difficulties might have ensued. Such a result must obviously have seriously affected the general interests of the Empire.

This was particularly the case with those who had embarked upon the somewhat treacherous enterprises connected with shipping, whose competition was resented by those already in the field, and a combination of foreign influences might easily have crushed the Japanese out of existence. This would have been a national misfortune, which the Government could not tolerate, and it therefore came to the assistance of various domestic steamship companies by means of subventions and subsidies on the basis of tonnage, general accommodation, and distance journeyed. The result has been eminently satisfactory, inasmuch as Japanese steamship lines to Europe, America, Australia and Asiatic ports have become established upon a permanent and satisfactory basis. Not unnaturally the Japanese lines have a special attraction for their own people who desire to see their own companies succeed, and consequently patronise them, other things being fairly equal. But the Japanese will not prefer the local lines unless they are equal to the foreign steamships in every particular. In that their patriotism is no stronger than our own. They are quite as human as the peoples of the West. If the foreign companies keep up the standard, and offer as favourable rates, they will find there is an ample share of the traffic yet within their reach, no matter which flag may be carried. Foreign shipowners have a remedy in their own hands against any assistance afforded by the Japanese Government to Japanese lines. All they have to do is to keep pace with the demands of the times.

There is no reason why this question should not be dealt with in perfect frankness. Various reasons are advanced why the Japanese Government should not assist their own people, even when the question means so much in the general progress of the Empire. The suggestion that Governments should refrain from rendering assistance in legitimate expansion is naturally a wide question. Parliament enacts high Customs duties in the interest of manufactures; or, perhaps, subsidises the construction of a public mode of conveyance, or advances a loan with the same object in view. The general policy that Parliament should not be a medium for the creation of private fortunes should be accepted without question. Yet one country may go farther than another in the application of the principle of government parentalism. How far Japan should go it is not necessary to say. The Japanese must settle that question themselves. The Government has sent young men of promise to Europe and America to be initiated into every phase of industrial life. When they have returned and commenced operations in Japan, the Government has patronised them for requirements that may hitherto have had to be purchased in foreign countries. For a new country this can scarcely be said to be unjustifiable. Government everywhere is carried on in the general interests of the subjects of each particular State, more especially when by any possibility the direct interests of the subject conflict with those of the foreigner. With that principle it is difficult to quarrel. All contending political parties in every country have the same object—the special protection of the individual interests of their own countrymen—although there may be differences of opinion as to how that particular end is to be reached. It sometimes happens, under these circumstances, that shrewd manipulators take advantage of the times, and use the occasion to advance their personal interests under the guise of promoting public necessities. Parliament then becomes a medium of public robbery. Fortunately for the honour of all concerned, however, there is no suggestion that anything of the kind has taken place in connection with Government assistance to private enterprises in Japan. There the maximum advantage has been with the public, and not with those to whom Government assistance has been rendered.

Upon the question of steamship subsidies, which form a special subject of anti-Japanese criticism, it may be said that France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Russia do likewise—all their shipping policies being based on an admirable system of subsidies to their own national lines. This is not done so much in providing fast mail services, as with a view to meet the more necessary commercial requirements and encouraging the expansion of foreign business. That which European Governments have done for years, and which has had not a little to do with the expansion of European trade in the East, may surely be done by the Government of Japan. For the most obvious reasons, it is imperative that Japan shall possess an adequate commercial fleet. Circumstances may arise under which her fate might depend upon the control of great maritime interests being centred in the Government of the day. Over foreign shipping the necessary authority—necessary to the life of the nation—could not be exercised. Thus, ouside the purely commercial aspect of the case, public interests demand an early expansion of Japanese steamship services.

Why should Japan not assist her own people to the fullest possible extent that may be necessary to promote their own commercial and mercantile interests? Is she under any obligation to allow all domestic enterprises to be subservient to the interests of foreigners? There can be no question but that she has exhibited rare judgment in taking advantage of the accumulated experience of other countries. There is also no doubt that foreign nations appreciated the compliment that Japan was paying Western nations in the adoption of so many of their customs. If, however, she had assumed no responsibilities toward the outside world, it might have been quite in order for the Government to allow foreign nations to continue to exploit the business of the Empire; but Japan had assumed tremendous financial obligations in the money markets of the world. The prospect of meeting them depends on the development of all the available resources of the Empire at the earliest possible period. And this can be accomplished much sooner by the Government rendering assistance, in some form or another, to their own people. The practical side of the question must be left to the wisdom and judgment of Japanese statesmen. So far, they have greatly minimised the commercial crises which frequently follow in the train of enormous war expenditure. In this, also, Japan has learned a very useful lesson from Europe. But unfair criticism might conceivably destroy public confidence in her financial stability, and bring about the very evils so far happily avoided. It is extremely difficult to be patient towards the concerted effort to weaken the commercial and monetary institutions of Japan.

As already explained, her future depends upon the expansion of her industrial life. With the utilisation of domestic products, the importation of raw material, and the discovery of markets for her manufactures, Japan's financial stability is unquestionably involved. The Government, among other things, is assisting to find these markets, in both East and West. Other countries are doing likewise, notably the United States and Canada. I have met representatives of the former, actively engaged in the prosecution of their official duties, throughout Europe, Africa, Australia, and Asia, whose reports keep the mercantile life of the Republic in touch with commercial possibilities everywhere.

My own country, the Dominion of Canada, has long been profitably engaged in searching for favourable markets for Canadian products. This quest was made necessary by the tariff enacted at Washington by Mr. McKinley's Administration, designed as it was to protect the people of the Western United States against the competition of Canada, which practically closed avenues for the sale of Canadian commodities that had been open from time immemorial. This action of Congress forced the Canadian Government to seek markets elsewhere in order to avoid a severe financial crisis which would have carried disaster in all directions. Since then the Dominion Parliament has voted appropriations freely for the purpose of sending representatives to every continent in order to find openings for Canadian products. And the result, taken in connection with the active Emigration policy, is the enormous addition to the trade and commerce of the Dominion of the last few years. No one will contend that Canada was not justified in adopting this policy in the interests of the agricultural and industrial life of the country. And if we are justified in directly promoting the individual interests of Canadians, surely Japan cannot reasonably be blamed for adopting a similar policy, only varying in details, to promote the interests of her own people. We can surely afford to acknowledge that those of a man's household have the first claim on his consideration, and if this is true as applied to individuals, it is equally applicable to nations.

History teaches us that many serious wars have arisen from exceedingly trifling circumstances. Individuals or communities, who assist in fanning the smouldering embers of national hatred into a lurid flame, might better pray for the mountains and rocks to fall on them, than that they should continue their dangerous agitation. Fortunately, in these times, no matter how loud popular clamour may be, or how intense national anger, responsible statesmen shrink from adopting any course likely to lead to the appalling arbitration of the sword. It may suit the sensational newsmongers of the world to allege that Japan is inclined to a bellicose policy, but no one can enjoy an intimate acquaintance with her statesmen without being convinced that nothing but extreme necessity will ever prompt a departure from the policy to exhaust all the resources of civilisation before engaging in another war.

Yet one can never tell when war clouds may appear on the horizon. The surest preventative in any case is to get ready for the storm in times of peace. Japan is doing this, like every other Great Power. She dare not be any exception in this respect. There is not the least danger of war between Japan and any Western nation on the question of racial equality. Statesmen and diplomatists will prevent that. But there are ebullitions of national sentiment, which neither statesmanship nor diplomacy can control. When one nation endeavours to place a stigma of inequality on another in an offensive way, a most unpleasant international situation is likely to arise. In some ways this is even more disturbing than actual warfare. War lets loose rival passions, but the explosion is followed by less national bitterness than if the feelings had not been allowed expression. A circumscribed antipathy that festers like a cancer in the public mind, only finding expression in commercial warfare and national boycotting, may be of such far-reaching magnitude in its indirect results, as to be almost as deplorable as war. Such a situation is not subject to the control of statesmanship or diplomacy. It is a possibility which commercial interests everywhere demand should be avoided at all costs.

The defensive alliance between Great Britain and Japan is more likely than almost any other incident of modern times to preserve the peace of the world. Neither of the great contracting parties could have entered into an alliance with any other nation with such certainty of result assured, and it is an alliance of which every loyal subject of King Edward has reason to be proud. Japan possesses an army of renowned veterans, and it is safe to say that no people will wilfully seek an occasion to force these soldiers on the field of battle again. On the other hand, the British Navy remains supreme among the Western navies. It would be impossible to effect any other combination of national strength having a force and power equal to the united naval and military forces of Great Britain and Japan. For that reason there is justification in the statement that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance is essentially calculated to preserve the world's peace.

No statement would be believed by the British public which would detract from the credit due to Lord Lansdowne for the treaty with Japan. But it will be interesting for the future historian to delve into the secrets of diplomacy, so carefully guarded in the archives of State, and reveal the personality of those who first proposed this alliance to the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It will be a subject of surprise if it does not appear that the extraordinary bravery shown by the small contingent of Japanese, when the British Legation at Pekin was besieged, had a great deal to do with the Anglo-Japanese

Alliance. If so, this might furnish another practical illustration of how great events, as perhaps in this case, hang on an apparently trifling circumstance—the performance of duty.

I would conclude by appealing to those who may read this paper for justice to Japan. It is our duty as a nation and an Empire to leave nothing undone to silence the unjust prejudices that are being aroused against Great Britain's staunch ally in the Far East. It is certain that retribution in some signal form will overtake those responsible for these persistent efforts to create ill-will between the East and the West. There is a Nemesis that follows on the track of every wrong-doing, whether the act is individual or national. No statesman can ward off the hour of that settlement. The question of the future is whether Japan, having accepted the ideas and institutions of the West, shall be allowed to remain the friend of the West or be forced into bitter antagonism. The Christian world has too much at stake to survey with indifference the acts of any section of the community which may give occasion of an unfriendly spirit on the part of the East towards the West. We can ill afford to ignore the teachings of our own messengers—"Peace on earth and good will toward men."

Let us as a people, brought up in an atmosphere of British fair play, be loyal to the highest ideals of life in our attitude towards this Far Eastern ally. Until Japan abandons the high honour that so far has marked her dealings with the Christian West, we should courageously oppose the concert of interested forces which are so persistently endeavouring to place her institutions in a false light before the world.

From every standpoint, it seems to me, the paramount duty of the West lies in cultivating a spirit of generosity and appreciation towards Japan. As a race we shall then justify the claim that our Christian civilisation is founded on the principles of kindness, justice and honour. In doing so we may hope that the influence of this ancient nation, under its new conditions, shall not decline, but rather widen and increase, and believe that the Empire in its progress to the highest form of national life, may prove a brilliant example which Eastern Asia shall accept.

If I wished to enter the realm of prophecy, impressed as I am with the result of nearly a year's personal study of the conditions in the East, I would say that less than fifty years hence Japan will have a population of seventy millions; she will be in the receipt of a larger revenue than that of Great Britain to-day; her manufactured products will be finding a market everywhere throughout the globe, and the industrious masses of her people will be better fed and clothed than the same classes in many Western nations; her scientific institutions will be taking a place with the best anywhere, and her students will rank among the most highly educated in the world; her cities will be among the most attractive in existence; her people will be welcomed as the equals of any Western nation, and the motherhood of the nation will be acknowledged as the secret source of national greatness. From the national standpoint an individual Japan will be taking rank as one of the wealthiest countries in the world. Long before that period shall have been reached, the Western public will wonder that it ever listened to pessimistic forebodings concerning the future of Japan. The optimist will be justified—Japan will win. This is the nation that the West now can well afford to treat with magnanimity.

W. T. R. Preston.

# GREATER BRITAIN AND INDIA

## CANADIAN AFFAIRS

### 1

THE three-hundredth birthday of Canada was kept in the grand style, and nothing untoward occurred to mar the success of the festivities—except, perhaps, the slight friction between the Quebec hierarchy and M. Herbette, one of the French envoys, who is not orthodox in his religious opinions, to say the least. The London papers must have been full of descriptions of the pageantry and of the speeches of the protagonists. Let me add that the beauty and distinction of the French-Canadian ladies who took part in the pageant, won all hearts, and leave the things that appealed to the eye and the ear merely and were ephemeral as alms for oblivion, and proceed to attempt an answer to the question: What are the enduring results of this historic celebration?

In the first place, there can be no denying that it has furthered the great cause of Imperialism. It was an affair of sentiment, not of sentimentality; it touched the average Canadian's idea of the Empire with an emotion not to be measured in words. The sacred battlefields are redeemed; the turnkeys and money-makers driven out of Canada's open-air Valhalla. The American visitors were greatly impressed by all they saw, and none of them are likely to repeat the old jeering definition of the Great Dominion as "that ice-house up thar'" which used to be cast at British emigrants going into Canada by way of the United States. In time, I hope, Lord Grey's other idea of a gigantic Angel of Peace brooding on the Quebec heights will be realised. If so, Philippe Hébert, the famous French-Canadian sculptor, whose *atelier* I lately visited, is the man to think out the vision in marble. In Montreal, at any rate, there is a stirring of artistic endeavour, and M. Hébert is one of the world-artists, the first of the many that are to come, and to teach Canadians that tall chimneys, grain elevators, baseball and lacrosse matches, canoes on Lake Temagami, and Longboats on the Marathon course, &c., are but playthings. In particular, this sculptor's little bronze statue of the intrepid child-heroine, Madeleine de la Verchères, haunts me alluringly. She faces the horde of Iroquois with intrepid childish eyes. But she holds her gun as a lady holds a furled parasol—a delightful and suggestive witticism. Canada herself, a child among nations, holds her power like a parasol. She must learn to hold it like a weapon warily, watchfully, without weariness.

Secondly, the Quebec commemoration has undoubtedly drawn the French-Canadians and their English-speaking compatriots a little closer together. These two racial elements are, I must needs think, never destined to melt and commingle. Even at the long last there will be an infinitesimal gulf. Like the hyperbola and its asymptote, they will coincide only at infinity. But they are learning to understand one another, and it must be admitted that the French are readier than their English-speaking critics to make the effort. Here is the reasoned opinion of M. Dansereau, the editor of *La Presse* and by far the greatest personality among Canadian journalists—indeed, he is a French-Canadian Delane—on the subject:

> Il y a dans les fêtes du tricentenaire une longue série de leçons à tirer. La plus immediate, c'est que l'anglo-saxon a grand cœur et qu'il se passionne facilement pour une idée. Ceux qui ont cru que le fond du mouvement était d'accentuer la victoire de Wolfe sur Montcalm et de glorifier une conquête anglaise sont revenus de leur préjugé. Il n'en est pas question dans le pageant, et personne n'en parle sans rappeler aussitôt la dernière victoire de Lévis.
>
> Ce n'est pas, en cette affaire, le sentiment de domination qui a soulevé l'enthousiasme anglaise : c'est tout simplement la conception d'une fondation héroïque qui a établi un beau pays devenu, plus tard, partie de l'Empire.
>
> Nous avons déjà fait remarquer, dans une autre occasion, que lorsque les défauts de tempérament sont venus visiter la terre, il en a plu une forte ondée sur la petite île des Anglo-Saxons. Il n'est pas suprenant qu'une certaine portion, quoique minime maintenant, de notre population soit encore réfractaire à des rapports fraternels avec la majorité qui domine en Canada, quand presque tous les pays du monde ont eu, plus ou moins, à se plaindre de la fierté britannique selon les passions du moment. Mais ces dispositions hautaines se sont facilement noyées dans les hautes qualités qui ont fait de l'Anglo-Saxon un peuple peut-être unique dans l'histoire.

Il est bien inutile de répéter que l'Angleterre n'a pas toujours été juste pour les Canadiens-Français; mais, il est bon de mettre en regard l'enthousiasme du moment pour comprendre que ce peuple passe facilement de l'indisposition la plus sévère au sentiment le plus généreux.

Donc, si parfois l'habitant des Iles Britanniques a oublié de se rendre aimable et sympathique, il a produit de plus grandes choses à admirer en lui. Comme nous le disions dernièrement, en affaires il n'y a rien de plus sûr et de plus solide que ses méthodes et sa manière d'agir. Dans les joutes si difficiles de la diplomatie, où la finesse est, non seulement légitime, mais de rigueur, rien n'égale sa souplesse et ses qualités d'imperceptible résolution, cédant le moins avec une certaine ostentation pour obtenir le plus sans bruit. C'est par son sang-froid, son grand esprit public, la discipline et la puissance de cohésion dans les esprits, son flegme au milieu des épreuves ou des dégoûts, qu l'Angleterre a surmonté les crises et tourné toutes les menaces en triomphes. Sa prévoyance, son amour du travail, son industrie ont accumulé dans ses coffres des richesses fabuleuses. Ses comptoirs ont pour tributaires tous les pays de l'univers; et, si ces capitaux opèrent plutôt en dehors d'elle que dans les étroites limites de ces trois petites îles, les revenus en découlent par mille ruisseaux qui font rouler, sans arrêt, les clairs profits dans cette mer insondable de la Banque d' Angleterre. Si ses navires marchands ne transportent pas, malgré leur ubiquité sous toutes les latitudes, la totalité du commerce, ses canons promènent, certainement, la protection et l'invitation au respect dans tous les ports et sur tous les océans.

A ceux qui, sans pouvoir nier son influence, sont trop portés à déprécier cette race parce qu'ils n'aiment pas son humeur sociale, nous dirons qu'ils n'ont qu'une manière de la combattre, c'est de l'imiter. Les paroles en l'air, les déclamations, les protêts ne vont pas loin; tout est dans le travail, l'esprit de suite, l'application, les visées pratiques. Il ne s'agit pas, pour nous, Canadiens-Français, de faire bande à part; il s'agit d'essayer à faire, à côte d'eux, aussi bien, ou mieux. Notre influence est à ce prix. Nous avons sous les yeux mille leçons de choses qui nous apprennent à grandir dans le respect de l'ordre, à prospérer par l' application, à poursuivre son chemin sans crainte et sans tâtonnements; ce serait folie que ne pas profiter de cette école.

Nous aimons à signaler le tact avec lequel l'Angleterre a conduit toute cette démonstration dont parle le monde entier et qui est pour le Canada française la réclame la plus retentissante dans tout les journaux de la Grande-Bretagne, de la France et des Etats-Unis.

Comment ne pas apprécier, surtout, cette délicate attention pour nous, quand elle a choisi comme l'un de ses représentants le chef des catholiques anglais, le Duc de Norfolk?

C'est notre devoir de remercier le peuple anglais pour toutes les sympathies vraies qu'il nous a témoignées dans les cours des présentes fêtes.

This admirable article, which is entitled "Le Temperament Anglais," well deserves to be quoted in full. Truth to tell, not a few of the educated French-Canadians held aloof from the commemoration, partly, no doubt, because they dreaded the confusion and discomfort of existence in Quebec during the festal week.

The hotel-keepers of Quebec, it must be admitted, took not only the fleeces, but also the skins, of the people that flocked in. The aggregate number of visitors (about 65,000) was not as great as was expected, and the city of tents (for which exorbitant prices were asked) was something of a failure. As a result of the effects of the financial crisis, and of last year's poor crop in the West, economy has been the order of the day in nearly all Canadian households, and it seemed impossible in countless cases to risk the exactions of so unique a holiday. The expatriated French-Canadian, the typical Jean Ba'tiste Tundeau, who lives in the United States under the name of John B. Wattshill (see Drummond's verse), was much more eager to see the pageantry at Quebec. Here is an excerpt from *L'Etoile*, of Lowell, Massachusetts, which gives the Franco-American point of view:

> Malgré la note quelque peu impérialiste et britannique de certaines manifestations, les Franco-Américains qui visiteront Québec pendant ces fêtes vraiment mémorables nous reviendront, nous en somme sûrs, plus convaincus que jamais des desseins de la Providence sur ce petit peuple catholique et de langue française, qui a entrepris, avec un courage que rien ne peut abattre, de répéter le "Gesta Dei per Francos" de ce côté-ci du "grand lac."
>
> Ils nous reviendront de Québec avec une idée plus haute de leur race, une conception plus nette de leur devoir national, un besoin plus impérieux de contribuer de toutes leurs forces à parfaire l'œuvre commencée par Champlain en 1608.
>
> Ils rapporteront de la cité tricentenaire—un bel âge pour une ville d'Amérique—la ferme conviction que si, nous des Etats-Unis, nous voulons continuer de marcher et d'avancer dans la voie qui nous a été tracée apparement par une sagesse supérieure à celle des hommes, il faut bien nous garder de rompre brutalement les liens d'ordre moral, intellectuel et historique qui nous unissent au vieux rocher de Québec, au superbe fleuve qui roule ces eaux vertes et profondes à ses pieds, enfin au pays de nos pères qui garde toujours dans nos âmes, sinon de fait, ce nom symbolique et évocateur de tout un passé de gloire : la Nouvelle-France.
>
> Allez à Québec, Franco-Américaine à courte vue, pour vous convaincre que, contrairement à vos malsaines idées, le groupe de langue française des Etats-Unis doit de toute nécessité, s'il veut conserver son caractère distinctif actuel, entretenir des relations suivies et constantes avec la province de Québec, qui reste le foyer de notre race où réchauffer notre ardeur de peuple combatif.
>
> Maintenant que le courant de l'émigration canadienne-française aux Etats-Unis a été endigué par les mains habiles de Sir Wilfrid Laurier, il faut savoir conserver jalousement toutes les attaches qui nous lient encore au groupe principal, sinon, notre rameau détaché brusquement de l'arbre ancestral, s'il ne se dessèche pas complètement, grandira avec des déformations qui finiront par le

> rendre méconnaissable. Déjà même nos rapports avec le Canada française ne sont pas aussi amicaux et suivis qu'ils devraient l'être : des sentiments de jalousie ou de défiance les rendent parfois moins sincères, moins cordiaux, des deux côtés de la frontière. Il faudrait que nos hommes les plus sages et les plus clairvoyants s'employassent à faciliter davantage les échanges d'idées entre les deux groupes, à les mêler un peu plus, à faire un peu mieux battre leurs cœurs á l'unisson, aux jours de Saint-Jean-Baptiste et des fêtes semblables à celles qui se déroulent si pompeusement sous les murs de Québec.

A careful study of these extracts will do much to enlighten my readers in regard to the attitude of the French in North America towards the problems of building up the Dominion and making the Empire a reality. To understand Canadian politics one must look at them from the standpoint of Quebec just as the student of European politics must look around through German eyes trying to put himself in the position of the typical German. Quebec is still the pivotal Province of the Dominion, and it may well determine the result of the coming General Election, as was the case in 1896, 1900, and 1904. Unlike many good Imperialists, I do not regard French-Canadian domination as a danger to the Empire. The French-Canadian has an idea of national honour and discipline, which is an everlasting antidote to the gross materialism called "Americanism" on the other side of the international boundary. He will never fall into the purblind helotry of the degenerate Frenchman who despises his motherland, and corrupts the stirring words of the national battle-hymn into

Allons enfants de la partie,
Le jour de boire est arrivé.

Given patriotism and discipline and a sense of honour, there is no need to despair of a nation's future. The real danger for Canada is not the disciplined, educated, religious-minded Frenchman of Quebec, but the young Canadian who spouts the slang of the gigantic American cities, is irreverent and irrelevant, and acts on the saying "there's nothing holding you." But, after all, the undisciplined element in Canada's population is not more dangerous, not more detestable, to the Empire-maker, who knows that Imperialism must begin at home though it does not end there, than the same element in the populace of the United Kingdom.

# INDIA

## BOMBS AND THE SEQUEL

No event in recent years has moved the native population of India so profoundly as the trial and conviction of Bal Gangadhar Tilak at Bombay upon two charges of sedition. Tilak has long been the best-known man in the country, and his name has been on every lip in the bazaars. His extraordinary political influence is a little unaccountable. The Moderates hated him, and he never succeeded in controlling a majority in the National Congress; yet he managed to smash that amorphous body last Christmas at Surat. His doctrines were repudiated by those Indians who have no liking for methods of violence; yet wherever he went crowds assembled to greet him and to garland him. Now that he is convicted, there is no harm in saying that for more than a decade, and probably all his life, he has been an inveterate foe of British rule. In all his actions there has been a certain consistency. Over ten years ago he was convicted of sedition, and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. He was released before the expiration of his sentence, and it is generally believed that the clemency shown him was due to the intercession of the late Professor Max Müller in very exalted quarters. While he was undergoing detention, Tilak wrote a book entitled "The Arctic Home of the Vedas," the name of which sufficiently explains the elaborate, if perhaps strained theories which it expounded. It was a scholarly and remarkable work, and when Max Müller saw it he is reported to have said that a man who could write such a book ought not to be languishing in prison. Tilak was released on giving a written undertaking not to offend further. He heard portions of the pledge he had broken read over to him by the judge when, on a recent gloomy evening in the monsoon, he rose in a crowded court to hear his fate.

He really broke the spirit of his undertaking almost from the moment of his first release. He had gone to prison a comparatively poor man. He came out to find that his two newspapers, the *Mahratta* and the *Kesari*, had grown into properties yielding a substantial income. The *Mahratta* was printed in English, and the *Kesari* in the Marathi language. Tilak well knew how deftly to vary his tone in the two papers. If you picked up the

*Mahratta*, you would find leading articles which were strong, able, abusive, but never exceeding a certain prescribed limit of statement. If you were versed in the Marathi tongue, you would find in the *Kesari* articles on the self-same subjects couched in a vein that went as near sedition as it was possible to go. It was the *Kesari* that paid, and it was read assiduously by large numbers of the Marathi-speaking peoples. Tilak boasted in court the other day that it had a larger circulation than any other vernacular newspaper in India. That has been the case for years, and it is astonishing that in the presence of such a portent the Bombay Government should have so long persuaded themselves that all was well in the Deccan. Tilak had an almost uncanny skill in the art of writing veiled sedition, which so many Indian journalists practise nowadays. The fact that his paper was always eagerly bought by the Mahrattas was a symptom which should not have been ignored.

He encouraged secret hostility to the Government in many other ways. He started the cult of Sivaji, the only real purpose of which is that of opposition to British control. He established communications with disaffected agitators all over India, and they all looked to him for advice and guidance. He hated even the semblance of compromise with the authorities, and habitually taunted the Moderates with "truckling" to the paramount Power. He fought every politician and every organisation that favoured conciliatory methods, and smashed the Congress for no other reason than that he was determined not to tolerate any political body which did not endorse his ideal of unequivocal Extremism. His manifold activities, which were widespread and sinister, were perfectly well known. In view of that knowledge, the action of the Bombay Government last cold weather in paying Tilak the compliment of asking him to explain his views to the Decentralisation Commission is one of those things that remains incomprehensible. The native population put a very natural construction upon this strange proceeding. They knew their man, and they thought—quite wrongly, of course, because it was the Bombay Government that eventually laid him by the heels—that the authorities were afraid of him.

Yet the motives that have actuated Tilak during the last few months are almost inexplicable. He is incomparably astute, and he knew the law of sedition to a hair's breadth. But a fortnight after the deplorable bomb outrages at Mozufferpore, which resulted in the death of two innocent ladies, he published an article which unquestionably brought him within the operation of the law of sedition. That first article has been pronounced criminal in intent, but it was very subtly phrased. In the opinion of many persons competent to pronounce upon it, a charge based solely upon that article might not have been endorsed by a jury. Tilak, however, was not content with his first pronouncement. He waited a month, and then he printed another article, which removed the last vestiges of doubt about the workings of his mind. He seemed to be deliberately challenging a prosecution, to be openly riding for a fall. The general character of the articles need not be described here. They are sufficiently summed up in the words of the impartial Parsee judge, Mr. Justice Davar, who tried the case in the High Court. He said: "They are seething with sedition; they preach violence; they speak of murders with approval; and the cowardly and atrocious act of committing murders with bombs not only meets with your approval, but you hail the advent of the bomb into India as if something had come to India for its good."

Tilak was far too shrewd and experienced a man not to be fully aware of the grave risks he ran in publishing such pernicious incitements while the country was seething with disorder. He must have known that he stood in imminent danger of a severe sentence of transportation. What purpose did he expect to serve? He is fifty-three years of age, and his health is failing. There was no visible advantage to be gained by self-martyrdom. The psychology of the case is so peculiar that it evades analysis. The only feasible theory is that he was carried away by excitement. His friends say that beneath his calm exterior he is at times intensely emotional. He is a true Mahratta, subtle, calculating, ingenious, far-seeing, but with a brain liable to blaze up under severe stress. Those who saw him when he confronted the howling mob of riotous delegates on the platform at Surat were surprised to note that the arch-plotter was quivering with nervous agitation. I once noticed the curious expression of his eyes, which suggested that he is of the stuff that fanatics are made of. Yet at the trial his only defence was to seek to justify his articles, though he must have felt that he was waging a losing fight throughout.

The trial lasted a week, and eventually produced a perilous uproar in Bombay. Rumours of trouble were prevalent long before the opening day arrived. There could be no mistake about the sympathies of the crowd. Tilak was, and is, a popular hero, not only in Bombay, but throughout the length and breadth of India; and it would be foolish to deny either the fact or its very grave significance. Many of the native newspapers in Bombay have approved of his conviction in a rather perfunctory manner. Many prominent Indians are sincerely glad that punishment has overtaken him. But the immense preponderance of public feeling is in his favour, regardless of the gravity of his offence. No people are more ready to set up popular idols than the inhabitants of India, and Tilak is the idol of the populace.

The Bombay authorities were fully prepared for disturbances. Extra troops were drafted into the city. The High Court was strongly guarded, its approaches were barricaded, and the public gallery was closed. Tilak conducted his own defence, and the greater part of the trial was taken up with his eloquent but interminable speech. The actual duration of his address was a little over twenty-one hours. He quoted authorities at wearisome length, and his allusions ranged from the Seven Bishops to the inevitable Mr. Keir Hardie. He questioned the accuracy of the translation of his articles, and made a great point of the provocative character of recent remarks in certain Anglo-Indian newspapers. He was prolix but incredibly astute. He conveyed the impression that he was the champion of the liberties of the people, and that his articles were simply a reply to the indiscreet observations of one or two Anglo-Indian journalists. His defence carried no weight with the court, but it had a deep influence with the crowd which read the reports. His dramatic words when he rose to receive his sentence have found a responsive echo throughout the land. "In spite of the verdict," he said, "I maintain that there are higher powers ruling the destinies of men and nations. It may be the will of Providence that the cause I represent will profit more by my suffering than by my presence here." He was sentenced to three years' transportation on account of each article, making six years in all. The sentence was exemplary, and not too severe, but it is said that he had expected to escape far more lightly.

The profound sympathy that is felt for Tilak is a phenomenon that deserves to be studied and remembered. The execution of Khudiram Bose, the misguided young Bengali who threw the bomb which killed Mrs. and Miss Kennedy, has not caused any real outburst of feeling, even in Bengal. The "patriots" have on the whole shown some belated regret for that tragic miscarriage of a wicked crime. The public attitude towards Tilak is in quite a different category, and to my mind affords the clearest proof of the widespread dislike of British control. The Indian public care nothing, one way or the other, about Tilak's veiled advocacy of the use of the bomb. They refuse to recognise the criminal purport of his articles, or if they recognise it, they either ignore it or condone it. To them he is simply a martyr. His defence has carried them away. "The question is," he said in his peroration, "whether Indian subjects are to enjoy the same privileges as British subjects in England or Anglo-Indians in India?" That is not the question at all. The question is whether Indian subjects are to be permitted to approve and to advocate the cult of the bomb. But the bulk of Indian public opinion ignores the plain aspects of the case, and Tilak is acclaimed as the martyred upholder of their rights. The Government were forced to prosecute; they had held their hand far too long; but the consequences of the Tilak case are not yet fully unfolded, and may still prove far-reaching.

The immediate results were, however, very swiftly manifested in Bombay, and notwithstanding that preparations had been made, they very greatly surprised the local authorities. They had expected disturbances, but they had not anticipated either their magnitude or their duration. It was known that the supporters of Tilak had been for some time sedulously promoting discontent among the mill-hands. There are very nearly a hundred cotton spinning and weaving mills on the island, employing over a hundred thousand operatives. Most of the mills are located in one quarter on the northern confines of the city. The operatives are a compact population, and are peculiarly accessible to the wiles of agitators. A prominent feature of the Extremist propaganda all over India is the cultivation of disaffection among the industrial classes. The men who are actively opposed to British rule seek to capture the industrial classes in the great cities, just as they are seeking to capture the army. For some months a vague unrest has been noticed among the mill operatives of Bombay, but it is only since the recent riots that its full extent and character have been revealed. Inquiries have shown that clever agents have been at work. Many of the overseers, who have great influence among the men, have been won over. Other emissaries, mostly Brahmins from the Deccan, have stealthily frequented the tenements in which the operatives dwell, and have furtively spread their nefarious incitements. Until Tilak was arrested, the propaganda was simply part of that general policy of stirring up strife which is now so widely prosecuted in India. From the moment of his arrest, the agitation was conducted solely on his behalf.

The mill-hands know nothing of politics, and are a simple, credulous, excitable folk. They were told that Tilak was a prisoner because of his friendship for them, and because he had been trying to get them better pay. Any lie served the purpose of the conspirators, and lies were disseminated in abundance. One mill in particular, the largest mill in Bombay, became the centre of the agitation, but the ramifications spread all through the mill district. Let it not be thought that the persons who conducted the propaganda were drawn from the lowest class. The men who wandered about at night, surreptitiously chanting inflammatory songs in the dwellings of the people, or who secured posts in the mills for their own evil purposes, were mostly men of education. One was a professional man of some position and attainments. The strange thing was that the Europeans associated with many of the mills had no suspicion that the movement was either well-organised or comprehensive. They had been vaguely conscious of restiveness among the people, but they attached no great importance to the symptoms they detected. We have just seen in Turkey the extraordinary secrecy with which a widespread movement can be developed in an Oriental land. We should not forget that remarkable object-lesson when we consider Indian affairs. The Bombay outbreak, when it came, was really a comparatively trivial business, but it carries a grave warning.

The story of the actual rioting has already been told in sufficient detail in the daily Press. On the fifth day of the trial, several thousand mill-hands did not appear at their work. They were not at first violent, and, curiously enough, throughout all the week of disorder that followed in Bombay, the mill operatives showed comparatively little active hostility towards Europeans. In some isolated cases Englishmen were badly assaulted, apparently from no other motive than racial animosity. Persons driving in carriages were stoned, brickbats were thrown at tramcars, and there was some destruction of property. But the real object of the mob was soon perceived to be the closing of those mills which were still at work. The rioters wanted to bring about a general strike. Swarms of people attacked the mills that had not closed. If troops or police were found protecting these mills, they were assailed; but it seemed to be the fact that they were defending the mills, and not the fact that they were Europeans, which roused the mob to frenzy. There are several proofs that this assumption is correct. One is that Mr. S. M. Edwardes, a courageous civilian, who has acquired a unique knowledge of Bombay conditions, and a quite unusual influence over the people, moved freely in the disturbed districts when the excitement was at its height, unprotected either by military or police. He harangued the incensed crowds, urging them to retire to their homes, and it is said that he could detect no definite hostility towards Englishmen. Nevertheless the outbreaks continued for a week at spasmodic intervals. On one occasion a suburban railway station was completely wrecked and the passage of a mail train impeded. The European police several times had to empty their revolvers among the rioters, and in a number of instances the troops fired on the mob. The loss of life is not fully known, for at these times the people are quick to conceal their dead and wounded. It is asserted that the organisers of the disturbances had determined that the trouble should last six days, being one day for for every year of Tilak's sentence. It was curious that at the end of the sixth day after the trial complete calm was restored.

The mill districts were not the only localities that were given over to disorder. In the heart of the city the Cloth Market and the Share Bazaar, and many of the Hindu shops, were closed

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"out of sympathy with Tilak." The moment was propitious for such a proceeding, because business was bad, and many of the smaller dealers were glad of a pretext to postpone taking up their contracts. The cessation of business had a disturbing influence, which eventually flamed out in a remarkable way. The most desperate riot of the whole series occurred in the busy thoroughfare of Sheikh Memon Street, and the rioters on that occasion were mainly the Bhattias and Banias employed in the Cloth Market. These people have hitherto been regarded as peaceful and orderly. A few weeks ago, the suggestion that they could be capable of any violence whatever would have been laughed to scorn. The Bhattia and the Bania have been terms synonymous with timorous fear whenever there was trouble in the wind. Yet these placid, rather nervous folk, raised a disturbance which was far more truculent than the riots in the mill districts. Their demeanour was almost ferocious. They faced the baton charges of the police, and the rifles of the military with desperate determination. Their audacity astonished everybody. The streets of their quarter were hung with black flags and decorated with portraits of Tilak. Their preparations were careful and deliberate. They had no weapons, but they had piled up stones in every room and every verandah of the houses in their narrow thoroughfares. When the Bhattias and the Banias show fight, India must be changed indeed.

These disturbances in the business quarter of the city had a different aspect from those in the mill districts. They were not the outcome of agitation among the ignorant. They were the direct and informed protest of people who knew quite well what they were doing. Yet even here hatred of Englishmen as such was not really conspicuous. It was an outbreak against constituted authority, the authority that had placed Tilak in durance. The Europeans were attacked not from racial animosity so much as because they represented official policy. As a matter of fact, the normal relations between Englishmen and Indians in Bombay are very good indeed. There is none of the sharp cleavage or the mutual dislike so constantly visible in Calcutta. It is satisfactory to be able to add that even in Sheikh Memon Street, though the rioting was severe, the number of actual casualties seems to have been limited.

This memorable trial and its notable sequel have been analysed in considerable detail, because they have an important bearing upon the present situation in India. In the last few months, we have seen that it is possible for strikers temporarily to paralyse the Indian railway system; we have seen that it is possible to interrupt telegraphic communication; we have seen that Indians are learning how to use explosives. We now learn that a handful of unscrupulous agitators is able to raise the whole of the industrial classes in a great city against our authority. Their employers have no real control over them; the majority of the people may not want to strike or riot; but if a sufficient number can be aroused, they can coerce the rest, and the whole populace can be plunged into disorder. These riots were the worst Bombay has ever known. What has been done once can be done again, not only in Bombay, but in all the large cities.

At the moment of writing, India is quieter than it has been for some months. Bengal is comparatively peaceful, and the native press has almost ceased to propagate sedition. The stern measures adopted by Lord Minto have for the time being had a good effect. The new legislation, and the exemplary sentences passed in the courts, have overawed the agitators. We shall do well, however, not to place too much reliance upon this welcome interval of calmness. The forces of unrest are not eradicated, the secret emissaries of revolt are still active, the bomb has not disappeared from the country. The real danger-spot has always been Western India, and we must not draw too favourable conclusions from the almost unnatural silence of the Deccan. No disturbance is in any case likely to occur in the near future which cannot be readily subdued, but if we do not now realise what will be the probable condition of India when next we are engaged in a war elsewhere, we must be blind indeed.

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# EPISODES OF THE MONTH

**A Rude Awakening**

Recent events are a rude awakening for amiable sentimentalists who imagined or pretended that the era of "bloated armaments" was over and that a millennium of universal peace and goodwill was at hand, in which Christian communities would elect to submit their differences to the enlightened arbitrament of The Hague Tribunal rather than resort to the barbarous ordeal by battle. So-called "responsible statesmen," whose colossal ignorance of the world in which they live is a constant menace to its peace, have abounded in this sense, and for the last two and a half years this country has been governed by a Cabinet practising what its members preached, by reducing British armaments, in the futile hope that other Powers would follow suit. The only visible results of this folly have been to weaken actually and relatively a Great Power whose influence is necessarily pacific, not through any superior virtue, but simply because she stands to lose more than she can hope to gain by war, and to convince our challengers that we cannot stay the pace of naval construction set by them. Our offers to limit armaments have been treated with contempt, and every curtailment of British shipbuilding has provoked fresh agitation in Germany, which has borne fruit in ever-expanding programmes. This year the Naval Estimates of Great Britain, whose Sea-Power is a condition of her independent existence, provide for two "Dreadnoughts," while those of her antagonist, whose Navy is avowedly an aggressive weapon directed at this country—German security being completely guaranteed by a two-Power Army—provide for four "Dreadnoughts." Optimists may continue to bemuse the British public by prating of the Two-Power Standard, but our Government has scaled down to the Half-Power Standard. The effect of our folly is precisely what we predicted. The legend that England is played out has received an immense impetus, and, taking advantage of the crisis precipitated by her Austrian ally, the German Admiralty has launched its Navy League on another agitation for another portentous programme of "Indomitables." It seems incredible that the Mandarin in the Cabinet should remain indifferent to a menace so palpable to the Man in the Street, but unfortunately, as Mr. Wilson points out in his admirable article, there are no indications of a British Naval Defence Act such as might even at this late hour convince the Germans that the game of contesting our naval supremacy is not worth the candle.

**Words**

THERE is reason to believe that instead of the comprehensive programme covering several years, based on the principle of two British keels to every German keel, and financed by a loan, which enthusiasts promised us a few weeks ago, we are to have the usual hand-to-mouth Estimates which will simply spur our enemies to still greater efforts. Mr. McKenna, who is about as fit to be First Lord of the Admiralty as to be Astronomer Royal, who does not know a battleship from a cruiser nor a cruiser from a destroyer, declares that he is awaiting the development of a perfect type of ironclad—presumably the aeroplane. Mr. L. V. Harcourt—whose intelligence may be gauged by his exhibition during the debates on the Licensing Bill, and who has inherited his father's hatred of the British Navy, against which the son has intrigued ever since he entered office—promises a "minimum" of security: a statement for which the only suitable remedy is a strait waistcoat. Other Ministers are self-complacent and nebulous, though the President of the Board of Trade, who was recently associated with the Chancellor of the Exchequer in a raid on that remnant of the Regular Army which has survived Mr. Haldane's "reforms," sought to attract popular attention by declaring at Dundee, on October 8 :

> One lesson which the events of the last week taught was that it would be vain for a nation like ours to trust merely to the stipulations of international agreements or to the smooth phrases of ceremonious diplomacy. If we wished to keep ourselves in this island free and independent of European difficulties, if we wished to have the power and freedom to develop our own lives in our own way, to allow our own diplomacy to pursue its destiny to a peaceful and glorious conclusion, then it was indispensable that these islands should be guarded by a Navy sufficiently powerful to make them immune from possibility of attack. While the Government was resolved to exert over the spending departments a thrifty control, it would see that our great arm of defence, and not of defiance, was maintained in the highest state of efficiency and strength.

These are unimpeachable sentiments, but we have had enough words from his Majesty's Ministers. The time has come for deeds. The race is still to the swift and the battle to the strong. Sovereigns and statesmen may lay their hands on their hearts, turn up the whites of their eyes and gush about peace after the manner of Wilhelm II. We now realise the value of such asseverations when weighed against national ambitions and national interests. The German Emperor has instigated, or acquiesced in—it matters little which—the opening of the Near Eastern question, because, on a careful review of opposing forces, he deems the moment propitious for an Austro-German move. *Realpolitik* is not deflected by those beautiful, emotional, Imperial sermons on peace which are primarily addressed to British gudgeons, which, it must be admitted, never fail to swallow them. The world is as full of human nature to-day as at any time since the days of Adam, and nations, as ever, are governed by

> The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they shall take who have the power,
> And they shall keep who can.

**Opposing Forces**

Austria and Bulgaria have torn up the Treaty of Berlin and thrown it in the face of its signatories, because it suited them and Germany to do so at this particular moment, when force is on their side. Bulgaria is a small but resolute "nation in arms," capable of placing a fully equipped and properly trained army in the field of about twice the size of Mr. Haldane's paper Territorials. Austria-

Hungary is a great nation in arms, with about two million soldiers. Behind them stands their sponsor, Germany, with the mightiest military machine in the world. Of the other Powers, Turkey, the injured party, is obviously unready for war; Russia is slowly recovering from her exhausting experiences in the Far East; France is paralysed by her threatening neighbour, and Great Britain has no army to speak of. Once more we are reminded of the grim realities of international existence, and we see how little paper counts in the evolution of nations. Our Navy is still a potent factor on the right side,* but unfortunately for the last four years efficiency has been sacrificed to economy by successive Governments. War comes like a thief in the night, when least expected. The childish delusion that we shall have several months' warning during which to make our preparations and to train our Territorials can scarcely survive the present crisis. That we are absolutely unprepared is shown by the perilous distribution of British battleships into "little packets" round the coast, owing to the personal jealousy of Admirals on shore of Admirals afloat, none of whom is allowed to have a decent command.

**Our Podsnaps**

We are daily tempting Providence. If a venerable, high-minded Christian monarch, universally revered as a pillar of peace, like the Emperor Francis Joseph, is liable to set the Balkans in a blaze because it pleases him, what is to prevent that other pillar of peace, Wilhelm II., from suddenly attacking England? Nothing, except our known ability to defend ourselves, which at the present moment is conspicuously lacking. National Defence remains the supreme question of the day, but our Parliamentary Podsnaps are, as usual, immersed in trifles. They divide their time between the village pump and the village pub., with an occasional diversion on the right of small boys to smoke cigarettes. Nero fiddled while Rome burned. Our popular Press devotes its columns to the puerile proceedings of the Suffragettes, at what may well prove a turning-point in our history.

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* In a telegram from Constantinople at the beginning of last month to the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Massingham, who is anything but a Jingo, pleaded for "the appearance of a British Fleet at Besika Bay, as likely to calm the population and to stop the general spoliation of the Empire."

**Another Delusion**

ANOTHER delusion has gone by the board. It is continually asserted by Ministers, Ambassadors, and other superior persons that all would be well in the best of all possible worlds but for the newspapers, which inflame popular passions and hound nations into war. Bismarck's dictum that Governments had to pay for the windows broken by the Press is frequently cited in support of this thesis, and the German Emperor once audaciously declared that Germany and England would be the best of friends if certain journalists were hanged, though as a matter of fact the Kaiser's Press is worked by the Kaiser's Government, while the incendiary Navy League is under his Majesty's immediate auspices. In their after-dinner speeches diplomatists habitually depict themselves as good men struggling to protect the peace of the world against the machinations of the Fourth Estate. This theory is singularly foolish in the light of the present crisis, for which the Press is no more responsible than the Man in the Moon. The conspiracy against the Treaty of Berlin, against the new *régime* in Turkey, against Anglo-Russian friendship, against the *entente cordiale*, and against the peace of Europe, was secretly hatched by Sovereigns, statesmen, diplomatists, and Archdukes in Vienna, Potsdam, and other places. No newspaper had any inkling of it until it was too late. Indeed, the main object of the conspirators was to keep the Press and the public in the dark. Journalists have their faults and foibles, like other folk, but they stand absolved of any complicity in the Austro-German-Bulgarian plot, which is exclusively the handiwork of their censors. We trust that in future British editors will decline to be lectured on their duties by that *faux bonhomme* Prince Bülow, or to be sermonised by Wilhelm II.

**The New Régime**

THE instalment of the new *régime* in Turkey excited such boundless enthusiasm in Western Europe as to make some of us overlook the perils attending the delicate operation of putting such very new wine into such very old bottles. The marvellous success of the Young Turks, and their almost preternatural efficiency in effecting the bloodless revolution which will for ever make this year memorable, accentuated the illusion. The collapse of the rotten old *régime* without a struggle, the dispersal of the Camarilla to the four winds on the Sultan's surrender to the reformers, and the apparent inability of the reactionaries to organise any resistance, encouraged Englishmen to regard Constitutional Turkey as a *fait accompli* and the new order of things as finally established. The men who had wrung the promise of a Parliamentary Government from Abdul Hamid would *ex hypothesi* be able to work it. With such a brilliant start the Young Turks would succeed where the Persians and the Russians had failed, and henceforward the Ottoman Empire might be ranked with Japan among full-blown modern Powers. There was much intelligent anticipation in this sense in the British Press, inspired by a warm admiration for the remarkable achievement of the Reformers, and by a keen desire for the endurance of the reformed Government. But we reckoned without our host. We had forgotten that the new *régime* in Constantinople is as hateful to those Powers who profited, or thought they profited, by the old *régime*, as it is popular in this country, whose Government has deliberately stood aside for many years, at the cost of national prestige and substantial material interests, rather than join the greedy horde of bagmen who, with the backing of their respective embassies, ruthlessly plundered the subjects of the Sultan, their culminating and most sinister *coup* being the Baghdad Railway concession, "a franchise" which would do no discredit to a Philadelphia corporation. Nor did the prospect of a revivified and strengthened Turkey suit neighbouring nations such as Bulgaria, who believed that their future depended upon the continuance of a Turkish Government whose dominions would be gradually dismembered by the European Concert, under the pressure of the Bag and Baggage Party in England; while piratical Powers lurking in the background, who only upheld the integrity of the Ottoman Empire until it should become so rotten that it might be expected to drop into their lap, were equally hostile to the handiwork of Enver Bey and his associates. Conspicuous among these were Austria and Germany, the former of whom is popularly regarded as the caretaker of the latter, though it is somewhat uncertain whether the Habsburgs are prepared to play the humble *rôle* allotted them by the Hohenzollerns.

**Turkey's Blunder**

THE new Government installed with the approval of the Young Turks were presumably conscious of the dangers threatening their country, though, like the rest of the world, they may have been encouraged by the completeness of the collapse of the old *régime* to underrate those powerful vested interests and grandiose ambitions to which the new *régime* was a challenge. It behoved the venerable Grand Vizier (Prince Kiamil) and his colleagues to walk warily, and, on the whole, they walked with circumspection, avoiding numerous pitfalls. But the most prudent men are liable to err, and it was admittedly a grievous error to choose this particular moment to raise such a ticklish question as the status of a pugnacious, well-armed, fully prepared neighbour like Bulgaria, whose Government regarded the Turkish revolution with unconcealed dismay, however well disposed might be the Bulgarian people, who rejoiced at the action of the Young Turks in putting an end to the Macedonian horrors. Indeed, the two peoples bade fair to fraternise just as their Governments came to loggerheads. For this *contretemps* Turkey was to blame, though in the light of our present knowledge it seems probable that the Bulgarian Government would have found some other cause of quarrel. The omission of the Turkish Foreign Minister (Tewfik Pasha) to invite the Bulgarian Diplomatic Agent at Constantinople (M. Gueshoff) to a banquet in honour of the Sultan's birthday (September 13), to which the entire Diplomatic Corps were bidden, was one of those gratuitous blunders for which men and nations sometimes pay dearly. It was a sharp and highly disagreeable reminder to Prince Ferdinand and his people of their subordination at a moment when Turkey was in no position to enforce her suzerainty, and when, moreover, she stood in urgent need of all the goodwill she could command. It was intolerable to a Prince who lived with the single object of becoming a King, and it entitled even moderate Bulgarians to fear that when Turkey had set her house in order a serious effort might be made to make the nominal dependence of Bulgaria a reality. An effectual extinguisher would in any case be put on the dream of Greater Bulgaria, and an attempt might conceivably be made to restore the Principality to the insignificant dimensions fixed by the Treaty of Berlin. The Gueshoff incident afforded a welcome pretext to Sofia for picking a quarrel which must begin badly if it did not end badly for Turkey, as the necessity of allowing her much unpaid troops to return to their homes rendered her for the moment *hors de combat*. It has been suggested by the *Daily News*, *inter alia*, that Baron Marschall von Bieberstein, the German Ambassador in Constantinople, was responsible for the slight to the Bulgarian envoy, whom he dissuaded Tewfik Pasha from inviting to his banquet. It would not be surprising. German diplomacy consists in setting other nations by the ears, and Wilhelm II. regards the new *régime* with deadly animosity, and would destroy it if he could.

**Bulgaria's Plaint**

M. GUESHOFF behaved with perfect correctitude. The right of the Bulgarian Diplomatic Agent to participate in official entertainments had been established on the occasion of the German Emperor's visit to Constantinople ten years ago, and had never since been questioned. On failing to receive an invitation which was being scattered broadcast among his colleagues of the Diplomatic Corps, M. Gueshoff, as in duty bound, inquired at the Foreign Office, where he was told that the omission was due to an oversight, but as no invitation followed he saw the Grand Vizier, who, according to the *Times* Sofia correspondent, somewhat disingenuously declared that there was no precedent "in the case of a dinner given by the Foreign Minister, all diplomatic entertainments having previously been given by the Sultan," adding that "other foreign representatives [Baron Marschall ?] might object to M. Gueshoff's presence." The Bulgarian Government sought an explanation of the Ottoman representative in Sofia (the Commissariat), who, after referring to the Grand Vizier, replied that "only foreign representatives with the rank of Minister could be invited." This was a denial of Bulgaria's diplomatic status, and M. Gueshoff was instantly ordered to leave Constantinople. His Government necessarily took the matter seriously, believing that the Turkish Government aspired to reduce the Principality to a state of vassalage, and intended to create a precedent which might be invoked to exclude it from participation in international Congresses, to curtail the present privileges of its diplomatic representatives, and justify the refusal to its Sovereign of honours already accorded him in foreign countries, or even the abrogation of existing international treaties, unless previously sanctioned by the Sultan. According to the *Times* Sofia correspondent, Bulgaria was asked to surrender a position acquired with much difficulty and many efforts. "The demand is taken calmly here [*i.e.*, Sofia], but with a firm resolve to make no concession. It is pointed out in many quarters that if Turkey, by pressing her demand, creates an *impasse*, the only solution will be a declaration of independence." The vigorous protests of the Bulgarian Government were endorsed by the public opinion of Europe, including that of Turkey, and ultimately the Grand Vizier was prepared to make the *amende honorable.*

**Bulgarian Aggression**

BUT by this time the Bulgarian head had swollen and the Bulgarian Government proceeded to commit a wantonly lawless act. Taking advantage of a strike on the Oriental Railway, the Principality occupied the line as far as Philippopolis with railway troops, which it bluntly refused to withdraw on the conclusion of the strike, remaining equally indifferent to the remonstrances of the Railway Company which leased the line, to those of the Turkish Government, to whom it belonged, and to the protests of the Powers. Curiously enough, the capital of the Company was mainly Austrian and German, its headquarters being in Vienna. The Turkish Chargé d'Affaires at Sofia presented a strong Note (September 23), pointing out that the action of the Bulgarian Government was an infringement of the proprietary rights of the Ottoman Government specially guaranteed by the Treaty of Berlin, and demanding the immediate evacuation of the line and its return to the Company. Bulgaria coolly replied on the following day that it would settle matters with the Company, thus denying Turkey's right to protect her own property, which provoked another Note from Turkey repeating her former demand. There was no dispute on the merits, and all the Powers associated themselves with Turkey's protest, none caring to assume the responsibility of publicly championing an indefensible act, though it is common knowledge that the German and Austrian representatives at Sofia privately attenuated the effects of their formal demonstration. Public opinion in Bulgaria, which had gradually been worked up to concert pitch, vehemently supported the outrageous attitude of the Government, whose apologists abroad sought to excuse its conduct on the ground that needs must where the devil drives, and that after Turkey's recent "insult" no Bulgarian Cabinet could survive the surrender of the railway.

**The Plot Thickens**

BY this time the plot had thickened. The policy of Sofia had become merged in that of Vienna, which, as is argued in an article elsewhere, was acting with the knowledge and consent of the German Emperor. On September 21 the Austrian Press suggested that the question of withdrawing the Austro-Hungarian garrisons from the Sanjak of Novi Bazar was engaging the attention of the military authorities, hinting that Russia might now be disposed to waive her objections to the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina by the Dual Monarchy (see *Times* Vienna correspondence, September 24). Two days later, while the Railway question was in an acute phase, Prince Ferdinand and Princess Eleonora of Bulgaria arrived at Budapest on a State visit to the Emperor and King Francis Joseph. They were received with full Sovereign honours, everything being done to accentuate the importance of the occasion and to inflate the people of the Principality. They were met at the station by the Archduke Joseph and the Archduchess Auguste, and were received by the monarch with especial warmth. A State banquet was given in their honour, attended by the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister (Baron von Aerenthal), the Hungarian Ministry, the Bulgarian Foreign Minister, and the Bulgarian Agent at the Austro-Hungarian Court. The semi-official *Fremdenblatt* emphasised the fact that the Prince was received "with all the honours due to a Sovereign," and spoke of the probable effect of the incident elsewhere. The Emperor proposed Prince Ferdinand's health with extraordinary effusiveness: "I am happy to think of your visit as a precious token for the maintenance and development of the excellent relations which—I state the fact with pleasure—exist already between Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria. I most cordially wish for the prosperity of this young country, which, thanks to the wisdom of your Royal Highness and the remarkable qualities of the Bulgarian people, has *soared* [our italics] in a manner worthy of praise." The Prince replied with becoming gratitude to this exhortation, which could not but be regarded as an incitement to Bulgaria and a demonstration against Turkey. There is every reason to believe that during this visit to Budapest the details of the conspiracy which has subsequently brought the Near East to the verge of war and has precipitated a dangerous international crisis were finally elaborated. The Dual Monarchy is the chief culprit, as Prince Ferdinand would never have ventured on playing "a lone hand." Austria's repudiation of all privity to Bulgaria's move has received as much credence as Germany's assumed ignorance of Austria's action. St. Petersburg scented the coming danger, which the *Novoe Vremya* (September 25) thus accurately diagnosed:

> The intelligence from Berlin sheds a lurid light upon the trivial but suspicious incidents which have disturbed public opinion during the past month. The pacific speeches of Prince Bülow in Berlin, the Gueshoff dinner incident in Constantinople, and the mysterious proposal immediately ensuing to proclaim Bulgaria a kingdom, and, lastly, the magnificent reception accorded to Prince Ferdinand—all connect themselves into a great complicated political intrigue by merely pronouncing the word "Bosnia." . . . To take advantage of the transition stage in Turkish affairs, to distract the attention of the Bulgarians with the glamour of a kingly title, to wrest from the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs the concessions so necessary for Austria, to open a new *étape* for the infiltration of Germanism into the heart of Servia—such are the links in the chain. . . . Exactly a year ago Baron von Aerenthal astonished Europe with the Sanjak Railway scheme. His present surprise is still more serious. It is no longer a question of disturbing the *status quo*, but of violating such a basis of European peace as the Treaty of Berlin. Let us hope that the latest *extravaganza* may prove as great a fiasco as the Mitrovitza Railway.

**Russian Apprehensions**

DURING the last week of September the *Times* Vienna correspondent issued repeated warnings of the impending crisis, while the Russian Government, unjustly accused of conniving at the German-Austro-Bulgarian plot, addressed urgent remonstrances to Sofia against Prince Ferdinand's contemplated violation of the Treaty of Berlin. The Dual Monarchy sought to mystify Europe by publishing Turkophobe articles in the semi-official organ of one capital (the *Pester Lloyd* of Budapest), and Turkophil articles in the semi-official organ of the other capital (the *Fremdenblatt* of Vienna). The Foreign Minister (Baron von Aerenthal), since nicknamed "the Bismarck of the Balkans," is said to have exceeded all permissible limits in "the wilful diffusion of political error with regard to matters of fact" when asked by the representatives of friendly Powers whether there was any truth in the accumulating rumours of the impending annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, against which the Russian Press, headed by the *Novoe Vremya*, undeterred by diplomatic *démentis*, entered vehement protests, pointing out that Austria-Hungary's mandate to "pacify" these provinces had been obtained after Count Andrassy had expressly declared that the question "ne cesse pas d'être question éminemment Européenne," and citing the Austro-Turkish Convention of April 21, 1879, providing that "the occupation of Bosnia-Herzegovina does not imply any prejudice to the sovereign rights of the Sultan." With remarkable prescience the *Novoe Vremya* anticipated the coming ordeal of Russian diplomacy.

> To use Gorchakoff's words, are we going to compromise all the political South-Western Slavs? Are we finally to abandon the *rôle* which, in spite of mistakes, we still play in the Balkans? We think that the question is answered beforehand. Russia can never in any circumstances sanction this new grandiose aggression on the part of Germanism. . . . It is clear to us that Berlin continues insistently to incite Vienna further and further *nach Osten*. But we refuse to recognise that our diplomacy could act towards the presumed scheme of annexation otherwise than in an openly negative manner. . . . We should not be surprised if Baron von Aerenthal sought an opportunity to barter the abandonment of the Sanjak Railway for the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina. . . But we cannot allow our diplomacy to be caught by such a bait. . . . Let Austria-Hungary build a line to Salonika, since *à la longue* it must come, but let Austria-Hungary leave the Berlin Treaty in peace.

The Bulgarian Government preserved an impenetrable silence, but the Bulgarian Diplomatic Agent in London (Dr. Mintchevitch), so to speak, "gave the show away" (September 26) by declaring that Bulgaria would not yield on the railway question, artlessly adding, "As to Bulgarian independence, I have no official information, but in my opinion, which does not at all bind my Government, the time has arrived for such a step. It is of great political significance, and a source of warm satisfaction, that Prince Ferdinand has just been received with such marked cordiality at Budapest."

**"Near East's" Warning**

SIMULTANEOUSLY the *Times* (September 28) published a striking letter signed "Near East," unmasking the whole conspiracy, and emphasising the gravity of the crisis confronting British diplomacy, of which "the only two reassuring factors" were "the dignity and self-restraint shown by the Government and the public in Constantinople," and the evident emotion of Russia as shown by the outspoken utterances of such influential organs as the *Novoe Vremya* and the *Slovo*. "Nothing would make the Anglo-Russian understanding more popular in this country, nothing would tend more to strengthen its influence in the Near East, than the co-operation of the two countries in protecting the new *régime* in Turkey from the attempt which is now being made to destroy it." That this was the object of the cabal was as clear as the noonday sun. For years Austria had done her utmost to prevent the Powers from taking any effective measures for the restoration of order in Macedonia, but now that the Young Turks have succeeded, and seem likely to make their success permanent, where the Powers failed so egregiously, Austrian statesmen think it necessary to interfere. Their plan of campaign is simple, but astute. They obviously intend, either themselves or through their misguided tools, the Bulgarian Government, to heap humiliation after humiliation upon Turkey, who would find herself in this painful dilemma:

> If she is driven in self-defence to draw the sword upon Bulgaria, the game is won. The new *régime* could scarcely survive even a successful war, and defeat would be its ruin. In any case, war upon the frontier would mean the renewal of civil war in Macedonia. If the Turkish Government, in their necessity for peace, tamely accept the humiliations prepared for them in Vienna, the reactionary party in Turkey will be given the handle for which it longs. The weakness of the Government will excite patriotic resentment throughout the empire, and the way will be paved, either for the restoration of the Hamidian tyranny, with all its horrors, or for the immediate disruption of the empire. The impatient heir is alarmed at what looks like the beginning of a recovery on the part of the Sick Man, and is resolved to hinder it in every way she can.

Such were the principles of *Realpolitik* which Vienna had learnt from Berlin, and according to which there was nothing wrong "in turning Macedonia once more into a hell upon earth for the sake of even a problematical political advantage." Such a policy on Austria's part was as shortsighted as it was cynical, for, as "Near East" pointed out, she had far more to gain by the establishment of order and good government throughout the Turkish Empire than from any adventures at the expense of that Power. "Baron von Aerenthal seems a worthy successor to the statesmen who lost for the Habsburgs the hegemony of Germany and their fair Italian provinces." Still more reckless was the conduct of Bulgaria, "who at the prompting of Vienna was ready to barter the happy prospects now open for their kinsmen in Macedonia against the empty right to call themselves an independent kingdom." Vienna would never prevent the creation of a strong Turkey in order to make room for a strong Bulgaria, and the world would wonder what the Bulgarian Government had thought to gain by "exchanging the nominal suzerainty of Turkey for the real overlordship of Austria." A telegram from Berlin to a Vienna semi-official newspaper had stated that a Declaration of Independence on the part of Bulgaria would not be unfavourably received in Germany, and "Near East" had received letters from "well-informed friends" stating that the exclusion of M. Gueshoff from Tewfik Pasha's banquet "was due to the strong advice of the German Ambassador at Constantinople." Thus was Germany making a worthy return for services rendered by the Austrian "second" on the "duelling ground" of Algeciras. The writer was, as usual, upbraided by sentimentalists, minimisers, and pacifists for attributing "designs" to friendly Powers, but he had not to wait long for his justification.

**The Bomb-shell**

On October 5 the murder was out, thanks to the new and very capable *Times* Paris correspondent, who was able to announce, "Bulgaria will to-morrow [Monday] proclaim her independence. The proclamation will probably take the form of a national Declaration by the Sobranye. On Tuesday Austria-Hungary will announce the formal annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina." Count Khevenhüller-Metsch, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Paris, had had an audience with the French President on the preceding Saturday (October 3), for the purpose of presenting an autograph letter from his Sovereign to M. Fallières, in which the Emperor Francis Joseph announced his intention of appropriating the occupied provinces.

Similar autograph letters were on their way to other heads of States, including King Edward, who is understood to have received no hint of Austrian intentions from Kaiser Franz Josef at Ischl. Considering the political relations of the Dual Monarchy and Great Britain, and the personal relations of their monarchs, this omission has naturally caused some comment, all the more as France had been kept equally in the dark, while Russia and Italy received half-confidences, doubtless with the object of detaching them from the two Western Powers, whose diplomatic isolation was one of the features of the plot most attractive to Germany, whose Sovereign was, needless to say, up to his neck in it, if he was not at the bottom of it. To the suggestion that the action of the Dual Monarchy and Bulgaria need not be taken so very seriously, considering that for all practical purposes Bosnia and Herzegovina had been Austrian territory for thirty years, and would under no conceivable circumstances be restored to Turkey, and that Bulgaria already enjoyed a *de facto* independence, we would answer, "Then why all this mystification? If it was a mere matter of form, why were some signatories of the Treaty of Berlin consulted while others were carefully kept in the dark?"

**Austrian Diplomacy**

THE independence of Bulgaria was proclaimed with much pomp and circumstance at the ancient capital of Tirnovo on the appointed day (October 5), when Prince Ferdinand constituted himself a Tsar—one more *arriviste* has arrived. There was great rejoicing in Bulgaria, though it is by no means certain that the adoption of a high-sounding title by their ruler will be an adequate compensation to the Bulgarians for the manifest disadvantages attending their present policy, and it is common knowledge that whereas Prince Ferdinand is perfectly satisfied with a new title, his subjects regard their independence as a stepping-stone to the attainment of Greater Bulgaria. The excitement in the Balkans may be conceived. Servia, Montenegro, and Albania all effervesced to the danger-point, but so far Turkey, Roumania, and Greece have kept their heads. On October 6 an Imperial and Royal proclamation was addressed by the Emperor and King Francis Joseph to the people of Bosnia and Herzegovina, announcing that the time had come to incorporate them in the Austro-Hungarian dominions, in order to grant "Constitutional institutions," which, according to semi-official explanations of the Austrian escapade, would have been impossible without the final severance of the provinces from the Ottoman Empire. Simultaneously it was stated that, ostensibly as a sop to the injured party, Austria-Hungary would magnanimously evacuate the Sanjak of Novi Bazar, of which the Turks would thus regain complete control. This withdrawal is generally regarded as a military precaution. Although Englishmen have been taught to admire Austro-Hungarian administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which has been the subject of many laudatory articles in the British Press, it cannot be said that the inhabitants of those provinces displayed delirious enthusiasm on receiving the great news. Turkey took the restoration of Novi Bazar very calmly, probably feeling that had there been any real consideration for her another moment and different procedure would have been adopted. Nor was she reconciled by the Press campaign of the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador in Paris, who permitted himself to ask these offensive questions: "Where was Turkey to get the money to make war? What had she to gain by it? Was she unaware of the dogma held throughout Europe, that not a single inch of territory taken from Turkey and given to a Christian people could ever be restored to the Ottoman Empire?"

**The Secret Agreement**

BARON VON AERENTHAL, about whom there is certainly nothing high falutin', explained that in what she had done the Dual Monarchy "had followed the dictates of the categorical imperative." On another occasion he declared his intention of continuing a spirited foreign policy based upon the idea that Austria-Hungary should occupy to the full her place in the world. "He was no tiptoe diplomatist, but he did not wish to arouse the belief that he is a Hotspur." This is scarcely reassuring. A serious blow was dealt at the fair fame of Austrian diplomacy by the *Times* Paris correspondent (October 12), who disclosed a hitherto unknown fact (simultaneously dealt with in an interesting article by M. Hanotaux in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*), that the Turkish plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Berlin only consented at the eleventh hour to sign the Treaty of Berlin (of which Article 25 declared that "the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina shall be occupied and administered by Austria-Hungary"), on receiving an explicit written undertaking, signed by all three Austro-Hungarian plenipotentiaries (Count Andrassy, Count Karolyi, and Baron Haymerle), recognising that the occupation was provisional. This Protocol (July 13, 1878) ran as follows:

> Sur le désir exprimé par les plénipotentiaires ottomans au nom de leur gouvernement les plénipotentiaires Austro-Hongrois déclarent au nom du gouvernement de S. M. Impériale et Royale Apostolique que les droits de souveraineté de S. M. I. le Sultan sur les provinces de Bosnie et de la Herzégovine ne subiront aucune atteinte par le fait de l'occupation dont il est question dans l'article relatif aux dites provinces du traité à signer aujourd'hui; que l'occupation sera considérée comme provisoire et qu'une entente préalable sur les détails de l'occupation se fera immédiatement après la clôture du congrès entre les deux gouvernements.

As the Austrian plenipotentiaries declared that the publication of this agreement would make a lamentable impression on the Dual Monarchy, the Turkish representatives considerately agreed that it should not be published, and from that day to this the secret has been kept. It was of course described as apocryphal by Austrian apologists on its appearance in the *Times*, but Baron von Aerenthal himself thus naïvely admitted its authenticity in addressing the Austrian Delegation on October 11:

> Count Andrassy decided to make this far-reaching concession because Turkey wanted to break up the Congress at the last moment, and he rightly said to himself that an occupation would be enough for the immediate future. In regard to the protocol two subsequent facts must, however, be emphasised; first, the necessity of conquering Bosnia-Herzegovina, because Turkey had taken no steps to ensure a peaceful occupation; and, secondly, the Austro-Hungarian Convention of April 21, 1879, in which there was no longer any question of a provisional occupation, and by which the protocol of July 1878 must be regarded as having been superseded.

Here was a serious blunder, instantly exposed by the *Times* Paris correspondent, who pointed out that the opening sentences of the Preamble to the Convention of April 21, 1879, were as follows: Les Gouvernments d'Autriche-Hongrie et de Turquie s'étant réservés de s'entendre sur les détails de l'occupation stipulée par l'article 25 du Traité de Berlin, *et le fait de l'occupation de la Bosnie et de l'Herzégovine ne portant pas atteinte aux* *droits de souveraienté de sa Majesté Impériale le Sultan sur ces provinces,* &c. As the correspondent observed, "If this is not an endorsement of the secret protocol of July 13, 1878, there is no diplomatic contract in the world that has any binding force, and the Treaty of Berlin, of which the secret Austro-Turkish protocol was the keystone, crumbles into ruins." Truly Baron von Aerenthal is "no tiptoe diplomatist."

**Sir Edward Grey's Promptitude**

It was universally recognised that the concerted action of Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria were heavy blows deliberately aimed at the new *régime* in Constantinople, which could scarcely hope to survive such humiliations, and yet was not in a position to resent them. In order to emphasise the helplessness of Turkey, Austrian and German diplomats disseminated the legend that, besides Germany, Russia and Italy were both "in the know," and had expressed approval of Austria's action. There was thus a solid anti-Turkish *bloc,* consisting of the Triple Alliance *plus* Russia, who would demand "compensation" at the expense of Turkey, her price being the opening of the Dardanelles. Italy likewise would require a *solatium.* Such allegations were calculated to promote their own purpose by making mischief between Powers with common interests, whose co-operation was imperative if war was to be averted. France might be expected to resent the conduct of Russia in joining the *Drei Kaiser Bund,* and England to feel surprise that Italy, with whom she was in general agreement on the Eastern question, should have consented to rip up the Treaty of Berlin without a word to the British Government. Sir Edward Grey's task was no easy one. We were admittedly taken by surprise. So was France. Our recognised method of dealing with an unexpected crisis is to collect as many opinions as possible, and then adopt what appears at the moment to be the line of least resistance—the line of drift, which is generally the line of disaster. Happily this is not Sir Edward Grey's method, and he did not adopt it on the present occasion. It would be no exaggeration to say that from the moment he made up his mind and announced his policy he led not only the public opinion of this country, which has supported the Government with rare and impressive unanimity, but also the disinterested public opinion of Europe. Within twenty-four hours of learning the intentions of Austria and Bulgaria a statement was issued by the Foreign Office declaring that Great Britain cannot and does not admit the right of any Power to alter an international treaty without the consent of the other signatories, and would therefore refuse to recognise what had been done until she knew the views of the other Powers, especially Turkey, who was more concerned than any one else. The *Communiqué* added that British sympathies were with the new *régime*, and with those who had devoted themselves with so much disinterestedness to internal reform, while the hope was expressed that the Turkish Government would decline to be provoked into taking active measures of retaliation.

**Sir Edward Grey's Speech**

THIS prompt declaration produced an excellent effect everywhere, especially in Turkey—who had comported herself with dignified calm under great provocation—which was confirmed by the significant speeches of the British Premier and Foreign Ministers on October 7. Speaking at Wooler, an obscure village in Northumberland, Sir Edward Grey reviewed the extraordinary change in Turkey during the last three months, and the corresponding change in British sentiment towards the Turkish Government, with which we had been in a continual state of friction for nearly a generation in our exhausting and thankless endeavour to improve the conditions of its subject populations. Finally the Turks themselves had become alarmed at the ruin threatening their country, and people and army combined to sweep away the old *régime* and to obtain a Constitution. The effect had been simply marvellous in Macedonia and Armenia, where peace and goodwill had replaced hatred, strife, and oppression. But "at this hopeful and critical moment has come the declaration of Bulgarian Independence, and the news that Austria is going to take over Bosnia and Herzegovina, while she renounces her rights over another portion of Turkish territory." Bulgaria had long enjoyed autonomy, and there was not much difference except a sentimental difference between autonomy and independence. Bosnia and Herzegovina had long been administered by Austria, "and the fact that Austria now has announced her intention of taking them over entirely for good is not such a very great material and practical change. But the manner in which this has been brought about is, to say the least of it, both irregular and abrupt." It was an alteration of the Treaty of Berlin without previous agreement with other Powers, "and, so far as I know, without any word in advance to Turkey, who is the Power most intimately concerned in the change." Our attitude would therefore be this: "We cannot recognise the right of any Power or State to alter an international treaty without the consent of the other parties to it. We cannot ourselves recognise the result of any such action till the other Powers have been consulted, including especially in this case Turkey, who is one of the other Powers most closely concerned, because, if it is to become the practice in foreign politics that any single Power or State can at will make abrupt violations of international treaties you will undermine public confidence with all of us." Sir Edward Grey significantly added that we should see no diminution of expenditure on armaments "if people live in apprehension that treaties can be constantly altered without the consent of all the Powers who are parties to them, and the risk, I feel, is this, that what already has been done may lead to further questions being raised, which would entail new complications." We should lose no time in assuring Turkey that in any revision of the Treaty of Berlin emancipating Powers or States such as Austria and Bulgaria from particular obligations "the interest and status of Turkey will receive full consideration and be adequately safeguarded." We desired "to give real and effective support to the progress of the new Government and Constitution in Turkey; and we shall use our influence to that end."

**Mr. Asquith's Reminder**

IT was the first time for many years that a British Foreign Minister had made a frankly Turkophil speech, and it was all the more notable on the lips of a Liberal. Its effect was emphasised by Mr. Asquith's felicitous treatment of the crisis the same evening at Levan. After a cordial tribute to the labours of the disinterested patriots who had transformed Turkey "almost within a week from an oppressed and misgoverned into a free and self-governing nation," he spoke of the hopeful situation as being suddenly and rudely disturbed. "The proclamation of independence by the Prince of Bulgaria and the almost simultaneous annexation by Austria-Hungary of Bosnia—*it is hardly possible to dissociate the two events* [our italics]—constitute together a severe blow at the new and still inchoate *régime.*" The British Premier added that "the existing territorial arrangements of the Turkish Empire are the result of solemn reciprocal engagements between the great Powers of Europe which are embodied in the Treaty of Berlin," and he aptly recalled the Protocol attached to the Treaty of London, 1871, to which Austria-Hungary was a party, expressly providing "that no Power can break its treaty engagements or modify their stipulations except by friendly agreement and with the assent of the other contracting parties." It was hardly necessary to point out that the Prince of Bulgaria—a creation of the Treaty of Berlin—had no power to alter his own status and that of his principality without the authority of the signatories of that Treaty, of whom Turkey was one. Under the circumstances our duty was plain, viz., to refuse to recognise these breaches until they had been regularised by general consent. "If there is to be a revision of the Treaty of Berlin, it cannot be all in one direction. We shall have no hesitation in giving assurances to Turkey that, so far as we are concerned, we shall do all in our power to see that her interests and status are fully considered and safeguarded. It is our earnest desire, on behalf of the people of this country, to show our sympathy with the new Government and with the progress and development of free institutions throughout the Turkish Empire." The policy propounded by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey was, is, and will remain the policy of Great Britain. It is so clear as to leave no room for misunderstanding, and any misunderstandings that may have arisen are due to the wilful misrepresentation of the opponents of that policy, which is moreover not a party policy, but a national policy. Lord Lansdowne, representing his Majesty's Opposition, is in complete agreement with his Majesty's Ministers.

**M. Isvolsky's Disclaimer**

IT would be difficult to exaggerate the salutary influence of these declarations both at home and abroad. They made the British people feel that a Government which, speaking generally, excites the maximum of distrust and the minimum of confidence, might yet be trusted to manage our foreign affairs with discretion and firmness, while for the time being they literally saved the situation in the Near East by showing Turkey that, so far from being forlorn and friendless, as her enemies had predicted, she had powerful allies who would insist upon justice. The resolute stand made by Great Britain against the treaty-wreckers, whose aggressions endangered the peace of Europe, as well as that of the Near East, besides imperilling good government in Turkey, produced a striking effect on Continental capitals, and caused a remarkable rally of "good Europeans," to quote the phrase continually cast in our teeth by Continental critics. It goes without saying that from the outset of the crisis our Government had been in close touch with the French Government, and it soon transpired that the Clemençeau Cabinet shared our views and policy. Happily, also, M. Isvolsky, the Russian Foreign Minister, arrived in Paris on the very day the storm burst, and at once dispelled the impudent *canards* circulated by the Ballplatz and the Wilhelmstrasse at his expense. He thus described his "complicity" in the Austro-Bulgarian plot:

> For forty-eight hours it was stated in the Press that Russia had given her approval to the projects of Austria. Here is the truth of the matter. When we were apprised—quite recently, I may add—by Baron von Aerenthal of the possibility, without the mention of any definite date, of the impending annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina, I explicitly told him that, from our point of view, this was a European question, and that such a violation of the Treaty of Berlin could only take place with the consent of the Powers signatory to this treaty. I added that this violation, disagreeable as it might be for Russia, would manifestly not constitute a *casus belli* between us and Austria, but that if those very Powers who had benefited by the Treaty of Berlin directly raised the question of that treaty again it was only to be expected that each of the interested Powers would insist upon the revision of those clauses of the treaty which it found burdensome.

M. Isvolsky declared that "assembled Europe alone has the competence to undo what was done by assembled Europe." The tone of the Russian Press, which has consistently discussed the larger issues of the crisis with knowledge and sagacity, left no shadow of doubt as to Russian opinion, which nowadays counts for a good deal in Russian policy. The *Novoe Vremya* took the lead in arguing in favour of the adoption by the Russian Government of a disinterested *rôle*, warning it against doing anything to promote a general scramble, and denouncing the policy of "compensation at Turkey's expense." In a memorable phrase the *Novoe Vremya* confessed that "the partitions of Poland and their compensations poisoned Russian history during the whole of the nineteenth century. That is the lesson we should not forget." While in another article the leading Russian journal declared that "Russia must not sell the Slav heritage for a mess of pottage."

**Russian Co-operation**

WE were clearly entitled to expect that Russia would associate herself with ourselves and France in sterilising the baneful operations of the treaty-wreckers, and in restraining great Powers from following Austria-Hungary's example and small Powers from imitating Bulgaria: Servia and Montenegro were dangerously excited by what had happened, and began formulating their claims and preparing to enforce them, while Crete renounced Turkish rule and proclaimed her annexation to Greece. It was high time to organise some international Police Force. The action of the British Government in sending our Mediterranean Fleet eastwards undoubtedly cooled many hotheads, stayed the scramble, and generally steadied the situation by showing the Turks that we were ready to make good our friendly assurances by action if necessary. The co-operation of Russia was a condition of the success of Anglo-French policy, and keen satisfaction was caused by the news that the Ambassadors of all three Powers had simultaneously presented Notes to the Porte refusing to recognise the recent infringements of the Berlin Treaty until the signatories had been consulted—action with which it was hoped Italy might associate herself. But unfortunately the Italian Foreign Minister, Signor Tittoni, had publicly boasted that he was "in the know," and that Italy might expect the reward of her acquiescence in Austria's action. When it subsequently transpired that Signor Tittoni had been duped by Baron von Aerenthal, and had nothing to show for betraying Italian interests, he was vigorously criticised, and under the pressure of public opinion the Italian Government has formally expressed disapproval of the breaches of the Treaty of Berlin. So long, however, as Signor Tittoni remains Foreign Minister, Italy will remain a mere satellite of Germany, but in the event of his attaining a position of greater freedom and less responsibility we might hope once more to find her with us, in which case Germany, of whom we need say nothing here, as her gyrations are abundantly discussed in an article entitled "A Crisis and a Moral," would probably, after her wont, leave the smaller and join the larger crowd. British newspapers of all persuasions have discussed the situation with knowledge and judgment, while, as we have seen, the Russian Press has played a momentous and honourable part in upholding the public law of Europe, and several French papers have shown an equally keen appreciation of the larger issues involved. But not all. The *Temps*, for instance, which is erroneously regarded by some of the Paris correspondents as a semi-official or inspired organ, whereas it is nothing of the kind, and nowadays practically never expresses the views of the Quai d'Orsay, has done its utmost to darken counsel by publishing wayward and mischievous articles and misleading Europe as to the policy of France, because foreigners insist on regarding it as something more than the mouthpiece of one clever but capricious young man.

**M. Isvolsky in London**

THE Russian Foreign Minister came from Paris to London on October 9, his visit being generally regarded as the turning-point of the crisis. It was in every respect a conspicuous success. As neither Russia, France, nor England had designs against anybody, and all three Powers were most anxious for the maximum support for their policy, they kept the Triple Alliance apprised of their negotiations. On the day the Russian Foreign Minister returned to Paris on his way to St. Petersburg, *viâ* Berlin, an authoritative statement was issued declaring:

> The exchange of views which has taken place between M. Isvolsky and Sir Edward Grey has resulted in a complete agreement as to what should be done to deal with the situation which has arisen in the Near East in consequence of recent events which have occurred there.
>
> For this purpose it is agreed that a Conference will be necessary. But, in order to be successful in reaffirming respect for the law of nations and making reparation to those who have been injured by the breach of international treaties, such a Conference should be limited in scope and confine itself to dealing with questions arising from the recent violation of the Treaty of Berlin.

The first object of the Conference must be the compensation of Turkey, on which point there appeared to be general agreement among the Powers.

> Provision will also have to be made for effectively strengthening the present *régime* in Turkey, which affords the best safeguard for the maintenance of peace; it is also to be hoped that means will be found to meet the reasonable wishes of the smaller Balkan States, with the proviso that this should not be done at the expense of Turkey; and there is good reason to believe that the Cretan question will be satisfactorily dealt with, though provisionally excluded from the scope of the Conference, as being in the first instance a question to be discussed with Turkey by the four Protecting Powers.

It was hoped that these views would, "by their moderation, reasonableness, and disinterestedness, recommend themselves to the acceptance of the signatory Powers of the Treaty of Berlin, with whom it is essential that there should be an informal exchange of ideas on the subject." The *Communiqué* ended as follows:

> There is no intention of submitting the question of the Straits to the Conference. It is a question in which Russia and Turkey are primarily concerned, and there is no desire on the part of the former to settle it in any sense hostile to Turkey or to seek for it as compensation, for Russia enters the Conference as one of the disinterested Powers.
>
> The subjects arising under the Anglo-Russian Convention have also come up for discussion, and the discussion has proved the identity of views between the two Ministers which promises to secure a continuance of the cordial and harmonious co-operation of the two Governments in the settlement of the Central Asian question.

Nothing could have been more satisfactory than this document, which could not be amplified until M. Isvolsky had completed his tour, and all the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin had had an opportunity of expressing their views on the Anglo-Franco-Russian proposals, when the final results of the negotiations would be given to the world. Most unfortunately there was simultaneously issued in Paris, through the machinations of some enemy of the Triple *Entente* and of the new *régime* in Turkey, a garbled account of our policy and proposals, which momentarily created a deplorable impression in Constantinople, leading the Turks to believe that we were not acting up to our professions.

**A Chance for Mischief-makers**

THIS inaccurate, unauthorised, obsolete, and misleading document, containing several propositions to which Great Britain never could or would be a party, because from the outset we have made the consent of Turkey the basis of our policy, adumbrated a Conference at which everybody's claims would be liquidated at the expense of the Ottoman Empire. No wonder there was consternation in

Constantinople, which had hitherto placed unbounded reliance in the Western Powers. It was, of course, promptly repudiated, but for the moment it served its purpose, and for the first time for a fortnight the semi-official apparatus of the Wilhelmstrasse recovered its spirits and worked in the old form. Directly Great Britain had shown any inclination towards a Conference, originally suggested by Russia and Turkey, as a convenient method of regularising the situation—not that we were ever enamoured of this particular procedure—it goes without saying that Germany, who had insisted on dragging Europe to Algeciras when there was no need for any Conference, pronounced against a Conference, and imagined that she would humiliate us by preventing its meeting. The German Press eagerly exploited the opportunity now afforded of making mischief between Great Britain and Turkey, who, as the *Vossische Zeitung* pointed out, had, judging by the garbled *Communiqué,* no ground to thank her British and Russian friends, and advised the Porte at all costs to avoid a Conference, while other organs recommended direct negotiations with Austria, Germany acting in her favourite *rôle* of honest broker—the one and only friend of both parties. The Vienna Press squeaked in unison with that of Berlin. We need hardly say, not being *agents provocateur* like Germany, that this country would be delighted were the Dual Monarchy inclined to reconsider her *non possumus* attitude and settle matters amicably with Turkey, though we may doubt the necessity for any honest broker. The same observation applies to Bulgaria, and the rumours of a possible settlement between Sofia and Constantinople caused lively satisfaction in London.

**From the "Daily Mail"**

IN her discouragement at what she deemed her desertion by professing friends, Turkey may have momentarily contemplated another solution. The rumoured calling out of the Bulgarian Reserves and the threatened mobilisation of Turkish army corps increased the general tension, which was only relieved by the intervention of outsiders, especially France, who induced both sides to hold their hands. Prince Ferdinand addressed a pacific letter to President Fallières declaring that nothing was further from his thoughts than war, and if the Prince's views were shared by the Principality we could take a fairly cheerful view of Bulgarian-Turkish relations. The mischief caused by the illicit *Communiqué*, which was traceable to no authorised British, French, or Russian source, and the impudent intrigues it provoked, were to a large extent counteracted by this admirable telegram, which the Editor of the *Daily Mail* patriotically addressed to the Turkish Press, giving a concise epitome of British policy:

> Sir,—In view of the agitation caused by the publication of an inaccurate version of the programme of the Conference as agreed upon by Great Britain, France, and Russia, and in view of the fact that there is no direct and independent service of news to Turkey, I venture to send you a personal and authoritative statement of the views held in this country:
>
> Great Britain is determined that nothing shall be done with her consent to endanger the Constitution and integrity of Turkey. The question of the Dardanelles, to which you, in common with ourselves, attach great importance, will not be raised at the Conference. This issue has, with the consent of Russia, been adjourned *sine die*, and may never be raised. Certainly Great Britain would not agree to any proposal that did not meet with the approval of Turkey, and would resist any pressure upon the Ottoman Government. With regard to Crete, the attitude of the British is clearly defined. The future of the island forms no part of the programme of the Conference. It will be discussed by the four protecting Powers, France, Russia, Italy, and Great Britain; but Great Britain will refuse her consent to any proposal that does not meet with the approval of Turkey. These two points, which appeared in the inaccurate "programme," have raised considerable antagonism, and seem to have created a suspicion that Great Britain cannot be depended upon to defend the interests of Turkey at the Conference. The statement I have made will, I hope, reassure Turkey on this point, and will strengthen the confidence of your people, not only in the friendliness of our efforts, but in the will and power of Great Britain to aid Turkey in her heroic efforts toward a free and enlightened government. Salutations. Editor, *The Daily Mail.*

**The Outlook**

At the time of going to press there seems to be a distinct *détente* in the situation, and the fact that with so much gunpowder lying about there has been no actual explosion is all to the good. Turkey has recovered her equanimity and her confidence in her friends, and with their hearty approval is endeavouring to ascertain informally whether Sofia and Vienna are inclined to give her satisfaction, the results of any "out of court" settlement to be formally submitted to the signatories of the Treaty of Berlin. But unfortunately the Bismarck of the Balkans, having got into the limelight, shows every intention of remaining there. From all we hear Baron von Aerenthal is a distinctly disquieting element in a complicated crisis. He has publicly pronounced against any Conference unless "the programme is definitely stated in advance, and corresponds with our views." In other words, there is to be no discussion of Austria's violation of the Treaty of Berlin, and *ex hypothesi* no compensation to Turkey! But it is by no means certain that Baron von Aerenthal's monopoly of the centre of the stage is pleasing to Germany, who is not accustomed to remain in the wings applauding an ally. She is beginning to ask herself where she comes in, and whether German interests in the Near East may not have to stand the racket of Austrian ambitions. Wilhelm II., who is understood to have pursued a personal policy apart from his own Foreign Office, emphatically supports Austria, while simultaneously blessing Turkey. Even if his views and those of the Wilhelmstrasse could be harmonised and combined in a common policy, the *rôle* of Germany would remain exceedingly difficult, as she is equally anxious to play up to Vienna, Constantinople, and St. Petersburg. She is believed to have her own solution of the Eastern question, viz., a war between Turkey and Bulgaria, but competent observers declare that she is not yet prepared for a general scrimmage; but Germany has chopped and changed so much that she probably does not know her own mind. The Emperor can hardly feel surprised that despite the eloquence he consecrates to the cause of peace he should be generally regarded as the principal source of European unrest.

**The Triple Entente**

WE need say nothing of one important aspect of the problem, viz., the internal condition of Turkey, which is ably dealt with by Mr. George Lloyd. That the new *régime* has survived the recent shocks argues a wonderful vitality, which will, we devoutly hope, continue to falsify the calculations of its Machiavelian enemies. The British Government are abundantly justified in supporting Turkey, and if in the past, to recall a historic phrase, we "put our money on the wrong horse," it looks this time, to continue the metaphor, as though we had "spotted a winner." There is necessarily always a certain risk in adopting and adhering to any line of foreign policy, but the risks of hesitation or wobbling are infinitely greater, and the manly and enlightened attitude of Sir Edward Grey, is the only sound one. For the moment financial assistance to Turkey would probably be the most welcome form of aid, and we trust there may be some foundation for the assertion of indignant Vienna newspapers that Great Britain is prepared to guarantee a Turkish loan, in conjunction with the other members of the Triple *Entente*. The Triple *Entente*, in fact, holds the key of the position. Its existence is the outstanding feature of the crisis, and a very solid gain to Europe, to say nothing of the opportunity afforded to its members of setting themselves right with the entire Mohammedan world—an incalculable advantage to Russia, France, and Great Britain in more than one sphere of policy. The loyal and intimate co-operation of these Powers, whose combination threatens the legitimate interests of no other nation, offers the only serious chance of preserving the public law of Europe, of securing the reformed *régime* in Turkey, and of maintaining peace. They may not unreasonably hope for the ultimate co-operation of Italy, whose interests are identical with theirs—interests which she cannot afford to have compromised by that excessive *finesse* which is the bane of a certain type of Italian statesmanship.

**Home Affairs**

HOME politics have been tedious and trivial during the past month, but we cannot help feeling that this tedium and triviality are partly the fault of leading politicians on both sides of the House, who, speaking generally, discuss questions in an inverse proportion to their importance. As a consequence the gulf between the House of Commons and the intelligent public is steadily widening. It might have been imagined by persons unversed in Parliamentary psychology that directly the Legislature reassembled (October 12) after the Recess the Leader of the Opposition would rise in his place and ask the Prime Minister to allay the great and growing anxiety among all classes of the community as to our endangered naval supremacy by announcing the intentions of the Cabinet. Had Mr. Asquith on any pretext refused to respond to this reasonable request it might have been anticipated by the same innocents that Mr. Balfour would have insisted on moving the adjournment of the House in order to call attention to "a definite matter of urgent public importance," because if there is any matter which is at once definite and important it is the security of the country, which is urgent to every patriotic Englishman—a type conspicuous by its absence from the House of Commons, or at any rate conspicuous by its silence. Needless to say, nothing of the kind occurred. Nor did the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, who is the *de facto* ruler of that assembly, make any move. The historian of our times will record that on the meeting of Parliament in the critical autumn of 1908 the attention of all political parties was exclusively absorbed in the Licensing Bill and the Children Bill—*i.e.*, the right of men and women to drink and the right of small boys to smoke. It would be incredible if it were not true. The Licensing Bill is a purely partisan measure, aimed at a trade which is believed to vote Tory. The sincerity of its authors may be gathered from their proceedings during the past month, which have confessedly made the Bill incomprehensible to Parliament as well as to the public. We do not propose to trouble our readers with any discussion of a measure impossible to make head or tail of, which has, moreover, no chance of reaching the Statute Book in the form in which it will leave the House of Commons. The Children Bill is one of those unimpeachable projects of which little is heard after they become law.

**Unemployment**

THE President of the Board of Trade's significant admission that, "according to his information, there was at present more unemployment in this country than in Germany," besides making several of his colleagues look supremely ridiculous, necessitates the destruction of much Cobdenite literature, and puts an end to a wearisome controversy. Those who care for the truth have long realised that just as Protectionist Germany secured the best of the recent "boom," so Free Trade England was having the worst of the present slump. During the good years Germany advanced by leaps and bounds, not merely in figures, but in wealth, while our prosperity was more superficial than real, and was confined to a few lucky trades and localities, and even in these the increase of wages was derisory. The German people are consequently in an infinitely stronger position to face bad times than we are, and the grotesque scenes in several of our towns would be impossible in Germany, where unemployment has never got beyond manageable proportions. Here the situation is serious because the distress is widespread and acute. With nearly 10 per cent. of the members of the Trade Unions making returns to the Board of Trade, "Out of work," we can form some idea of the conditions in the unskilled and casual labour market, even if we reject Mr. Keir Hardie's sensational estimate that the total unemployed population is over six millions. No one has shown how Socialism would cure unemployment, the only intelligible remedy for which is Tariff Reform; but even Tariff Reform is not a cure, and Tariff Reformers should be careful not to promise too much, for fear of raising false hopes and provoking a dangerous reaction when they most require the support of the nation for carrying "the first constructive work of the Unionist Party." Mr. Asquith proposes certain palliatives, which will no doubt be of some temporary use as far as they go. But they will not go very far, and necessarily do not touch the heart of the problem, which lies in the development of production, and the automatic increased demand for labour. Let us, however, be grateful to Mr. John Burns, who is the object of the ceaseless intrigues of such *mauvais coucheurs* as Messrs. Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, and the target for the abuse and derision of the Radical Press, from the *Westminster Gazette* to the *Nation*, for saving the country the disastrous experiment of a Special Relief Rate, which would have aggravated the situation by swelling the ranks of the unemployed. We note that our modern Cardwell, Mr. Haldane, who has contributed his share to the congestion of the labour market by reducing our Regular Army, is now prepared to re-enlist his victims in the Special Reserve.

**Unionist Prospects**

THE figures of the by-election at Newcastle, where a Radical majority of 7000 was converted into a minority of 2000, which were announced after we had gone to Press last month, show that his Majesty's Ministers are going the way of all Governments. We believe the Unionist poll would have been even larger, but for the intervention of a Socialist candidate, who bisected the anti-Ministerial vote. The country is evidently weary of Mr. Asquith and his colleagues, and before very long the Unionist Party may be afforded another opportunity of showing its statesmanship. Though we yield to no one in our anxiety to see an end of the present *régime*, which is playing ducks and drakes with our national defences, disturbing confidence, and weakening our resources by menacing speeches and fatuous legislation, we cannot pretend to feel greatly elated by the vision of their successors. Any Unionist Cabinet formed to-day or to-morrow would substantially consist of the old gang in the old places. One of the hopeful symptoms on our side is the appearance in the *Morning Post* (October 12) of a remarkable paper on Unionist policy, the collective handiwork of several responsible and influential Unionists which may be regarded as "the unauthorised programme" of the Opposition. Thanks to the courtesy of our contemporary, we are enabled to reproduce this paper—whose authors we shall not insult by describing it as "statesmanlike"—and we do not hesitate to do so, because of its intrinsic merits and its extrinsic importance. It shows that amid much dry-rot, there is a stirring of ideas among the progressive portion of the Party, and that we can command the services of public men capable of evolving a progressive constructive policy which by its very moderation would secure the support of many who are alarmed by programmes of so-called Social Reform. In fact, if this manifesto errs it is on the side of moderation. In some respects we should be prepared to go further. The old gang are incapable of carrying out any such policy, and a root-and-branch reform of the higher *personnel* of the Unionist Party remains among the most urgent needs of the day. * * * Our copious treatment of the Near Eastern crisis, which is charged with tremendous possibilities, has necessitated our neglecting many interesting topics—*e.g.*, the visit of the United States Fleet to Japan, which was in every way a brilliant success; the introduction of the Australian Defence Bill, founded on the principle of Universal Compulsory Service, into the Commonwealth Parliament; to say nothing of the great Church Congress at Manchester, distinguished by the remarkable address of the Bishop of Manchester, and Sir Christopher Furness's interesting offer to make his employés his partners, as also a certain amount of minor Ministerial reshuffling, exciting to all Tapers and Tadpoles, necessitated by the retirement of Lord Ripon, presumably on account of the Government's treatment of the Eucharistic Congress. Abroad the most striking event was M. Delcassé's effective onslaught on the French Minister of Marine, M. Thomson, which necessitated the retirement of that Minister. Whatever may be the case in this country, the French are not prepared to trifle with their national security.

# THE POLITICAL EVOLUTION OF THE HUNGARIAN NATION

BY

THE HON. C. M. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN

"THE POLITICAL EVOLUTION OF THE HUNGARIAN NATION" has the distinction of being the work of one of the very few Englishmen who have made a special study of Hungarian literature.

The Hungarians have often complained of the erroneous idea entertained by Englishmen as to the relations of Hungary to Austria, but hitherto have done little to facilitate the formation of a sounder judgment than can be formed by the study of exclusively German sources, which intentionally obscure the facts of past history and deliberately misrepresent the motives which actuate contemporary Hungarian statesmen. The late Mr. Gladstone's unfortunate reference to the Magyars by way of justification for his Home Rule Bill showed complete ignorance of the historical basis of Hungary's position in the dual monarchy. No wonder, therefore, if the vast majority of readers, to whom the works of Magyar historical and political authorities are necessarily unknown, believe that the Pragmatic Sanction did no more than provide for the succession of Maria Theresa to the Austrian throne; that the war of 1848 was the result of a revolution fomented by Kossuth with a view to the severance of all connexion with the Habsburg dynasty; and that the so-called Compromise of 1867 conferred a certain measure of autonomy on a subordinate province of the Austrian Empire. Comparatively few are aware that the Hungarian Constitution is as old as, or older than, its British counterpart, and that it had crystallised more or less into its present form long before the inception of the Habsburg connexion. The history of Hungary since the formation of that connexion is the story of an incessant struggle to avoid incorporation in the autocratically governed hereditary provinces of the Archdukes of Austria, and consequent germanisation. For centuries Hungary was the "bulwark and shield of Christendom," the buffer State between it and Turkish barbarism; it was the "wedge" driven between the northern and southern Slavs, but for which the Russian Empire would long ago have extended to the shores of the Adriatic. Its utility is by no means exhausted. German ambitions, officially disavowed, but none the less existent, make the existence of a strong State in the basin of the Danube more essential than ever.

After summarising the various theories as to the origin of the Magyars, the book traces the gradual development of the Hungarian Constitution, explains the circumstances which led to the importation of the House of Habsburg, and indicates the nature of the contract between the Magyars and the new dynasty, and the method in which such contract was performed by successive Kings. The nature and effect of the Pragmatic Sanction and of subsequent legislation on the relations of Hungary to Austria are fully explained. Hungary's gradual loss of the essential features of independence, its struggle to maintain them, and the great national revival, with which the names of Széchenyi, Kossuth, and Deák are connected, which culminated in the so-called revolution of 1848, are thoroughly dealt with. The tragedy of Hungary's fight for freedom, the long years of despotism, and the ultimate triumphant vindication of historic rights, form, for the general reader, perhaps the most interesting part of the work, which concludes with a clear statement of the details of the Compromise of 1867, and with a discussion of the most important questions of modern Hungarian politics, of the military and financial relations of Hungary to Austria, of the condition and aims of the subordinate nationalities, and of the effect which the realisation of such aims would have on the balance of power in Europe—questions which no Englishman who takes an intelligent interest in foreign politics and in the future of the Continent can afford to ignore.

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attached to it by contemporary authorities. The later chronicles do no refer to it, neither is it mentioned by Bonfini; and the fact is that it failed in its purpose, and practically was a dead letter till, three hundred years later, the *Jus Tripartitum* of Verbőczy gave it a posthumous celebrity.

It is an entire mistake to suppose, as many apparently do, that Hungary became a constitutional monarchy by virtue of the Golden Bull. The Bull was, in the first place, the charter of the liberties of the lesser nobles, that is to say, of the mass of the nation—a confirmation or re-affirmation, as clearly appears from the text, of existing rights and of the old established principle of the equality of all Magyar freemen. In the second place, it was intended not to circumscribe the royal power, but to strengthen and protect it against the effects of its own feebleness; to restore its former prestige, and revive the authority which the encroachments of the oligarchy had diminished. The essential difference between this document and the Charter, which made King John exclaim, "By God's teeth, I will not grant them liberties which will make me a slave," is apparent; but the points of resemblance are equally striking; and if Hallam's words are true, that the Magna Charta is still the keystone of English liberty, that all that has since been obtained is little more than a confirmation or a commentary, and that if every subsequent law were to be swept away there would remain the bold features that distinguish a free from a despotic monarchy, a similar eulogium may be claimed for the Golden Bull. The document in question is a true charter, granted by the King without reference to the council, the prelates, or the nobles. It consists of a preamble, which explains the circumstances of its origin, and of thirty-one articles, of which the more important are set out below.[1]

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[1] For the full text see Marczali, *Enchiridion Fontium*, p. 133 *sqq*.

# ON THE EVE

> "Tel est chez nous l'affaiblissement du patriotisme, de la fierté nationale, que l'on ne veut même pas savoir ce qui se passe chez nos actifs et implacables ennemis."—General Ducrot, to his brother, 1869.

The most critical moment in the history of the British nation is drawing near. In the next few weeks and months it will be determined whether the British Navy—the only force which stands between the Empire and destruction—is to be sacrificed once more to the foolish and short-sighted demands of the pacifists. The command of the sea is trembling in the balance. The next British naval programme will show whether it is to be secured for the British Navy or to be allowed to pass for a century into the strong and determined hands of Germany. An issue has arisen such as confronted France in the years between 1866 and 1870. The question for France was whether she should increase her army and thus prevent the attack which her clearest-sighted sons saw that Prussia was preparing to make and which could only be averted by superior French armaments. The question for England is whether she will restore her navy to the two-Power standard, which for the past four years has been abandoned, and whether she will subordinate every secondary interest to the paramount demands of national security. Strong men are required at the Admiralty for such a policy, for only strong men will dare to state the Navy's true needs. Strong men are needed in the Government to support the Admiralty and provide it with the immense sums which will unquestionably be required, if British naval supremacy is to be placed above doubt and danger. Are there such men in either quarter? We well may ask. The immediate future will show.

Mr. Asquith last March gave a pledge which was regarded by some as satisfactory, to this effect: "The Government . . . will provide (in 1909) not only for a sufficient number of ships, but also for such a date for laying down those ships that . . . the superiority of the Germans will not be an established fact." On close examination, however, this pledge means very little. It was elicited by Mr. Balfour's proof that, on existing programmes, Germany may have thirteen "Dreadnoughts" complete at the end of 1911 to the British twelve. So that the laying down of two British "Dreadnoughts" early next year would prevent the "superiority of the Germans" from becoming "an established fact." Yet with fourteen British "Dreadnoughts" to thirteen German, the chances of British success would be at least doubtful. The German ships, with one exception, carry a much heavier armament than the British, and it is perfectly conceivable that in battle this advantage would secure them victory even against odds—in mist or at night their auxiliary batteries of 6·7 in. guns give them a great superiority. The smallest preponderance which would give reasonable prospect of a British victory is one of three ships to two, and this means that seven "Dreadnoughts" must be provided early next year. Unless I am misinformed—and it will be admitted that in the past my information on such heads has generally proved correct—no such programme is intended. The fleet will once more be stinted of funds: only two millions, instead of ten millions will be added to the estimates; and the Admiralty will be met by the politicians with the question how the balance of power can suddenly have changed, and how its own boasts to the effect that the British strength is four times the German can be explained away.*

A further indication of such intentions on the part of the Ministry is afforded by the speeches of Mr. McKenna and Mr. L. Harcourt. Mr. McKenna will not build ships because they may grow obsolete. So far as the First Lord of the Admiralty is concerned, the British Government is to sit still until a perfect battleship which cannot be superseded is produced. This is like the conduct of the rustic who waited for the river to flow by, yet the ingenuous sentiment was warmly applauded by a Welsh audience. In the meantime Germany is to be left to build ships which may not be perfect, but which will be powerful enough to wrest from the obsolete British Navy the command of the sea. Such counsel of procrastination will awaken alarm in every thinking mind. It contrasts sadly with Bismarck's determination to give the German fighting forces the best available weapon of the moment, instead of delaying to obtain perfection. But Bismarck was a statesman, and modern England is ruled by politicians.

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* In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. H. Spender has suggested bribing Germany not to attack us, by making a commercial agreement with her. The same writer has declared that the next Liberal Budget can only be liquidated by cutting down the Navy and Army still further. Apparently he would desire the weakening of the British Navy to accompany the virtual destruction of the *entente* with France. Such is the patriotism of Liberal journalists!

Mr. Harcourt's utterance is not more re-assuring. He has, however, finally laid to rest the misleading report that the British Government intends to secure British naval supremacy by floating a large loan to be devoted to naval construction, and for the destruction of optimistic illusions we may be thankful. There will be no loan, and therefore it is certain that there will be no large programme, since the Government cannot find the money for the Navy by taxation, confronted as it is by the certainty of a "stunning deficit." Mr. Harcourt tells us, indeed, that British Naval superiority will be maintained by "building the sufficient but the minimum number of ships," yet the phrase is one to inspire concern rather than comfort. For "minimum" means the barest possible allowance; it means the suppression of the margin of safety; it means a fleet which optimists may believe to be just adequate, but which the unexpected emergencies of war may prove to be far below the needs of a prolonged and difficult campaign. Japan in one day lost one third her total battleship force from mines. What would happen to the British Fleet if the minimum standard had been provided and such a disaster befell our scanty allowance of battleships?

Moreover there is a great mass of evidence to prove that the Admiralty strategy on which this "minimum" is based is conceived on false lines, and that the experts have made no proper allowance for the claims of war. The failure to concentrate the British forces in the North Sea in time of peace is an indication that there is something wrong at headquarters, especially as it is accompanied by the division of those forces into a number of weak fleets, so that British admirals are not gaining experience in handling large masses of ships. Lord Charles Beresford's appeal, after the manœuvres, to be allowed to exercise the Channel Fleet with the Home Fleet so as to gain such experience, was curtly refused. This suggests that Whitehall does not understand the real difficulties which will arise in the naval battle of the future. Its conduct is precisely that of a football committee which should bid its captain to train and practice with only six men, and then expect him to win in matches with fifteen men, nine of whom were recruits strange to him. Another and not less significant indication is the Admiralty's decision to leave British commerce to protect itself. In his memorandum on the National Guarantee for the War Risks of Shipping, Sir George Clarke, who is probably one of our ablest strategists and certainly a close student of the history of the past, has written:

> It was plainly intimated [by the Admiralty] that the whole force of our fleet ought to be brought to bear upon the fleet of an enemy in war, and that no special arrangements to safeguard commerce would be made, at least in the early stages. I REGARD SUCH STRATEGY AS MISCONCEIVED, AND NOT SUPPORTED BY THE EXPERIENCE OF WARS IN WHICH OUR COMMERCE HAS BEEN AT STAKE. Unquestionably the primary object must be to defeat or assert full control over the enemy's fleet, but OUR NAVAL STRENGTH SHOULD BE SUCH AS TO PROVIDE, IN ADDITION, MEANS OF AFFORDING SOME DIRECT PROTECTION TO COMMERCE AT THE VERY OUTSET OF WAR.

He dwelt on the unsatisfactory character of some of the naval evidence, and it is upon such evidence that the plan of campaign, such as it is, has been framed. Thus, we know on good authority that (1) the needs of commerce have been overlooked by the present Admiralty, and (2) that, where the evidence on which the Admiralty relies has been checked by a competent thinker, it is not satisfactory. Could there be a more crushing condemnation of the system by which the strength of the Navy is tested at headquarters? Sir George holds that the Admiralty strategy will be followed " by a disturbance in the insurance market of which we can form no adequate idea, and that this disturbance will react upon our whole economic structure with grave results." And this, let me remind Mr. Harcourt, is not the talk of some " half-craven, half-Chauvinist alarmist of the Yellow Press," but the verdict of an ex-secretary of the Committee of Defence, with unique opportunities for obtaining information. The Admiralty " minimum " is insufficient to protect the nation's shipping, and

British supplies of raw material and food. Can we feel certain that it is sufficient to destroy or neutralise the enemy's battle-fleet, or that in other directions a margin has been left for possible errors and miscalculations, especially when we remember that in 1905 this same Admiralty declared the annual construction of four "Dreadnoughts" necessary for strategic reasons, and yet in 1908 is only constructing two?

We shall no doubt be told that the experts report that everything is for the very best, and that the British preparations are complete and perfect. Putting the question of material force aside for the moment, Mr. Harcourt might be reminded that the "experts" told Napoleon III. the same story on the eve of 1870, and that untested assertions are worthless. In 1869, Marshal Niel, the French Minister of War, said to the Council of State, "You ask me if we are ready. We are ready to such a degree that one must be thrice wise not to declare war." In the Senate he said, "We can never be surprised; our army can be readily mobilised, and it will be wanting in nothing." To the Budget Commission he said, "We have foreseen everything; we are quite ready." To the Corps Legislatif he said, "To-day whether the question is peace or war matters nothing to the Minister of War. He is always ready." Yet month after month warnings were reaching him—from Colonel Stöffel at Berlin, from General Ducrot at Strasburg—that in eleven days Prussia could throw upon France 500,000 men, whereas it would take France eleven weeks to muster such a force. Ducrot pointed out that the French plan of campaign was radically defective. No one listened to him. He was a mere alarmist, and was bidden to hold his tongue. "Vainly," he wrote in one of his letters, which applies with singular force to the present situation in England, "do our statesmen affect a superb confidence; vainly they repeat in every kind of tone that all is for the best in the best of worlds; the nation does not share, and cannot share, this fatal optimism. Instinctively it sees the danger which a foolish improvidence every day renders more redoubtable."

Mr. Harcourt considers it the most reasonable thing in the world for Germany to embark upon gigantic naval programmes. Is this the settled belief of the Government? In that case, why did it go to The Hague Conference with suggestions virtually addressed to Germany that she should diminish her armaments?

If Germany's action is right and reasonable, then the Government was guilty of a grotesque tactical blunder, for it so managed as to convey to every German the idea that it did not regard the German programmes as right and reasonable, but as menacing to the welfare of Europe. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's famous article in the *Nation* could have no other meaning, though we are told by Mr. Harcourt that such an idea indicates the "diseased imagination of an inferior mind." But now, to excuse their own neglect of all precautions, British Ministers have been reduced to the *rôle* of justifying the German preparations, and asserting that these are purely for defensive purposes. That is a task which it would have been better to leave to the servants of the Emperor William.

The point, however, is one which merits some examination. It must first be observed that any force intended for defence is capable of being used for offence. This is a mere truism, so that it need not be emphasised. But against whom is the German Navy being strengthened to protect Germany? Not against France, for France has almost ceased building large ships, and her Navy is still suffering from Camille Pelletanism. The French naval expenditure remains at about £12,500,000, whereas the German naval expenditure next year will rise to over £20,000,000. For the years 1906–1909 Germany has sanctioned the construction of thirteen "Dreadnoughts," and France of six. On land Germany is immensely superior in force to her neighbour, and can place four men in line to the French three. Her military outlay is this year over £44,000,000, whereas the French is only £33,000,000. No one disputes the superiority of Germany in armaments. It cannot, therefore, be to defend herself against France that Germany is arming. As for Russia, the Russian Navy ceased to exist in 1905, a few months before Germany introduced one of her mammoth Navy Acts; and the Russian Army is markedly inferior in organisation, rapidity of mobilisation, and the all-important fighting qualities to the German. It thus cannot be for defence against Russia that Germany is building a huge fleet. There remains her neighbour Austria, but Austria is bound to Germany by a close alliance, and is so much the weaker Power that any idea of an Austrian attack would be received even in Germany with derision. It is true that Sir Oliver Lodge has an idea that the German Navy is being created to attack Austria, partition her, and seize her Mediterranean territories; yet such a scheme would hardly be called "defence," even by Mr. Harcourt, and to urge it as an excuse for German armaments is imputing the very blackest treachery and ingratitude to the Emperor William. A Power capable of meditating such a policy would be more dangerous than a mad dog, and, if it found a favourable opportunity, might be expected to fall upon any weak State. Contemplated treason to a German ally is scarcely a motive to inspire confidence in German good-will to England.

That the German preparations are not directed against the United States is shown by the policy of the German Government, which is to fawn upon the Republic and in season and out of season to preach the great ideal of a German-American alliance—directed against England. It is also proved by the limited coal capacity of the vast majority of German ships. This all-important strategic fact excludes Japan from the list of possible enemies, and renders it certain that the German weapon is being forged for use against some Power geographically near at hand to Germany.

By a process of exhaustion we arrive, then, at the conclusion that it is against England that Germany is preparing to defend herself. But if England had intended to attack her neighbour, the attack would have been delivered years ago, when the British Navy really was what the British Admiralty pretends that it is now, four times the German strength. If there were any foundation for Germany's alleged fears, the British Navy would not have been reduced and weakened. To state the British and German programmes of the past three years is to demonstrate the absurdity of the idea that England meditates aggression.

England.

| | Battleships. | Armoured Cruisers. | Destroyers. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1906 | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| 1907 | 3 | 0 | 5 |
| 1908 | 1 | 1 | 16 |
| | 7 | 1 | 23 |

Germany.

| | Battleships. | Armoured Cruisers. | Destroyers. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1906 | 2 | 1 | 12 |
| 1907 | 2 | 1 | 12 |
| 1908 | 3 | 1 | 12 |
| | 7 | 3 | 36 |

Germany lays down seven battleships,* superior in fighting qualities to the British seven; three armoured cruisers to the British one; thirty-six destroyers to the British twenty-three. Any impartial witness, not a British Cabinet Minister, would conclude from this table that it was England who needed to defend herself against Germany, and not Germany against England. The British programmes fall; the German programmes rise. Deeds are more important than words, and deeds demonstrate beyond all possibility of controversion that England, the Power supposed to be preparing an attack, is steadily weakening her forces.

But Germany has no need of a fleet to protect herself against England. Her army is of such overwhelming strength that she has nothing to fear from the British Navy except some temporary interference with her shipping. The British Fleet cannot reach her coast-towns or menace her harbours, for the idea that British submarines can rush the German ports is not accepted by any of those who have studied the German defences or who know the precautions which will be taken in war to guard against the submarine. German food and raw material could be imported with perfect impunity during war through Holland, Belgium, Russia, Austria, and even France, though it must be noted in passing that a very large part of the food Germany consumes is produced at home. No, the scale of the German naval armaments, the immense sums devoted to them, and the fact that they are in part being financed by loans prove that Germany is building her fleet for offensive operations, and that the moment for such operations is in the belief of her statesmen now not far distant. Such a conclusion is supported by the preamble of the German Navy Act of 1900, which declares that "Germany must have a Navy of such strength that even for the strongest naval Power, a war with her would involve such risks as to imperil its own supremacy." It is supported by the declaration of the Hamburg *Neuste Nachrichten* which appeared on the day after the text of the Navy Bill of 1908 was published: "Henceforth the policy of the Imperial Navy is to act strictly on the offensive. The time is now seasonable so to augment our fleet as to render it capable of engaging the mightiest Navy with a good chance of success."

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* She has in addition already given orders to two private firms for two of the battleships of the 1909 programme, so that these may be rapidly built.

Liberal statesmen in England have countenanced the view that it is wrong for this country to spend more upon its Navy than it did in 1897. If this reasoning has any force it must apply also to Germany. In 1897 the British outlay on the Navy, excluding non-effective votes, which do not appear in the German estimates, was £19,700,000. In 1908 it stands at £29,700,000, so that there has been an increase of exactly £10,000,000. The German estimates for 1897 were £5,750,000; for 1909 they are to be £20,200,000, plus an extra vote of £500,000 for submarines and an additional vote for "Indomitables" which may be demanded. There has thus been an advance in the German expenditure of £15,000,000 or more. In 1897 the British Estimates were more than three times the German; in 1909 it can be safely predicted that they will be far less than twice the German expenditure, though as the result of compulsory service in Germany, and systematic programmes, which tell the armour-plate maker and the shipbuilder what to expect, each £1 in Germany goes as far as 30*s.* in England. Allow for these two factors, and it will be seen that Germany is getting for her £20,000,000 the same value as England would obtain for £30,000,000. On armaments of all kinds Germany will next year spend nearly £70,000,000, in addition to exacting compulsory service from her able-bodied citizens. England is spending £59,000,000 in 1908, though the British citizen is permitted to shirk his duty and though the British Estimates are inflated by the enormous cost of voluntary service. England has as the result of her outlay a total of 184,000 seamen in active service and in the reserves of her Navy, and 280,000 trained men in her Army (omitting the troops in India, which are paid for by that country, but including the British reserves). Germany has 120,000 seamen and reservists for her fleet, and three million trained men for her army. Yet we are told that Germany is increasing these prodigious totals for purposes of pure defence against England.

Throughout Ministers' speeches runs the assumption that the British naval forces are to-day in such a position of superiority that nothing is to be feared. Men who have no claim to special knowledge and who talk in this strain should produce evidence to support their assertions—evidence which will stand investigation. Yet it is not a very reassuring thought that when an inquiry into the strength and adequacy of the Navy was called for by certain public-spirited journals, the Sea-Lords, who tamely swallowed successive enormous reductions in the naval programmes, threatened to hand in their resignations. The proposed inquiry was not to have been public, so that no secrets could have been revealed. It was not to have been a party move, for the action of the late Unionist Government would have been investigated as well as that of the present Ministry. The Liberal Government on this issue supported the Sea-Lords. The only conclusion can be that the Government and the Admiralty feared that a secret commission would detect a state of unpreparedness—such as existed in France in 1869—or serious mistakes in the plans of campaign, and agreed to prevent any inquiry.

There is no sign in the North Sea that the British Navy possesses any great superiority in effective force to even a single navy. In September, the Channel fleet was at Scarborough with only six battleships. At the same time, the Home fleet was in the north of Scotland with but ten battleships, and these of four different types. The two fleets were hundreds of miles apart. At the date when they lay weak and divided on the British coast, the German High Sea fleet was exercising with sixteen modern battleships, homogeneous and of but two different types, concentrated, and able to strike had the word been given. It was practising on a large scale the disembarkation of troops, when suddenly and secretly it steamed to Heligoland in the North Sea, and was reinforced to a strength of eighteen battleships. Was there a thought of a sudden attack? In the opinion of many officers of the British Navy, the Channel Fleet under such conditions would have been overwhelmed, had there been a sudden attack. The Home Fleet would then have been an easy prey, isolated, weak and indifferently trained as it is in the continuous fleet-manœuvring which is required for success in battle at sea. In destroyers, the German flotillas were markedly superior to the British during this period, both in the number of units ready in the North Sea and in the speed of those units. Again in October during the Balkan crisis the Channel Fleet was at Invergordon with but six battleships, four armoured cruisers and eleven destroyers, and the bunkers of these ships were half empty, and there were no colliers and no coal within reach. It is true that ten battleships of the Home Fleet were also at Cromarty, but these had never been exercised with the Channel Fleet, and half of them were manned with nucleus crews, in no condition to fight. And this is the sort of security which leads Mr. Harcourt to thank his Creator that the British nation is not organised for war! Behind the weak fleets is no sort of preparation for defence. The ports are unprotected; the mines have been removed; the Territorial Army is only in process of formation, and if its diminutive units were called upon in an emergency, it would be found that the men had no ammunition on the spot. To offer such temptation to a Power whose military party is so omnipotent, is simply criminal, and the British admirals and ministers who are responsible for this policy are at once the true artificers of naval panics and the real cause of international friction.

The mischievous results of the Cabinet's weakness, indecision, and foolish and unstatesmanlike utterances as, for example, that Germany is building battleships out of pure benevolence, are now being seen in the renewed naval agitation in that country. The Navy Act of 1908 was carefully framed to go as far as was possible without alarming the British nation. It was introduced when the German Emperor was a guest in England—a fact which Germans held would prevent criticism, and which did weigh with a large portion of the British Press. It was neglected by the British Cabinet, scarcely mentioned in Parliament, and pooh-poohed by the British Admiralty. The inspired Press scoffed at all who saw in it a menace to British safety. Thus the aim of Germany was perfectly attained—so perfectly that the German Admiralty began almost at once to repent that it had not asked for more. During the debates on the Act, Admiral Tirpitz hinted that he would readily augment the navy yet further if pressed to do so. It was thought best, however, to let the British Government entangle itself in the slough of non-contributory old age pensions before the German Navy League made any decided move, and it was not until the end of September that the new programme was sprung upon Germany in the shape of a series of resolutions by the German Navy

League. These call for the immediate construction of six battleship-cruisers of the improved "Indomitable" class, and for the permanent provision of half-crews for the reserve division of the fleet. Germany is to have seventeen battleships fully manned, and seventeen half-manned plus twenty "Indomitables." There is not a soul outside the British Cabinet but knows that these demands have been framed by the German Admiralty and have the support of the German Government. At the head of the German Navy League is Admiral von Koester, until two years ago the chosen war admiralissimo of the whole German navy and inspector of that navy. His relations with the Government will be understood when I add that he is still the confidential adviser of the German Admiralty.

It is well that we should examine what these plans really mean—for that they will be carried out if England remains inert and the British Cabinet make no reply, no one who has studied the history of the Navy League propaganda in Germany will doubt. In 1904 and 1905 the Navy League called for more destroyers and for monster battleships in place of small ones. In 1906 the Government obliged with the Navy Act of that year. In 1906 the Navy League proclaimed that the size of the German armoured cruisers must be yet further increased. In 1907 the Government complied. In 1907 the Navy League insisted that the building rate must be raised from three large armoured ships to four; in 1908 the Government obeyed. Either then the Navy League is gifted with the power of swaying the Government or the Government uses the Navy League as its pilot-engine, to clear the road. The number of German "Dreadnoughts" to be laid down in 1909–11 under the existing programme is twelve, or four per annum, and of the four for 1909 two have been already ordered. If six "Indomitables" are added to the twelve, we have a total of eighteen, which gives a building rate of six "Dreadnoughts" per annum, or thrice the present British rate, and this again means an annual shipbuilding outlay of £12,000,000 (nearly twice the British outlay in the present year) and annual effective estimates of nearly £30,000,000 or more than the effective expenditure of England. To understand the immensity of these proposals we should recall the fact that the prodigious effort which the British Government and Admiralty are going to make in 1909 means at the most the laying down of six ships and more probably, of only five. If the principle of meeting each German "Dreadnought" by two British ships of corresponding design (the two keels to one theory) still holds—and Admiralty spokesmen were insisting early this year that it is the only safe rule—then the British Navy must in the first place begin thirty-six "Dreadnoughts" between 1909 and 1911 to meet the eighteen German ships which would be laid down in that period, and over and above these thirty-six, build some eight additional "Dreadnoughts" to supply the number of keels required to provide the proportion of two to one against the German ships now building—a mass of forty-four "Dreadnoughts." Of course that number of vessels could not be constructed in this country in three or four years, and British finances are in no condition to supply the sum needed to build them. But such is the situation towards which the British Navy is drifting, as the result of the apathy of the nation and the press, the surrenders of the Sea Lords and the deplorable finance of the Cabinet.

The point, too, is near at hand when these vast German armaments, which are proceeding with no reply from England, will disturb the financial and industrial position. The great financiers are people who can judge the risks run by a country with a weak navy in the face of such a force as Germany is creating. Their investments will be withdrawn before the general public has taken alarm; a steady and gradual fall in all British securities will be witnessed, and the stocks which will suffer most at the outset will be Consols, and those which depend most closely upon the national credit. The rate of interest in England will rise, because the security offered will not be good, and because there will be always the danger of war, riot, and invasion. Any rise in the rate of interest in England, which is not common to the rest of the world, will tell with deadly force on British commerce and business. In these days of small profits and high tariffs it is difficult enough for the British manufacturer to hold his own. But if he has to pay in addition to gigantic taxation for Old Age Pensions and other social schemes, an extra 1 per cent. on every £100 that he borrows, he may well be expected to give up the game. Thus the mere existence of the Naval danger will retard the economic development of the United Kingdom, and year by year weaken its industrial position. It is, indeed, a question whether the perception of such a risk is not in large part responsible for the lamentable state of most British securities. The investor is more and more refusing to touch them, and shipping his savings abroad. If the City were interrogated and chose to tell the facts, its words would be an eye-opener to British Ministers. The prospect of having to pay the enemy an indemnity of five or six hundred millions in addition to the fearful cost of an unsuccessful war seems to the sane business man a very poor exchange for a trifling saving in the Navy Estimates.

On the other hand, the German hopes to obtain a great indemnity—for he has always made war a remunerative business—and in the meantime, if he is highly taxed, he knows the money goes to his shipbuilding industry, and enormously stimulates the iron and steel trades of his country. He sees that to each effort made by his Government the British Admiralty and Government reply by reducing the British Navy, or by half-hearted and insufficient precautions. Is he altogether to be blamed for arriving at the conclusion that British finance is exhausted, the British nation played out, and the British rulers devoid of energy and patriotism? The only way in which such a delusion can now be removed—if it is a delusion—is by both parties loyally co-operating to introduce and pass forthwith a British Naval Defence Act which shall fix the annual programme for a period of at least four years, determine that in that period Britain shall lay down two ships to the German one, and provide the money by special taxes and perhaps by drawing a moderate amount from the sinking fund. For the purpose of obtaining national security that fund may be justly used; to employ it merely to relieve current taxation would be an act of treason against the State only matched by the failure to build a fleet certain of maintaining the British command of the sea. For the sinking fund is our last reserve, and never was there a time when it should be more jealously husbanded. But if a fresh German Navy Act is to be prevented the British Government must act at once. A British Naval Defence Act might possibly convince the German people that to overtake the British Navy was a hopeless task. The present British policy of talk and inaction will accomplish nothing except the destruction of the British Empire.

H. W. Wilson.

# "VOTES FOR WOMEN"

The subject I have chosen is woefully threadbare. Nowadays the very paving-stones of London are made to cry out the heading of this paper, its traffic is blocked by suffrage processions, the correspondence columns of its newspapers resound with the war-cries of the various champions, and every street-corner poster proclaims the doings, in and out of Holloway and Hyde Park, of the Apostles of Women's Rights.

In these days of cheap advertisement notoriety possesses a power altogether in excess of its deserts and there is danger that the easy-going public may drift into granting Female Suffrage with the indifference that is born of familiarity. It is well to remember that the importunate widow of the parable was a woman! And as none of us care to resemble the unjust judge, either in his character or in the motives for his decisions, it behoves us to examine this question on its merits without heeding the pertinacity of its propaganda and to decide it in the best interests of the nation at large. Therefore it will not be amiss that a woman who yields nothing to the suffragette in her admiration for women's special abilities and gifts and who has practical experience of their value in politics should explain why, in her opinion, it is not desirable to extend the franchise to them.

The suffrage preachers base their argument on the corner-stone of logic; they aver that there is no logical ground for refusing the vote to one sex when you have granted it to the other. The contention is not so weighty as it sounds, inasmuch as a purely logical world would be an undesirable if not an impossible place of residence. But even as it stands it is open to question, for it is not certain that the principle of women's suffrage has the basis of logic to rest on. After all, we can only judge of the justice of a cause by the arguments framed by its supporters, and the various pleas for women's votes have only so far demonstrated to me that women are ignorant of the nature and functions of Government and are therefore inadequate to the task of undertaking it. In a word, they have shown by their agitation that they do not understand the reason for which the vote has been given to men, or the true nature of that vote, or, lastly, the effect of this great extension of the franchise on the country and the Empire generally.

Let it not be imagined that in saying this I am disparaging my sex. Far from it. I live in continual wonderment at the capacities and virtues displayed by women as a whole. The ordinary working-class mother treads a daily round of courage, endurance and self-abnegation amounting almost to heroism, such as men seldom match in the emergencies of life, and in matters of organisation involving patience, clear-headedness and capacity for detail women do better work than men. They are eminently fitted, for instance, for the share in municipal government which has been vouchsafed to them. To say all this is merely to say that they are women, all honour to them. Nor do we in any way suggest that they are inferior to men. Such an argument is never heard off a suffragette platform. What we do say is that "woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse"; that the sexes are complementary, not competitive; that each has its own special work in the world, which is suited to itself and cannot be performed by the other.

Now in all States and civilisations the task of government, the task of framing the laws that control Society has been apportioned to the male sex. There must be some good reason for this invariable rule. It is childish to assert, as the suffragists do, that the world has but just emerged from the savage's conception of life and that womankind is thus beginning to feel her feet. In the old civilisations as well as the new this principle has held good. And the reasons for not including woman in the councils of the State are sound and demonstrable. Apart from her obvious physical disabilities, she is not by nature fitted to this work of government and legislation. Queen Victoria will probably be quoted as an argument against me. Although quite ignorant of her Majesty's opinion, I have an intuitive conviction that she would have strenuously opposed woman's suffrage. One can trace in the lately published "Letters" her constant feeling that however admirably she might perform her duties, they were a task outside the province of her sex and that her womanhood was throughout a handicap to her statesmanship.

What then are these special characteristics which unfit woman for taking over from man the reins of State? They are, like most limitations, the direct result of good qualities. Her wonderful capacity for detail prevents her from grasping the broad lines and main points of a question, and thus she would legislate on side-issues. Her sympathy, tenderness of heart and power of imagination cause her to lay stress on the individual side of life—she would promote class issues. And lastly her deep devotion and loyalty to those she loves gives a personal colour to all her views. Therefore she would strike in politics a personal note, now happily rare. She is patriotic, high-minded, disinterested, no one can be more so, but power will not alter her fundamental characteristics, however it may educate her.

Nowhere are the limitations I have described better exemplified than in the present suffrage campaign. Take for instance the various reasons and answers to objections put forward on its behalf. Chief among them is the property qualification. Many people who desire no other extension of the franchise wish that women of property should have the vote. Apart from the fact that in these democratic days such a measure would be partisan and undesirable, you cannot yield a great contention on account of hardship to a few individuals. "No taxation without representation" is a good working principle, but it is only one of the reasons for a vote. It is not pressed to its logical end even with regard to men. If it were, every tramp who buys threepennyworth of tobacco would be entitled to a vote.

Then take the suffragists' answer to the familiar physical force plea. They tell us that women have an equal claim to vote with those men who, on account of their weakness or the peaceable nature of their callings, do not personally enforce the law. We do not give the vote to men because they are, as individuals, physically strong or professionally warlike. No nation reckons with separate personalities in that way. We have delegated the power and duty of making the law to that sex, viewed as a whole, which is alone capable of enforcing the law when it is made. Some men are, no doubt, unfit to be soldiers, policemen or judges, but no woman, in our present state of civilisation, can dream of becoming a soldier, a policeman, or a judge. They tell us that motherhood constitutes as good a claim to the suffrage as physical strength. Motherhood, however praiseworthy, is a disabling process and peculiarly inappropriate to the present argument. And as power to enforce the law is the ultimate basis of all government, we hold that it is undesirable to entrust women with the making of laws which they will not have the responsibility of carrying out. Indeed, a study of the suffragists' prospective measures leaves one no doubt that, while women have definite ideas as to what they think ought to be done, they trouble themselves very little as to how their reforms are to be accomplished, or indeed whether they are capable of accomplishment at all. To quote a case in point, the abolition of prostitution constitutes an item in the legislative programme of the suffragists. But no explanation is forthcoming as to how they propose, by a stroke of the legislative pen, to solve this eternal problem of human nature.

Another plea put forward is that wherever woman suffrage has been tried it has justified its existence. Finland has woman suffrage and has elected no less than twenty-four lady members to its Chamber. But I trust I shall not be accused of disrespect to the Legislature of Finland in saying that it probably bears a greater resemblance to a magnified County Council than to the Mother of Parliaments! And in all the other States where woman suffrage has been attempted two points are noticeable: in the first place, women are in a great minority in these countries; secondly, they are lands remote from the rivalry of foreign and possibly hostile States and almost exclusively occupied with local and domestic affairs. Now in Great Britain there are a million more women than men. The excess only predominates in the adult part of the population, inasmuch as more boys are born than girls. Also, we have given women the vote in municipal elections. They can be represented on local Councils, they have an immense field of work open to them in this direction of the very kind they are best suited to undertake. And that field is constantly widening. Every year, as Parliament finds its labours increase, it delegates fresh powers to County Councils.

Every year, as the evil deeds of certain Boards of Guardians are brought to light, the need of honest men and women to supervise local affairs becomes more apparent. In these developments woman will have an honourable place. But we are not asked to further her cause along these lines. What is demanded of us is that we should hand over the helm of the Empire to women. For that will be the inevitable result if the present agitation succeeds, as I will endeavour to show.

After all, what is a vote? It is the means whereby a citizen controls the destinies of his country. It is not only a privilege, it is an immense responsibility. The spectacle of this Empire, governed by a democracy ignorant of its extent, its perils and its value, is a cause of anxiety to most thoughtful people. The experiment has never been tried before; one wonders what will be the outcome of it. Perhaps a good illustration of the dangers attendant on it would be a comparison of the last two General Elections. In 1900 the voters besieged the polling booths to record their approval of the South African War and their determination that it should be fought to a finish. In 1906, with even greater fervour, they placed in power a Government resolved to do its best to undo all that the war had achieved, and thus sacrificed the interests of thousands of fellow Britons who had fought on our behalf. A great Imperial question was at stake; can it be said that the electorate even realised that it existed? Yet we are not asked to grant the vote to women because they are farther-seeing, more level-headed, more consistent than men. The claim put forward is "the right of women to have their interests represented." I have been at some pains to discover, from suffragist literature, what these female interests are, as distinct from male interests. Chief among them is the fact that women's work is underpaid. This point will be more fully dealt with presently, but meanwhile can it be said that the fact that women receive low wages entitles them to the vote? It is not maintained that everybody with a grievance has a right to vote in order to get that grievance redressed. And by a truly feminine line of argument we are told in one breath that the underpaid working woman must be adequately represented, in the next breath that it is only proposed to enfranchise a million to a million and a half women, and a moment later that adult suffrage will thus be indefinitely postponed. I confess the logic of this contention staggers me. The vast majority of the struggling, sweated workers cannot come under any existing franchise qualification. We are asked to right injustice by means of a remedy which excludes those who have most cause to complain, and then we are told that the matter will rest there! On what theory can we deny a vote to Mary Smith, ground down by the iron heel of competition to five shillings a week, when we have given it to the widow who employs her and pays her these wages? On what basis can we refuse the vote to married women after giving it to spinsters and widows? Some of women's chief disabilities rest on wives alone. They have rendered the State, by bearing children, the greatest service of which a woman is capable. They have a real stake in the future prosperity of the country which those children are to inherit and it is idle to suppose that their views on government will always coincide with their husbands'. Let there be no mistake about it. The moment you acquiesce in the principle that every person, be they man or woman, who is the victim of a grievance is for that reason entitled to a vote, from that moment adult suffrage follows as the night the day. To give the vote to a limited number of women is merely to supply the remainder with a lever for obtaining it. It is as if the inhabitants of Holland, anxious to placate the sea, were to give it a taste of inland life by boring a hole in a dyke.

I have heard it said that men will never grant adult suffrage if to do so would mean being outnumbered by women. Political parties are not apt to take far-seeing views of the results of their measures. If any party in the State has reason to think that it commands the working-class vote, then it will desire to double that vote by adding to it that of the working women; the Labour Party, for one, will work ceaselessly in this direction.

Remember also that it will not be necessary to pass adult suffrage under that name. It will be done by gradual extensions of the franchise, each of which will be urged by its supporters on the plea of their wrongs, till we are face to face with the fact that everybody votes and that, therefore, women voters are in a large majority. And what will be the true meaning of this state of affairs? It will mean the government of the Empire from the feminine point of view. It is futile to say that nothing will be different because women will not care to vote. This line of argument is almost Gilbertian. We are asked to grant a boon on the understanding that it will not be accepted! Think of the pressure that will be put on women to come to the poll. In most constituencies the female vote will carry the election, therefore the necessity of securing it will be the foremost consideration of every candidate and election agent. As usual, the suffragists themselves supply us with a vivid description of the conditions which will ensue. "If women had the vote," they say, "we should have parliamentary candidates touting for their support, hearkening to their grievances, bidding one against another for the women's vote."

I suppose, however, that no one who remembers the powerful and possibly hostile nations which surround us, most of them under Governments more virile than our own, really desires to hand over our country to the domination of women. Yet we may well wonder if the suffrage societies are quite honest in this matter. Their arguments seem inapplicable to a limited franchise; they only hold good if every adult female, whatever her status, is given the vote. Why, for instance, if they propose to exclude married women, do they incessantly contend that every mother has the right to a voice in the councils of the nation?

Perhaps the truest method of grasping the real significance of women's suffrage is to follow it to its logical end. Let us imagine that women, having succeeded in returning a Government, follow the example of Finland and proceed, as they inevitably would, to take a personal share in that Government. The measures framed in woman's interest will require female advocates to explain them to the House, so why should the Pankhursts pause on the threshold of Parliament? Then picture to yourself lady candidates contesting with men in the hurly-burly of elections. Let any one with experience of feminine debating societies imagine a mixed debate in the House of Commons. Try to understand the complete reversal which would take place in the relations between men and women—which are old as the world—if the two sexes met on equal ground in the cockpit of politics. The suffragists themselves are suggestive on this point. They say (I quote one of their pamphlets), "As to what may happen a hundred years hence when social conditions may be widely different to what they are now, we do not undertake to predict. *For the present* [our italics] the question of women in Parliament is not practical politics." This cryptic sentence gives one furiously to think. Is it intended to convey that the extended franchise will so alter "social conditions" as to unsex women? If so, while there is yet time, let us take thought for our great granddaughters.

Lastly, when women get the vote, what laws are we to expect from them? Here the exponents of the doctrine speak with varying voices. Some of the more moderate aver that very little legislation will follow, though we are told that had women only had votes, we might have ascertained long ago that it was bad for little children to sit so still at school. Valuable as this discovery is, it hardly seems to require a revolution in the franchise to effect a change; we need not burn down all the houses to get at the roast pig! A few sensible ladies on the County Council Education Committees would surely have been sufficient for the task? Perhaps more interesting is the claim that a woman has the right to be the legal parent of her child as well as the father. It seems conceivable that divided parental rights might result in an "impasse," though I am not lawyer enough to judge of the question. One would like to be sure, however, that the suffragists have considered the matter from this or any other practical point of view.

Meanwhile, it can do nothing but harm to spread abroad the impression that men are vindictive towards women in their legislation; it is wicked to place the two sexes, meant to co-operate, in antagonism to each other; it is folly to declare that woman has hitherto been denied the means of "expressing her soul"—thank Heaven the Parliamentary vote is not the only means of human expression—and to represent the relations of man and woman in this Britain of to-day as those of master and slave. Really, we might all be in Holloway all the time!

But when we turn to the utterances of the militant section of the movement, who are supposed to be carrying the cause to victory, we are left in no doubt as to the ambition of its promoters. Here we find no such slow-coach argument as that a vote is a great responsibility and that women are competent to undertake the direction of the State. No, a vote is to be a symbol of freedom; a safeguard of that freedom; above all, an instrument for getting what we women want. And what do we want? Apparently we want a great many things. We want legislative interference laying down the percentage of a man's income which he is to make over to his wife for her sole use. There is to be no corresponding legislation limiting the husband's legal responsibility for his wife's debts, and thus a cheerful prospect is to be opened up for the extravagant spouse. One of our dreams is the abolition of primogeniture, at all events male primogeniture; the eldest child, whatever its sex, is to inherit. Then the field for women's work outside her home is to be enormously increased, the lucrative professions are to be thrown open to her, there is to be equality of opportunity for both sexes in all walks of life. Great indignation is expressed with Mr. John Burns for his proposal to hinder wives from going out to work. According to the Social and Political Union, a working woman is held to have discharged all her wifely and maternal obligations if she takes a situation in a factory, even when her husband is earning good wages, provided she leaves a "nurse" at home. Nay, she is to be encouraged to do so, "it is better for her to earn an income of her own than to be dependent on her husband." So long as she sees that her children are well fed and cared for —by others—she is only doing "what the rich do." Do the suffragettes really imagine that any well-to-do mother worthy of the name leaves home for eight or ten hours regularly every day?

I do not question the sincerity of the suffragettes; they are no doubt convinced that they are acting in the interests of womankind. Their devotion and energy are patent to every one, whatever we may feel as to their methods of displaying them. But their fervour is unrestrained by any hampering recollection of the economic principles which govern States or the physical laws which control human nature. Their proposals take no account of woman's place in the fabric of society, or of the effect they will produce on the nation as a whole. The wages of skilled workmen have risen in the past largely owing to the determined action of their trade unions in restricting the number of skilled workers. The wages of agricultural labourers, who do not combine, have risen on account of rural depopulation. The law of supply and demand always prevails in the long run. Yet women hope by the mere exercise of their votes to raise their own standard of pay, while at the same time they increase the supply of labour by entering the lists in open competition with men. Then what will be the result on unemployment if this mass of female labour is encouraged to work in order to be "economically independent?" Have the suffrage apostles paused to consider the weighty reasons which in all societies make the man, who is the protector of the family, likewise its head? How are you to replace the solicitor by a lady without doing an injury to his wife and daughters, who are after all women also? Do they reflect that in forcing women on to an equality with men they are more likely to lower the male standard of efficiency than to raise the female standard? The whole agitation is crude, thoughtless, mischievous. But its trend is obvious; it aims at making women independent of men. Whereas the truth is that any legislation which benefits women at men's expense must in the long run recoil on women, inasmuch as the vast majority of them are and always will be dependent on men. It has been well said of the suffrage movement that it piles on one side of the scale all the ills that female flesh is heir to, and on the other it puts—the vote!

No one denies that womanhood has burdens to bear. We anti-suffragists are accused of a want of sympathy with our sex. I can only say that on every one of us the tragedy (for I can call it by no other name) of the woman breadwinner presses with a painful intensity. But you will not solve the difficulties of the question by giving women the vote, nay, in the long run you will complicate them. For what are the reasons of woman's unsatisfactory position in the labour market? First and foremost, the fact that where women come into competition with men, they cannot as a rule accomplish so much as men, and, secondly, that in many of the comparatively unskilled trades, such as needlework and dressmaking, the supply of labour is in excess of the demand. I confess that the experience I have had of women's work has impressed me deeply with its physical limitations, and the need of carefully regulating it. What to a man is merely a stimulating employment, can become to his wife or daughter a back-breaking, nerve-wrecking, health-destroying toil. If she be married it prevents her from giving to her home that time, attention and energy which are her foremost duty; if she be unmarried, it may seriously injure the prospects of her unborn children. Now where women are engaged in a skilled trade to which they are better fitted than men it is possible to pay them adequate wages, and, quite as important, so to regulate their day that their strength may be equal to it. The suffragists themselves boast that in the wool and cotton trades the skilled Yorkshire and Lancashire lasses earn good wages. Or look at a more typical example, the profession of sick-nursing. Sick-nursing is a skilled and trying occupation fitted to women only. It is adequately paid, it is regulated with the greatest care. A sick nurse is bound by the rules of her institution to spend at least eight undisturbed hours in bed every night. She is constrained to take open-air exercise daily, her hours of attendance are strictly limited and she is not allowed to spend more than a certain time with each case. All this is as it should be, and thus shielded, the sick nurse has brought her art to the highest pitch of perfection. But because women make admirable sick nurses, because there is a useful opening for a limited number of lady physicians on the staff of female and infant hospitals, would it follow that these same women could stand the strain, the responsibility, the exposure to all weathers of an ordinary doctor's life? Nobody doubts their ability to acquire the knowledge necessary to a profession; their difficulties would arise from the relentless calls which that profession, to be successful, must make upon their physical and mental endurance. Therefore if women are to be raised through the franchise on to an "industrial equality" with men, both the country at large and the female sex will be ultimate losers. Either the energies and the consequent output of men must be artificially restricted to bring them down to the level of the weaker sex, or the women themselves will give way under the strain.

Doubtless the profession of teaching will be quoted as one in which women are the equals of men and yet receive lower pay. But surely the fact that a man is the potential if not the actual supporter of a wife and children ought to count for something in our scale of wages. One deliciously feminine idea is hinted at as a solution for this last difficulty. It is proposed, in a suffragist pamphlet, that single men and women should receive the same salary, the married man to be paid higher. The reformers seem blissfully oblivious of the fact that if bachelors were cheaper than Benedicts no married man would run a chance of employment, and, therefore, no woman would get a husband to support her!

But the Social and Political Union takes no account of considerations like these in its mad rush for "freedom." It refuses to acknowledge the truth that only on the lines followed hitherto by men in their economic legislation can a solution be found. Let us improve the conditions of labour and employment for men and thus diminish the necessity for their wives and daughters to earn a living, let us raise the standard of the nation generally and bring women along with it. And for the vast mass of unskilled female workers also there is but one remedy, the reduction of their numbers by the removal of the surplus to happier conditions. A consistent scheme of female emigration to our great Colonies, coupled with careful training from schooldays upwards, would do more to better the lot of the lower and middle class woman than any number of laws and would incidentally solve the greatest Imperial problem of the day.

Last of all, nothing in the foregoing pages is intended to discourage women from taking part in politics. On the contrary, it is impossible to over-estimate the value of their work in this direction. By all means let them care, let them think, let them toil for the good of their country, as I know by experience that women can. Let them also fulfil to the uttermost those local government duties which have been laid on them. But why, if they are to do all this, are they not to vote? Because, although they are competent to advise, to influence, and to inspire men with regard to the affairs of State, they are not competent to decide those affairs themselves or to act on their decisions. Because, though they are fitted to deal with such domestic matters as the sick, the aged, the teaching of the young, they are not fitted to settle the higher questions which involve the relations of a great country with its neighbours and rivals. I believe that in this definition lies the conclusion of the matter. It is woman's part to influence; it is man's province to judge, to decide, and in the last resort, to act. Therefore I would plead with my ardent sisters to pause while yet there is time. Let us widen, beautify and perfect our special part in the world's work and progress, without seeking to trench on man's activities. "Strive not to be other than you are, but to be very well what you are."

MARY MAXSE.

# A CRISIS AND A MORAL

If his Imperial Majesty, the German Emperor, would occasionally practise what he preaches, Europe would be an infinitely more comfortable abode. We should be spared many alarums and excursions. On November 13, 1907, Wilhelm II. hypnotised a brilliant audience at the Guildhall by a fervid apostrophe to peace founded on the mutual goodwill and confidence of Germany and Great Britain. Our pacifists were enchanted. Our newspapers "slopped over"—even some which might have been expected to know better suggested that our illustrious guest had been so touched by the cordiality of his welcome by all classes of the community that he was about to turn over a new leaf and inaugurate a happier era in Anglo-German relations. His Majesty's Ministers prepared to make further inroads on our already depleted Naval Estimates. But almost before the enthusiasm of the City had evaporated, and while the ink was yet wet on the panegyrics of the Potsdam Press—which, as the phrase goes, "works for the King of Prussia," with a devotion worthy of a better cause—the Berlin Government promulgated another portentous naval programme designed to establish a German supremacy in "Dreadnoughts" within the next five years. It was a strident challenge to our very existence as an Empire and a nation from a country secured against aggression by a two-Power Army. It was issued at this particular moment partly to demonstrate German contempt for the British Government and the British people, and partly in the hope that our sense of hospitality would prevent our taking any serious notice of it while the King's nephew was an honoured guest among us—a calculation to some extent justified by the mealy-mouthed articles in our flabby Press, and by the action of our cheeseparing Cabinet in meeting the new German programme of four "Dreadnoughts" per annum by scaling British construction down to the half-Power standard of two "Dreadnoughts" per annum.

On Sunday, August 30, 1908, the German Emperor delivered a moving sermon on his favourite topic, asserting that the peace of Europe "rests on too solid foundations to be easily upset by the incitements and the calumnies of ill-disposed persons. A firm security exists . . . in the consciences of the princes and statesmen of Europe, who know and feel that they are responsible to God for the lives and prosperity of the peoples entrusted to their leadership." Once again our newspapers were flooded with sympathetic articles glorifying the Imperial Preacher, and denouncing all and sundry who dared to question the sincerity of a great and good man. A few days later Wilhelm II. received an unwonted visit from the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, the heir-presumptive of the Austrian throne, and future King of Hungary, to whom the German Sovereign had for many years paid assiduous but until lately unsuccessful court. The Archduke, the "dark horse" of the Continent, attended the German manœuvres considerately held this year on the frontier of France, for the purpose of making the momentous announcement that the Dual Monarchy had decided to set the Balkans in a blaze by proclaiming the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina—Turkish provinces occupied for thirty years by Austria under the Treaty of Berlin. This startling communication, if it was startling, afforded a golden opportunity to a devotee of European peace, which the contemplated *coup* must necessarily endanger. The destruction of the Treaty of Berlin would open the floodgates of all those international ambitions and local rivalries so laboriously restrained during thirty years by the strenuous efforts of European statesmanship. We had only just learnt from Wilhelm II. that "a firm security exists . . . in the consciences of the princes and statesmen of Europe, who know and feel that they are responsible to God for the lives and prosperity of the peoples entrusted to their leadership," and his Majesty might have been expected to sit up half the night enforcing his sermon and dissuading his distinguished guest from the projected adventure—not that much argument would have been requisite. A decisive word from the predominant partner in the Triple Alliance would have sufficed. The German Emperor had only to inform the Archduke that the plot concocted between himself and Baron von Aerenthal (Foreign Minister of the Austro-Hungarian Empire) was distasteful to Germany, who would be compelled in the interests of European peace to dissociate herself from her ally, and the conspiracy against Turkey would have vanished into thin air. Austria is the last power to seek isolation.

Unfortunately, no Prussian diplomatist can ever resist the temptation of embroiling other nations, and the sinister possibilities of the Archduke's project fascinated the Grand International *Agent Provocateur*. He may possibly have recognised an old friend, for it is by no means certain that the original inspiration did not come from Berlin, or rather from Potsdam, although there seems to be a general consensus of diplomatic opinion that for once in a generation Vienna has taken the initiative, while Berlin has played a purely passive *rôle*, and that, incredible as it seems, the Habsburgs lead and the Hohenzollerns follow. The *fons et origo mali* is in any case immaterial. By withholding his veto the German Emperor became Austria's accomplice. Nor is there any mystery as to his motives. The formal annexation of the occupied provinces at this particular moment would be, as it was intended to be, a bitter and humiliating blow to the new *régime* in Constantinople, all the more as it would inevitably stimulate other appetites and other claims; and though Wilhelm II. is the avowed friend of the Sultan, he is the sworn foe of the Sultan's present Government. Freedom in any shape or form is anathema to the War Lord of Germany. The wonderful bloodless revolution effected by the young Turks amid the admiring envy of the civilised world, was deemed a disaster to German ambitions and German interests in the Near East, and the Kaiser was prepared to do anything in reason to relieve Abdul Hamid of the reformers. He may possibly have been privately appealed to by the helpless Sultan, who has temporarily bowed to *force majeur* in a spirit of self-preservation though not of resignation. The Austrian challenge, preceded as it was to be by the Bulgarian challenge, and followed as it must be by other challenges, would place Constitutional Turkey in the impossible dilemma of either taking things lying down, and outraging national sentiment, which would provoke reaction, or of taking the field when totally unprepared for war, with a prospect of collapsing, as the French Empire collapsed after the *débâcle* of Sedan. In either case Germany stood to score. A successful counter-revolution would suit her book almost as well as a military disaster, which would enable her to posture at the *post bellum* settlement as a disinterested friend anxious to limit the dismemberment of the Hamidian dominions—Germany's reward being the return of the golden age, when she had only to ask for the Palace and the Porte to grant.

But the project of Baron von Aerenthal and the Archduke (we cannot help feeling that the venerable Franz Josef, who enjoys the esteem of the civilised world as a sincere lover of peace, for which he has made many sacrifices, must have been misled by his ambitious entourage both as to the effect of the annexation on the Near East and as to the resentment it would cause in friendly capitals) had even greater attractions for the German Emperor. The opening of the Eastern Question promised to sow discord between the two Powers who, to the concern and chagrin of Berlin, have lately shown a disposition to co-operate—viz., Russia and Great Britain, whose antagonism has for fifty years been the diapason of German diplomacy, and who were so craftily kept at loggerheads by Bismarck. The former would be compelled by the action of Austria to insist on the revision of other clauses of the Treaty of Berlin. The fertile brain of Wilhelm II. doubtless originated the ingenious idea that Russia should improve the occasion by raising the question of the Dardanelles, as her attempt to emancipate herself from the humiliating restrictions imposed upon her as the price of successive defeats would *ex hypothesi* exasperate England, and put an effectual stopper on the Anglo-Russian *rapprochement* initiated by the Anglo-Russian Agreement of last Autumn, which Germany moved heaven and earth—chiefly earth—to frustrate, and so happily emphasised by King Edward's visit to the Tsar at Reval—a personal affront to the German Emperor, who claims the privilege of supervising the visiting lists of all European Sovereigns. Bismarck had been diabolically successful in making mischief between the elephant and the whale during the Franco-Prussian War, at a moment when the interests of Europe imperiously demanded their harmonious co-operation, by prompting Russia to denounce the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris. Bismarck's successor might not unreasonably hope to be equally successful in embroiling these Powers over the Dardanelles.

Another irresistible attraction of the revival of Anglo-Russian antagonism would be its distracting effect upon France, whose sympathies and interests might be divided between her Russian ally and her English friend, her difficulties being aggravated by the fact that French interests in the Near East are not always identical with those of Russia. With a modicum of luck the odious *entente cordiale* between the two Western Powers, which had so far survived all the intrigues of the Wilhelmstrasse and the menaces of Potsdam, might receive its death-blow during the general scramble likely to follow the action of Austria. We should never forget that the destruction of the *entente* between France and England is as dear to the German Emperor as is the prevention of any *entente* between Russia and England. I would hazard the prophecy that the Imperial diplomacy will prove as beneficent a factor in creating the second as it has been in consolidating the first, which beginning with a mere settlement of outstanding colonial differences between ourselves and France, has developed under hostile pressure into an intimate and durable friendship. France and Great Britain, almost for the first time in their history, look for mutual support in the hour of danger. Is it extravagant to hope that gradually, thanks to the same pressure, Russia and Great Britain may likewise come to regard one another as permanent political partners with common European interests? Now that the German portion of the Triple Alliance has become an avowed instrument of provocation and aggression, it is more than ever essential in the interests of that peace which is the object of so much lip service, to organise a counter *entente* for purely defensive purposes. Unless the statesmen of London, St. Petersburg, and Paris are equal to this great constructive work, Europe will become involved in war by the vanity of Vienna and the restlessness of Berlin.

Austria's proposed violation of the Treaty of Berlin strongly appealed to Wilhelm II. for these and other equally obvious reasons, *e.g.*, the prospect of establishing an effective German hegemony in the Near East, and even the possibility of snatching the glorious prize of Constantinople, while Russia was in a military sense *hors de combat*.

But the Kaiser is less impulsive and more methodical than is generally supposed. Moreover, he would, *unofficially*, of course, have taken the astute Prince Bülow into consultation, and we may assume that the possibility of a fiasco was carefully considered. After all, Austria would bell the cat, and a fiasco would be her fiasco, the effect of which could not fail to make her more dependent than ever on Germany, and thus mitigate the latter's isolation, which is due to the healthy distrust inspired in every European capital by her tortuous methods. From a purely German standpoint there were serious objections to the policy discussed between Wilhelm II. and the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, though the advantages were held to outweigh the drawbacks. Germany has a very substantial material stake in the Ottoman Empire, which she has for many years regarded as her economic *annexe*, if not as an ultimate political *annexe*. The German Ambassador in Constantinople (Baron Marschall von Bieberstein), who was hand-in-glove with the Hamidian *régime*, which he so successfully exploited in the interests of his country, and may therefore be regarded as an unprejudiced witness, makes no secret of his belief in the vitality of the Young Turkish movement and the probable endurance of the new *régime*. He is understood to have advised the Berlin Government that the reactionary elements were cowed, and would be unable to upset the Constitution, and that there was consequently but a slender prospect of the return of the halcyon days when Baghdad Railways could be had for the asking. He has reported that German prestige has suffered severely during the last three months from the supposed hostility of the Emperor to the Reformers, and his remonstrances have been vigorously reinforced by the whole *posse comitatus* of German concession-hunters, bankers, merchants, commercial travellers, &c. &c., who have battened on Turkey during the last fifteen or twenty years.

Germany has put many valuable eggs into the Turkish basket, and however odious may be the prospect of the "Sick Man's" regaining his health, and however anxious the German Emperor may be to destroy a progressive and incorruptible *régime* and to restore the *camarilla*, Germany cannot afford to incur the permanent hostility of Turkey, which would inevitably be her lot as the avowed instigator and open backer of Austria in the event of a *fiasco*. Hence the "reserve" of the Wilhelmstrasse throughout the present crisis—a reserve which, *more suo*, would be abandoned directly disaster, whether internal or external, overtook Constitutional Turkey, in which case the Emperor would anew proclaim himself the patron of the Padishah, while *ex hypothesi*, if Austria triumphed, Germany would instantly become more Austrian than ever. We are not at the end of the chapter, and it would be rash to anticipate or to dogmatise. Had the Ballplatz (the Austrian Foreign Office) been as brilliant in execution as it was daring in conception, we should already have seen the mobilisation of all the familiar resources of the Wilhelmstrasse on behalf of the Austrian policy, but the prompt and sagacious initiative of Sir Edward Grey in vindicating the sanctity of treaties, and his skill and success in marshalling the forces of international law and order against the marplots of Vienna and Sofia, and the frankly Turkophil attitude wisely adopted by the British Government, had a salutary and sobering effect on marplots elsewhere. The semi-official apparatus in Berlin does not usually suffer from coyness. It is vocal at every crisis, which makes its recent silence peculiarly significant. All we have heard so far is the plaintive ejaculation, "Please, sir, it wasn't me." It was only Austria. Germany was as innocent as an unborn babe, and when it seemed probable that instead of a solid Triplice supported by Russia, emphasised by a counter-revolution in Constantinople, and a divided *entente cordiale*, Italy was hesitating, Russia was hostile, Turkey was calm, and the *entente* was more effective than ever, the Wilhelmstrasse momentarily lost its nerve and began issuing feeble apologies for Austria, while disclaimers on its own behalf rained thick and fast. Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was allowed to give his *parole d'honneur* to the Grand Vizier that Germany was no party to Austria's action, of which she disapproved, and as an earnest of German sympathy and goodwill, the Deutsche Bank advanced £200,000 to the Turkish Treasury.

There has been such an orgy of "terminological inexactitudes" during the month of October that the reader is at liberty to believe what he pleases. You can pay your money and take your choice. Falsehood was ever a recognised weapon of Prussian diplomacy, and a Prussian diplomat who hesitated to tell a serviceable lie in the interests of his country would be regarded as a traitor and treated accordingly. It may be that Baron Marschall, who is anything but an *ami intime* of Prince Bülow, was kept in the dark in order that he might the more easily play his appointed *rôle* in Constantinople, or it may be that the national resentment of Turkey against Austro-German treachery provided a sufficient *raison d'être* to justify any ambassadorial allegation calculated to promote German interests —even at the expense of an ally. We cannot forget that Baron Marschall is commonly credited with having advised the Turkish Foreign Minister, Tewfik Pasha, to omit inviting the Bulgarian agent to his first official banquet—a slight calculated to embroil Bulgaria and Turkey, and which as a matter of fact set the ball rolling. It afforded Bulgaria a pretext—though doubtless without this particular pretext some other would have been found—for regarding the new *régime* with suspicion. Tewfik Pasha must know whether there is any foundation for the suggestion of the *Daily News* that he had already written an invitation for M. Gueshoff, which he was only dissuaded from sending by the German Ambassador. If he was in any way responsible for the Gueshoff incident he must be ranked among the false friends of the Porte. In Constantinople, Baron Marschall is as Turkish as the Turks, and he is equally profuse in his professions of good-will towards the new *régime* as he was towards the old one. But he is accused of talking in a different strain elsewhere. The Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* at the end of June (see *Times* Berlin Correspondence, June 22) published the views of "a diplomatist" described as being exceptionally well acquainted with Near Eastern affairs. I believe that Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was in Berlin at this time, conducting his usual campaign in the Press, not always in consonance with Prince Bülow's policy, and he is thought to have been the "diplomatist" cited by the *Vossische Zeitung*. After explaining that the Macedonian problem was completely misunderstood by the European Powers, "a diplomatist" proceeded to declare that the only solution of the problem was a war between Turkey and Bulgaria, which "would effectually clear the air, since all the Balkan States would become involved in the conflict, and the subsequent readjustment would ensure the supremacy of the strongest State." According to this man of blood and iron, such a war could only achieve its purpose if the European Powers agreed to stand aside. They "could not object to the action of the Balkan States if they chose to settle their differences among themselves in a way which, if drastic, was after all the shortest and most satisfactory." In fact the *Vossische Zeitung's* "diplomatist" suggested that they should form a "Committee of supervision" to keep the ring and prevent excesses on the part of the combatants. "*But the Macedonian question would only cease to exist on the day of the decisive encounter between the Turks and the Bulgarians and their allies*" [our italics]. This sinister interview appeared before the inauguration of the new *régime* in Turkey, and it may be that Baron Marschall von Bieberstein has since changed his mind, or it may be that he remains of the opinion that "cupping" is the only solution of the Eastern Question.

As regards the general responsibility of Germany for the Austro-Bulgarian plot—even so unsuspicious a politician as Mr. Asquith declines to distinguish between the guilt of Vienna and Sofia—it may be readily admitted that there was probably no communication between Vienna and Berlin through the ordinary diplomatic channels, and therefore as Germany had no "official cognisance" of the coming *coup*, she can disclaim foreknowledge, but it is "beyond all possible probable shadow of doubt, all possible doubt whatever," that the German Emperor was "in the know," and as the suggestion that it was Archduke Franz Ferdinand who, so to speak, "tipped him the wink," appeared in the demi-semi-official *Lokal Anzeiger*, it cannot be attributed to the malice of the *National Review*. Wilhelm II. is usually prodigal of advice whenever he has an opportunity of directing other Powers in the way they should go, and we may fairly assume that his consent was anything but silent. He probably suggested that Russia and Italy should be compromised if possible by half confidences. He certainly stipulated that there should be no communication to his Government, so as to facilitate any necessary *démentis*, and the *personnel* of the

Wilhelmstrasse, from Herr Schön (the Foreign Minister) downwards, appears to have been kept in the dark. A similar episode occurred eleven years ago. Germany's impending seizure of Kiau-chow was informally mentioned by Wilhelm II. to Nicholas II. during a conversation at a railway station without the knowledge of the Governments of either sovereign. When the deed was done, St. Petersburg addressed indignant remonstrances to Berlin, which caused the utmost consternation in the Wilhelmstrasse. After a certain amount of ink had been shed on both sides, and Russo-German relations had become seriously strained, the German Emperor reminded the Tsar of his acquiescence in the German "lease" of Kiau-chow, and the Russian Foreign Office was obliged to draw in its horns. The Tsar could hardly have expected that a casual observation would have such momentous consequences. He had attached so little importance to the matter as not even to mention it to his Foreign Minister.

In the present instance the Wilhelmstrasse has vehemently disclaimed privity, though Bismarck himself would be hard put to it to reconcile the deluge of conflicting semi-official asseverations which have added to the gaiety of nations during the past month. The crisis burst on October 5 with the proclamation of Bulgarian independence. The *Times* Berlin correspondent at once reported that "the proclamation of Bulgarian independence has certainly not taken diplomatic circles in Berlin by surprise," but it was decided in Berlin to treat Bulgaria as Austria's whipping-boy, and accordingly the semi-official Press was as severe in its strictures on the policy of Sofia as it was tender towards that of Vienna. By October 9 it appeared probable that Russia, France, and Great Britain would co-operate in supporting the policy outlined at the commencement of the crisis by Sir Edward Grey, as it was officially announced that the Ambassadors of these three Powers "would acquaint the Porte on the same day, and each on his own behalf, that their Governments considered that all modifications effected upon the Treaty of Berlin required the assent of all the contracting Powers." Italy was expected to follow suit. German "reserve" deepened, and it was ostentatiously announced that neither the Kaiser nor his Chancellor saw any occasion to interrupt their autumn holiday. A British squadron proceeded to the Ægean Sea. The Turkish people demonstrated their enthusiasm for their disinterested friends, while Germany shared the unpopularity of Austria. Berlin became apprehensive. Baron Marschall, besides giving his personal word of honour that Germany was innocent of the entire transaction, left the following written declaration with the Grand Vizier on October 10: "I am charged by the German Emperor to protest energetically against the suppositions on the subject of an *entente* between Germany and Austria-Hungary, or any other State, regarding events in the Balkan Peninsula. *These events occurred without Germany's opinion having previously been obtained*" [our italics]. Two days later, as the cat had not yet begun to jump towards Austria, the Berlin Government issued this declaration of policy: "In the first place, it may be repeated that Germany had no knowledge previous to the notification given to other Great Powers of the recent action of Bulgaria and Austria. As a Power which is not interested politically in the Balkans, Germany's main interest is to co-operate with the other Powers with a view to bringing about a friendly solution of the pending questions and of maintaining peace. As in the past, so also in the present, the German Government maintains the most friendly attitude towards Turkey." That same evening Paris was amazed to learn on the authority of the *Temps*, that "from a conversation on Saturday between Herr von Schön (the German Foreign Minister) and M. Jules Cambon (the French Ambassador in Berlin), it would appear the German Government regards the recent events in the East in the same way as the French Government." Meanwhile, as the Grey-Isvolsky conferences proceeded with every prospect of success, the Berlin semi-official Press announced that the German Government was in entire accord with British policy and had no differences with Russia. In fact, she would shout with the larger crowd. The Austrian Ambassador in Paris retaliated by throwing out hints of a possible Austro-French understanding *re* Morocco.

On October 14 the Wilhelmstrasse made another tack. It was announced that "the Austrian Ambassador yesterday had a long interview with Prince Bülow, which, it is understood on good authority, showed that complete agreement prevails in the main between Austria and Germany on all questions of foreign policy." This was followed by the news that the German Emperor, who could no longer be kept from the fray, had written an autograph letter to Francis Joseph congratulating him on the successful annexation of the Provinces, and warmly assuring him of Germany's friendship and moral support. It was also alleged, though subsequently denied, that Wilhelm II. undertook to back his ally with the armed might of Germany.

It was clearly Turkey's turn, all the more as German trade interests in the Near East were suffering severely from the effects of the Austrophil policy. It was consequently no surprise to learn that on October 19 the Emperor had resumed his *rôle* of patron and protector of Islam. When Osman Nizami Pasha (the new Turkish Ambassador in Berlin) presented his credentials, he was warmly welcomed by Wilhelm II. "as the representative of a country which was a great Power and a friend of long standing (*einer altbefreundete Grossmacht*)." The Kaiser protested most emphatically against the suggestion that his sentiments towards Turkey had changed, "the Ambassador might feel assured that the feelings of sincere friendship which he cherished for Turkey, and to which he had given expression at Damascus, endured unaltered and unimpaired. As the loyal friend of the Ottoman Empire and of its exalted ruler, he would once more express the hope that good fortune and prosperity might be vouchsafed to Constitutional Turkey." The Emperor's memorable speech at Damascus on November 8, 1898, which he now desired to revive, contained the following significant passage: "May his Majesty the Sultan, and the three hundred million Mohammedans scattered over the earth, who reverence in him their Khalif, be assured that at all times the German Emperor will be their friend." This versatile monarch is at once the guide, philosopher, friend, ally and enthusiastic backer of Austria, the despoiler of Turkey, as well as the "loyal friend," admirer and upholder of the despoiled. In opening the Prussian Diet on October 20 his Majesty showed a disposition to hark back to Austria, declaring that "the German Empire will, *in loyal union with its allies* [our italics], promote a just solution of the present difficulties."

As I have said, the reader can pay his money and take his choice of German policies, though after the illuminating exhibition of the past month, German assurances and German assertions have lost the very little value they formerly possessed. Our capacity for swallow is completely exhausted. Henceforward no one in his or her senses will pay the slightest attention to any official or semi-official statement put forward by or on behalf of the Berlin Government. In their private lives the German people may be so many George Washingtons, but their public spokesmen stick at nothing in pursuit of what they imagine to be German interests, though the single effect of their tortuous tactics is to inspire universal distrust of German policy. At the present time no one pretends to know whether Germany is working for peace or for war. She is probably so bewildered by her conflicting statements as not to know herself.

The hopeful feature of a situation needlessly complicated by Germany's ludicrous efforts to run with the hare and hold with the hounds is her failure so far to separate Russia, France and Great Britain, who have worked loyally together in a disinterested attempt to preserve international proprieties, and to keep the peace endangered by Austro-German-Bulgarian adventures. Before leaving England M. Isvolsky, the Russian Foreign Minister, declared, "It is believed that one of the most important results of the action of Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria will be to render even more cordial the relations of Great Britain, France and Russia, and to strengthen their friendship with reformed Turkey." Should this prediction be fulfilled and the new *entente* survive the intrigues of its unscrupulous enemies Europe may face the future with some confidence—all the more so if on second thoughts Italy should decide to join the party of law and order.

That is one moral of the crisis.

Another moral is that no international diplomacy however skilful is an adequate substitute for national strength, and that just as the British naval supremacy is a powerful guarantee of peace so British military impotence is a dangerous incentive to war. Will our Statesmen assimilate this truism before it is too late?

L. J. MAXSE.

# SOME ASPECTS OF THE REFORM MOVEMENT IN TURKEY

Much has been written lately concerning the outbreak of the Turkish Revolution, its early successes have been unanimously applauded, the outward changes that it immediately effected have been commented on, and the chances of the ultimate success of Liberalism eagerly discussed in every newspaper in Europe. But certain aspects of the situation seem to have been somewhat ignored, and inasmuch as the movement in Turkey is only one single portion of a great upheaval that is taking place all over Asia, it is necessary to examine not only the interior but the exterior causes that have given birth to the new order of things in the Ottoman Empire.

It is to the Far East that we must first turn our eyes in seeking these causes. The revolution in Japan in 1867 was perhaps the first sign of serious change in the attitude of Oriental peoples to their Government; and whilst the stern feudal system of that country scarcely gave way until a much later period, it was due to that revolution that a conception of a material monarchy took the place of an autocratic oligarchy centred in a mysterious and semi-divine ruler. The revolution, however, only changed the external form of Government, but the real and actual control of Japan remained as it always had been in the hands of a small and powerful group of statesmen. The period of development which steadily followed upon this revolution in Japan was little noticed by the Western world until the outbreak of the recent war with Russia and the effect of that development upon the other nations of the East was very generally ignored, except by those most intimately acquainted with Eastern politics, for a considerable time even after that war.

The extraordinary effect which the victory of Japan immediately had upon the Asiatic world was further intensified by the revolution in Russia which followed upon the Japanese victories. Out of the vast population of the Russian Empire there are no less than twenty million men who profess the faith of Islam, and it was the Moslem element in Russia, not slow to understand the meaning of this revival in the East, and represented by thirty members in the first Duma, who were the means of spreading constitutional ideas on the Western model all through the Mussulman population of Russia, and especially in the Caucasus. Whilst in the north of Russia the disorders merely took the form of a revolutionary movement, in the south a revolutionary and a constitutional movement were raging at the same time. The infection spread rapidly across the border into Persia where the Mujtehids, who thought thereby to increase their power in the country, voiced the dissatisfaction of the nation with the despotic system of government in power, and forced the Shah to grant a constitution. The reaction that has been witnessed in Persia since the grant of the constitution has led many to believe that the day for Constitutional Government in Persia has not yet dawned, but there can be no question that constitutional ideas have taken deep root in the country, and that the reaction which occurred was due to the fact that the popular party were led to believe that if they resisted the Shah the consequence would be Russian intervention backed up by the consent of England. It was owing to this general belief that for a long time no serious resistance was made, and that the reaction was successful.

The Persian movement, however, in its inception was quite independent of the Young Turkish movement, and whilst both have doubtless had a common exterior cause in the general awakening of the East, they differ in many essential respects. They may, perhaps, be likened to two great rivers having their sources at different ends of the same lake, which diverge and flow through countries of a totally different character, but which eventually join and form a wide spreading and irresistible torrent.

Before passing on to the examination of the internal causes of the Turkish revolution, it may be interesting to discuss the chief characteristics of the three revolutions in Japan, in Russia, and in Persia, which have preceded that of Turkey.

The chief features of the constitutional development in Japan were its broad conception of nationalism, and the self-effacing sacrifice with which each man, woman and child in the country worked for the common cause.

The revolution in Japan was mainly in externals, and, blended with the modernist ideas which promoted the revolution, there was a moderation of thought and a realisation of the actualities of the situation which are very remarkable. The Kurumaku statesmen, who have always been the governing element in the nation, formed a small party of elderly men having an almost hereditary instinct of rule; these retained their power and authority throughout the revolutionary period and after. For a long time Parliament scarcely counted as an operative and controlling factor, and so it was that throughout the changing scenes of Japanese development it was the same actors who played the leading parts, in different guise and in different *rôles*, but always the real Government was the power behind the curtain, a power which sought neither honour nor rewards, and which ruled Japan during the nineteenth century as it had done from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. It is much the same to-day in Japan, the externals of Government change, but the old system of control, gradually modernising with the advance of time, still remains. It is largely due to this unusual mixture of liberalism and sane conservatism in the forms of government that Japan has been spared from those disastrous periods of anarchy and chaos which are so apt to follow upon abrupt changes in the central control of a State. The innate determination and desire of the Japanese to submit themselves to the public good and to put away all personal questions when considering national problems has alone made this possible. It is the spirit of the hive, like bees and ants.

Utterly different are the main characteristics of the revolution in Russia, which, like that of 1789, was individualistic and not nationalist. In Russia the motive power leading to revolt emanated from certain sections only of the nation, who, owing to oppression or local dissatisfaction, determined to better their plight by destroying the Government in power quite irrespective of the good of the whole nation. Destruction and not construction is the keynote of such a revolution, and the result, both in Russia and in Persia, is a chaotic Government in which various groups, ill-organised and badly led, demand privileges for themselves; the executive becomes merged in the legislature, and anarchy ensues. The old Government of autocracy and reaction then profits by this period of dissolution, it recovers, perhaps only temporarily, its power, and with almost general consent puts an end to the chaos by counter-revolution. To continue our simile—there is the same difference between the Japanese and Russian revolutions as there is between the swarming of bees and the rush of animals in a prairie fire.

The Persian revolution was no less individualistic than the Russian; and inasmuch as the constitutional fever had spread from the Caucasus to Teheran, similar symptoms may be discovered in the two movements.

Such briefly are the broad characteristics of the three revolutions of the Middle and the Far East, which may now be contrasted with the revolution which has taken place in Turkey.

There can be little question that all these movements in the Eastern world, whether nationalist or individualistic, have, to a certain extent, been contributory exterior causes of recent events in Turkey. All through the East the force of public opinion has been gradually awakening into active use. Contemplative complacency has gradually been giving way to an attitude of curiosity and inquiry into the affairs of the Western world, and a lighter construction has gradually been placed upon the letter of religious dogma. These, quite clearly, are all disintegrating elements in the old fabric of Oriental idea. There is no one who has been in a position to study closely the system of Government during the Hamidian *régime* in Turkey who did not foresee the occurrence of the recent events. The only uncertainty that existed was the date. The moment of the outbreak was to most people a surprise, but during the last ten or twelve months there was a certain uneasiness to be observed in the attitude of the Palace officials, an atmosphere of restlessness prevailed, as if the actors in the Yildiz drama realised that the game was all but played out and that the strain of some thirty years of tension would shortly reach breaking-point. But things in the East move slowly, and there existed in Turkey many factors that justified, at all events to the Western mind, the belief that the light of reform and freedom was not likely as yet to break through the thick mist of reaction in which the country had been plunged during the last thirty years. In Turkey more than in any other country reform seemed likely to collide with religion; education had been allowed less scope than in those countries where changes had already occurred; and whilst the hand of Government had maintained a strong grip over the major mass of the population, the advisers of the Sultan had found no lack of encouragement in their policy of robbery and reaction at the hands of at least one powerful European State. Such was the general opinion regarding the immediate future of reform in Turkey until the changes of the last few weeks occurred.

The internal causes of the revolution in Turkey, and the immediate causes that provoked the outbreak, are too well known to need recapitulation here. From the day when the present Sultan ascended the throne he determined to kill the reform movements that had been inaugurated by Abdul Mejid and his three great Ministers, Reschid, Ali, and Fuad. The Tanzimat movement that first saw light under the Hatti Sherif of Gulkhane in 1839 had been checked by various exterior difficulties in which Turkey found herself during the years that led up to the Crimean War; but the seeds of Liberalism had been sown, and were destined to weather even the prolonged winter of Abdul Hamid's reign. The insurrection in Greece in 1832 had drawn the attention of France and England to the condition of the Christian races in Turkey. The liberation of Thessaly and Epirus, and the later successes of the arms of Mehemet Ali against Ottoman rule, further served as a lever by which Europe could put pressure on Turkey to remedy the lot of her oppressed subjects, and it was in the immediate necessity in which Turkey was compelled to rally to herself the alienated sympathies of France and England, that the pledges for the welfare of the Ottoman Rayahs were given in the Edict of 1839. But it was in those pledges, and in the initial ideals of that Edict, and of the Hatti Humayun that ratified it, that Abdul Hamid saw danger to the supremacy of the Moslem element in the Empire. Not without a certain true appreciation of the results of these edicts he determined that the welfare and advancement of the Christian races was destined to imperil the strength of Islam. The greater industry and capacity of the Christian races, as compared with the Moslem races, convinced him that equality in treatment could only result in increasing the influence of the former at the expense of the latter, and he set himself boldly to the task of crushing the activities of the Christians, and keeping them in stern servitude under the yoke of the ruling race. It was in the steadfast pursuit of this aim that he first realised the immense political value of the Caliphate, that he squandered hoarded millions upon the maintenance of a vast army of spies in every corner of the Empire, and that he preferred to pledge the wealth and credit of his country to secure the support of a self-seeking foreign Power, if in any way this might save him from yielding to the demands of Europe for the equal treatment of the Christian population of the Turkish Empire. It is yet to be seen whether he was right in his estimate of the competitive values of the Moslem as against the Christian races of the Empire; it may well be that in this he did not err as much as is commonly supposed; but if in modern judgment we may deem his policy of reaction to have been as short-sighted as it was cruel and inhumane, we may not entirely withhold some tribute of stern admiration for the lonely figure in the Palace of Yildiz, whose conceptions of government were based upon the warlike and fierce traditions of an ancient dynasty, and who, if he governed ill, was still able to save his people from most of the vices that are sapping the strength of European nations, and to preserve in a large degree amongst them those pristine virtues of honesty, thrift, and piety which are so especially to be observed amongst the Moslems in Turkey, and which may yet prove to be the factor which will enable the Empire to recover its lost vitality and strength.

It is generally thought that the overthrow of despotism in Turkey was the result of patient work extending over a long period. Such was not the case. The Committee of Union and Progress, formed many years ago by Achmet Riza in Paris, never had any real vitality or influence in Turkey itself. It was impossible that a radical change in the whole fibre of the Empire's constitution, such as was contemplated by Achmet Riza and his little band of exiles, could be effected from so great a distance, and the committee soon became inactive and moribund. The only thing that could be done was to prepare public opinion in Europe for the possibility and the necessity of such a change, and if Achmet Riza's journal, the *Mechveret*, was only read by a few, it may at least be said to have contributed to keeping the aims and desires of the reform party before a certain number of journalists and writers in Paris and London. The real movement, however, began some three years ago, when a new committee of Young Turks, numbering about eight members, was formed in Salonika, and adopted the name of the "Comité de la Liberté." Salonika was immediately decided upon as the headquarters of the propagandist work: this choice was due not only to its close communication with Europe and the greater immunity from spy surveillance, which, for some reason or other, the town had always enjoyed, but to the fact that in Salonika the European post-offices, which alone provided safe means of communication with Smyrna, Constantinople, and Europe, were in a central part of the town, and readily accessible and regularly used by a large part of the inhabitants. The new committee soon recognised the causes that had led to the failure of the Paris committee, and after only a few weeks' work they met with sufficient encouragement to make them feel certain that this time, at all events, they had discovered a system by which rapid and secret enrolment of members might be effected and through which definite hopes of ultimate success might be legitimately entertained. Doctor Nazim Bey, one of the old members of the Paris committee, lost no time in coming to Salonika and in persuading the Committee of Liberty to join issue with the dying Committee of Union and Progress in Paris, and even to adopt the latter's name. No sooner was the Salonika organisation complete than branch organisations were commenced in Monastir, Uscub, and Kossovo, whilst Doctor Nazim was sent to Smyrna to inaugurate an important branch of the work in that town. An organisation was also started in Constantinople, but the number of spies and the mutual distrust that existed between one and all in the capital made the work impossible and useless. The story of the difficulties under which the committee laboured in the subsequent years, and of the misfortunes which so often and so nearly exposed to the Government the secrets of their organisation, is too long to relate in these pages; whilst it is true that Freemasonry played no unimportant part in assisting the later plans and aims of the revolutionaries, it is yet due to the Salonika committees and their branches alone that the foundations and the machinery of the movement were so successfully laid. It is no less remarkable that the movement was not only begun but carried through from start to finish without any foreign financial help. Both the European and the Asiatic committees were entirely financed by the small contributions of the members themselves. The heavy monetary requirements, looked forward to during the declaration of the revolution, which would have been actually incurred had it been found necessary to march troops against Constantinople, were never actually needed; but the difficulty had been arranged for, and those numerous members of the committee who were also officials employed in Government departments, were ready to seize all available public moneys, and to hand them over for the needs of the moment.

The marvellous manner in which the revolution was effected, without riot and without bloodshed, and the intense enthusiasm and orderly behaviour of the people in their patriotic demonstrations, have inspired those who have witnessed them with a deep admiration, and if the earliest moments of the internal crisis have been successfully passed, it is yet impossible to look ahead at the colossal and immediate difficulties which have to be faced by the Young Turkish Committees and the Ministers without the deepest anxiety. It would be impossible for any one who visited Constantinople, Smyrna, or Salonika, to doubt the sincerity of the feeling in favour of reform, or the earnest desire of the people to do all in their power to keep the freedom they have won, but those who know the provinces, who realise clearly the distance of weeks that separates the populations of the interior, the racial gulf that is fixed between the Syrian and the Slav, the Armenian and the Albanian, between the wild Kurdish inhabitants of the Dersim ranges and the turbulent tribes of the Yemen and and the Hejaz, cannot but wonder how far the separate and hostile members of the Ottoman Empire have understood the meaning of the changes that have occurred, whether they are in any way prepared to sink personal differences for the sake of liberty, or whether liberty is to them but an emancipation from necessary restraint and a gift to be exploited in increased turbulence and lawlessness.

The exterior difficulties which have been so unhappily thrust upon the country by the untimely and hostile actions of neighbouring States have already shaken to its very foundations the existence of the new *régime*. Even if, as seems likely, these difficulties are brought to a satisfactory issue, there still exist, in the solution of the more immediate problems of internal administration—such as army reorganisation, financial regulation, questions of education and language, to say nothing of the institution of Parliamentary government on a sound basis—obstacles and difficulties which to many may appear insurmountable. The Turkish Treasury is absolutely empty, the financial needs of the moment are especially pressing. The revolution was brought about by the support of the army alone. If this support is not to be alienated, the large arrears of pay due to it must be paid off without delay. An empty treasury provides no Turkish Minister with any new emotions, but hitherto he had found little difficulty in providing security upon which to obtain a short loan to meet the urgent needs of the moment. The position has now become much more acute. In spite of the natural riches of the country, which with economy and a little time will yet restore prosperity to it, it is now impossible to find new sources of revenue to meet the demands of the Exchequer: that this is due to the scandalous financial policy of the late Palace party is true but it is no less due to the ruinous system of a Railway kilometric guarantee which has afforded the country the minimum provision of railway facilities with the maximum financial expenditure and obligation to the administrators of those railways. The evils attendant upon this system reached their climax a few months ago in the signature of the Baghdad Railway Contract of June 2, which provided for the extension of the line to Halif.* The results of this agreement are to deprive the Government of all advantage in any increase on the surplus of the ceded revenues of the public debt; for under this contract it has been agreed that all the surpluses on those ceded revenues should be affected to the railways guarantees. Should Turkey in her search for new revenues obtain the consent of the Powers to an augmentation of customs duties, it is Germany and not Turkey who will be the gainer, inasmuch as, under the Decree of Muharrem, it was laid down that any such increase should go to swell the surplus of those ceded revenues which in their turn are now affected to the Baghdad Railway. Wherever Turkey most naturally looks for new sources of revenue, be it in the further promotion of the important silk industry of the country, or in the imposition of an export tax on tobacco, in the development of salt and fishery revenues, or even in an increase of the Income Tax (*temettu*), she finds herself tied hand and foot by the new Baghdad Railway Contract, which in effect deprives the Government of all the advantages in the improvement of her own revenues. It is scarcely credible that such a contract as this should actually have been agreed to by two intelligent Turkish Ministers. The document in question would perhaps be more intelligible were the signatures of the two Ministers replaced by the design of a Red and a Black Eagle, typical of the two distinguished orders of which they were immediately afterwards the recipients. Can it be wondered at that reformed Turkey has chosen to express her sympathy with England rather than with a country whose exploitation of Turkish revenues was euphemistically described to the world as the "Protection of Islam?" It is only fair to say, however, that while the immediate financial difficulties are very great, there is reason to hope that if Turkey is allowed to enjoy a reasonable period of freedom from external difficulties, the immense natural wealth of the country and the frugality and industry of the population will be sufficient to rapidly repair the financial havoc which has been created. On the basis of past borrowing, it would appear that Turkey's annual deficit amounts to about one million pounds. If, then, the new Government can now issue an honest Budget showing that any increases of expenditure over revenue are only due to the necessary satisfaction of liabilities inherited from their predecessors, or to outlay on an improved system of administration, it may not unreasonably be hoped that the confidence of European financiers may be sufficiently won to enable the Government to pursue their path of financial reconstruction on sound and untrammelled lines.

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* "Convention Additionnelle (faisant suite à la Convention du 5 Mars, 1903, du chemin de fer de Bagdad)."

The scheme of army reform proposed by the new Government presents less immediate but equally serious difficulties. Whereas up to the present only Moslems served in the army, it is now intended that all Ottoman subjects of whatever race or religion shall serve in the national army. The idea of having separate regiments for separate nationalities has been discarded on strategical grounds, and one regiment is therefore liable to comprise any number of nationalities in its strength. The ideal is a great one, but how far is its realisation compatible with the race-hatred and animosity that have hitherto prevailed amongst them? How far is it possible that Christians will serve alongside their Moslem countrymen, and how far is it fair to expect that Moslem soldiers will serve contentedly and obey whole-heartedly their Christian officers? Can the strong national feeling that exists amongst Ottoman Greeks, and which has always made them Greeks first and Ottomans afterwards, be successfully made subservient to the spirit of Imperial unity? All these are fundamental questions, whose satisfactory solution is vital to the welfare and existence of constitutional government in Turkey at the moment.

One of the most hopeful features of the programme laid down by the new Government in Turkey is that which shows their recognition of the importance of education in the country. The Young Turk committees rightly believe that education alone can blend together and harmonise the divergent aims of the different nationalities under the Turkish flag. Fanaticism can only flourish amongst the uneducated, and whilst the Turkish people are little, if any, more prone to outbreaks of religious intolerance than, say, the uneducated peasantry of southern Russia, so long as ignorance prevails the people are always open to yield to the fanaticism that may be preached to them by unscrupulous politicians in the capital. But the task of framing educational legislation which would be acceptable to all nationalities and creeds is one of intense difficulty. We in England who are still battling unsuccessfully over far simpler problems of education can realise to some extent the task the Turks have undertaken. It is necessary in the interest of the Turks, as the ruling race, that the study of the Turkish language should be obligatory in all State schools, and yet this primary measure is likely to meet with no little resistance on the part of some of the Christian population, who wish to maintain their own schools and resent the introduction of Turkish teachers even if provided at the expense of the State. Nor is it an easy task, without unduly multiplying the number of schools in certain localities, to provide a programme of religious and secular education that will be agreeable to the inhabitants of those villages whose population may number only a few hundreds, but which may comprise Turks, Greeks, Bulgars, Servians, and Albanians. So far education has not been encouraged, still less has it been made obligatory, but even so the amounts of money available for education have been found insufficient to meet the demand. These moneys have been derived from an additional half per cent. levy upon the tithes as well as from an annual credit allotted to education in the Budget, but the insufficiency is scarcely surprising inasmuch as only a very small proportion of the former ever reaches the Ministry of Public Instruction and none of the latter. Suffice it to say, that whilst there is little doubt that the past system of misappropriation of educational funds has now ceased, there yet remains a large sum of money to be found annually if education is to have the scope sketched out for it by the present Government. There are many who look to the riches of the Evkaf to assist in the problem of educational finance, but the question is on the face of it too thorny and dangerous to be opened until the future of constitutional government in Turkey is more permanently assured. It is clear that the chief difficulty will be met with in the organisation and administration of the Rujdié (or Primary Schools); if once the basis is satisfactorily established in these, the wider provision and educational programmes of the Idadié (or Secondary) and Sultanieh (or Collegiate) schools will be considerably facilitated.

In the many external difficulties that have to be faced to-day much depends upon the attitude of the Christians. They must learn to realise that the cry of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" cannot eliminate the fundamental fact that it is the descendants of Othman and they alone who are the ruling race and who must remain so as long as the Turkish Empire holds together. The ruling race has pledged itself, and has even risked its existence, to give and maintain the principle of religious freedom and racial equality for all its subjects, but it is clear that a preponderance of the Moslem element in the Turkish Parliament is as just an ambition on the part of the Turks, and as essential a factor in the welfare of Turkey as is the paramountcy of Anglo-Saxon rule to the permanency of our Indian Empire. Let the Moslems of Turkey once see that they are to be numerically overwhelmed by the Christians in the new Parliament, and the result must inevitably be the overthrow of constitutional government. From the panic that would ensue, and from the vain attempts that would be made by the Turks to seek safety in a return to that despotic rule of whose evils they at least had learnt the limit, there could only ensue a recrudescence of bitter animosity to the Christian peoples that would terminate as fatally for them as for the existence of the ruling race itself. It must ever be remembered that, in Turkey as elsewhere, reaction and not reform is the natural disposition of the clerical element, and if up to now the weight of the Ulema has been on the side of the latter, it is mainly because they have smarted no less than others under the bitter restraints of Hamidian rule.

The fast of Ramazan, when religious feeling runs highest, is not yet safely past, and indications are already to hand that the forces of reaction, quiescent up till now, are awakening. There is no more potent rallying cry for the reactionary than that the Christians are trying to usurp the ruling power in Turkey, and if once colour is found for this cry, and the story is believed amongst the people, in a few days, in a few hours even, the whole fabric of the new Government might fall amidst a wreckage of national hopes and ambitions. Those who are guiding the destinies of Turkey to-day are riding a whirlwind, and it lies largely with the Christian races to lull this to a calm, or stir it to a hurricane. The Turkish Government and people are placing their whole faith on the support of England, and are even apt to expect greater miracles from British statesmanship than are in its power to perform. So far nothing that could wisely be done to help Turkey has been left undone by the British Government, and if only Turkey will realise what is and what is not possible for England to do, and will maintain her trust in British friendship, there is good reason to hope that all the present difficulties may be satisfactorily overcome. Both from a moral and a material point of view, England can in no way err in giving wholeheartedly her support to a nation who is striving to establish the principles of freedom and justice in her country; upon whose existence, moreover, British naval supremacy in the Mediterranean so largely depends, and whose disruption would jeopardise the very existence of our Eastern Empire.

GEORGE LLOYD.

# PARIS UNDER THE EMPIRE

> There were many admirable features in last night's performance [wrote the musical correspondent of the *Times* in its issue of June 16], besides the appearance of Madame Tetrazzini in the part so long identified with Madame Patti. That illustrious Rosina was present, and among the enthusiastic spectators, many of the large audience would have given a great deal if she had been on the stage rather than in the stalls.

Adelina Patti played "Rosina" to Mario's "Almaviva," at the Salle Ventadour in Paris in the winter of 1862. My recollections of di Candia conjure up a full, jovial face, an eye full of beauty and intelligence, continuous rippling laughter, mobile lips, over which a black moustache seemed to quiver in sympathy. Grisi was a delightful personage. To hear her sing "Casta Diva" was a joy for ever. Mario was a consummate actor. His voice in 1862 was not so fine as before. He had been a worthy rival to Rubini. As *Punch*, referring to an imaginary discussion between Gye and Mapleson, on the respective merits of the *primi tenore* of Her Majesty's and Covent Garden, put it:

As does the Monument in Trafalgar Square
O'ertop the fountains feebly squirting there
. . . .
does my Mario your Giuglini beat!

Though London had two, Paris had but one Italian Opera, which was housed in a building now used as a bank in the Place Ventadour. This tiny square is approached by a short street from the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs on the south; whilst a swinging door in the Passage Choiseul, close to the stuffy little Bouffes, gives access to it from the east. In the southern approach two splendid Gardes de Paris à cheval, stood sentry on the nights of performances, their long red cloaks and flashing helmets picturesquely reflected in the wet streets. In those days one could dine for 1 franc, 60 centimes, at a restaurant in the Passage Choiseul. The menu comprised: "trois plâts, et dessert," amongst which were, "Vol au vent aux champignons," and "Perdrix aux choux"; either of which, if only relatively first class, must have cost more than the price of the whole dinner. From the Passage Choiseul one passed occasionally to the Italiens. I can see Mario now as Almaviva, in white satin and silk, with a long sword, his cavalier hat and ostrich feather contrasting with his dark moustache and laughing eyes. A little too stout, but graceful as Hector, "Il avait frisé la quarantaine," as well as his hair. His "Ecco ridente" was splendid, and nothing better than his comedy in the later scenes. Patti sang like a beautiful trilling bird. How she voiced "Una voce poco fa!" What are the high notes of Tetrazzini, astonishing as they are, to those of Patti in the Salle Ventadour? With such an actor as Mario di Candia, Rosina *had* to be an ideal sprightly mover, as well as a finished singer. This girl with the bright eyes and pretty feet, whose brother-in-law, Strakosch, had brought out in New York, combined the two qualities.

In the Bois or the Champs Elysées of those days were no hideous *teufs-teufs*, nor did the ground rock with the movements of subterranean trains. De Morny, the Emperor's half-brother, held sway, except in the Faubourg St. Germain, and de Grammont Caderousse reigned with him in society. Napoleon III. drove his pair of faultless bays in a mail phaeton, with Fleury by his side. (The Fleury who wrote after Sédan; "En tout cas nous nous sommes diablement bien amusés.") The Empress passed the Palais de l'Industrie at about 4 o'clock in her "daumont," the postilions and outriders in green and gold. Princess Metternich drove in a similar, but yellow carriage. There also would be the lovely Comtesse de Pourtalès, the equally beautiful Marquise de Gallifet. With the Empress, one of her ladies in waiting, either the Comtesses de Montebello, de la Poèze, de la Bedoyère (2); the Marquises de Las Marismas, de la Tour Maubourg, or perhaps the Baronne de Bourgoing.

All were driving to the Bois de Boulogne, "pour faire le tour du lac." In the few years before "l'année terrible" (1870) half the Sovereigns of Europe visited Paris, so gay, so clean, so "coquet." The Emperor Francis Joseph was there, forgetting Solférino, not having tasted the bitterness of Sàdova; the old King of Prussia, so soon to be crowned German Emperor in the Galerie des Glâces at Versailles; Ismaïl Pasha, picking up stray things for his opera in Cairo, at the expense of the Fellaheen: Abd-ul-Aziz, white faced, black-bearded, half asleep; to sleep for ever with the aid of his own scissors at Stambûl; Alexander II., the Liberator of the Serfs, whom Berezowski attempted to assassinate in the Bois de Boulogne; Louis of Bavaria, with wavy hair and splendid eyes, beneath whose lids lurked the Wittelsbach madness as yet undeveloped; Rodolph of Hapsburg, who preferred love and death to life and a crown; all of them admired the fountains in the "Plâce Louis XV." or Plâce de la Concorde. Those were the days of merry Offenbach, when Schneider, surnamed "Le passage des princes," had her bath of Algerian Onyx; and "Skittles" and Cora Pearl drove their pony carriages and came to blows in the Avenue des Acacias. In 1867 took place the first Grand Exhibition, when trees thirty feet high blossomed and bore leaf in the dusty Champ de Mars, and the "gommeux" divided their attention between the barmaids at Spiers and Pond's restaurant, and Krupp's monster gun of steel. Amongst the numerous suitors of the pretty Patti were Imbert de St. Amand, the historian, "un homme sérieux," who would have made a good husband for La Diva; the Russian, Narischkine, the handsomest and wildest gambler in Paris; and de Caux. Patti accepted the hand and title of the last. People said: "c'est elle qui a fait le mauvais mariage!"

My brother and I had taught the intricacies of single wicket, in Box's Cricket Ground at Hove, to two French boys, Armand and Marcel de Jumilhac. They found us out in the Boulevard Haussmann, just opposite the pink house of that eccentric Duke of Brunswick, who bequeathed his famous vase to the town of Geneva. Their mother, a widow, Madame de Jumilhac, lived in the Rue d'Anjou St. Honoré, in a beautiful old house which long ago made way for one of Haussmann's clean but uninteresting thoroughfares. Madame de Jumilhac was a hot Legitimist. She took us one night, with Armand and Marcel, to her box at the Theâtre Français to see *Ernani*, by Victor Hugo, in which the line occurs ending: "écraser dans l'œuf ton aigle impérial." To hear that line she went, for she never looked at the stage till the words were delivered. Then she and her sons and dozens of other people rose and cheered vociferously for several minutes. We lost sight of our kind friends for some years and did not hear of them till the war was over, in 1871. Marcel was dead. Both he and Armand had enlisted as private soldiers in the Brittany Mobiles at Rennes. These troops were drilled in the streets in squads, with sticks for rifles and in plain clothes. When furnished with uniforms and boots and rifles and ammunition, which many of them did not know how to use, the Mobiles were sent towards Paris to raise the siege! The weather was intensely cold. The patriotic contractor who supplied the boots had found it cheaper to make the soles of stiff cardboard than leather. The Mobiles started gaily enough, but when they met the tried troops of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg's Corps they could of course make no sort of headway. The order was given to retire. The horrors of the retreat were appalling! The commissariat arrangements broke down, the poor fellows had to steal food to live on the way. The paper soles wore out, and there was nothing between the men's feet and the iron-bound roads. All the pumps were frozen and icicles a foot long covered them. The boys were half dead with thirst. As soon as they tumbled in for sleep the shots of the pursuing Germans awoke them. The trudge in the snow commenced again! Many, including poor Marcel, fell out; their bleeding and frost-bitten feet were unable to carry them. Thus in a ditch, half-starved, wholly-frozen, Marcel de Jumilhac died for his country. Armand survived, but his life was no happy one. He succeeded his uncle as Duc de Richelieu, and married the daughter of Furtado Heine. Although a son was born the union was most unhappy. Armand died a few years after the marriage. His widow married the Prince of Monaco; all who run may read her story. Marcel's death, tragic as it was, was happier than Armand's life. However, "Quid de quoque viro, et cui dicas, sæpe caveto," as Horace said. Nothing in life demands more caution than the report one makes to others on the characters of one's friends.

The excitement in Paris, in 1866, caused by the victories of Prussia, was intense. The Prussians were aiming at the first place among the armies of Europe; the French had hitherto held that position, they would now have to fight for it. The Minister of War introduced a Bill for forming a Territorial Army which, if successful, would have probably averted the calamities of 1870. The French would not have it. We are now imitating them! Shall we, too, suffer defeat as the reward of our folly? My guardian's mother, the Dowager Marquise d'Escayrac de Lauture, lived in the same house as Stöffel, who had been Military Attaché in Berlin. He was then writing the valuable reports that were pigeon-holed. Her sister, the Marquise d'Audiffret, and her husband (who was ninety-two years of age, yet a Senator and President of the Credit Foncier) had a fine apartment in the Rue Royale. The Emperor's Government was not liked in the d'Audiffret sâlon, though the old Marquis held up his hand deprecatingly when the abuse became too strong. Guizot and the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier were amongst the visitors to this house. Nobody of interest lives in the Rue Royale now. Its occupants minister to the body, not to the mind. The streets of Paris have undergone radical changes since the Empire. The Avenue de l'Opéra was but just begun; the Rue Réaumur did not exist. North of the Palais Royal (in which people still dined at Vevey's and the Trois frères Provençaux) was a maze of narrow, dark streets, entered from the south by the Rue St. Roch, from the north by the Rue Louis le Grand. In the maze were evil smells, and evil men and women too. The church at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin was a mass of scaffolding, as was the new Académie Impériale de Musique. Carpeaux' group, stained by ink later on, had not left his studio. The opera was in the old house, Rue Lepeletier, from which Orsini threw his bombs. Men met at the Maison Dorée, Tortoni's, and Hill's, opposite the Madeleine. The Café Anglais, Voisin's, and "Madrid" in the Bois, gave good dinners or luncheons. Jules Dusautoy provided clothes, and the Grande Maison de Blanc underclothing, on the Boulevard des Capucines. Almost opposite was Eugene Rimmel. August Klein, of the Graben, had a splendid shop for leather goods, and Jones sold English stationery, close to the Grand Hotel. The new Grand Café, with its freshly painted frescoes, had not ousted the Café de la Paix from public favour. The tables of the latter obstructed the footway. The Boulevard

Malesherbes was a wilderness of flats, "à louer," in front of which puny sticks, which are now fine plane trees, struggled for existence. And the Rue de Rivoli! The Continental Hotel was then the Ministry of Finance, of which the last charred wall fell into the Rue Mont Thabor with a crash in 1871. Every one went to Meurice's. Redfern had not appeared. Galignani's Reading Room was the resort of British tourists, who cashed their cheques at kind old John Arthur's, in the Rue Castiglione. The trees in the Tuileries Gardens were more robust than now, the Marronier du 20 Mars did not always belie its name. Where many and indifferent statues now shiver undraped in the snow, stood the Palace of the Tuileries, haunted by many memories. Turcos in blue mounted guard in the gardens, and a sentry was posted at the Obelisk, "pour empêcher qu'on l'emporte." Thérèsa bawled forth her songs under the gas lamps and tin trees in the Café to the north side of the Champs Elysées in summer, and in the Alcazar in winter. Splendid Percheron stallions drew the heavy omnibuses. Greys were harnessed in the green "Passy—La Bourse." Blacks with splendid crests pulled the yellow vehicle, "Batignolles—Clichy—Odéon." I hear the neighs of the browns, the lather foaming over their traces, who halted, champing their bits and pawing the paving-stones, at the top of the Faubourg St. Honoré, under our balcony. They passed, on their daily journey, "Les Ternes—Boulevard des Filles-du-Calvaire," down the Faubourg to the big Boulevards.

I venture to borrow a description of the old "Bouffons," as Balzac called the "Italiens" in far-off days, from "Tout Paris":

> To the right, the Emperor and Empress's *avant scène;* beside it, over the stage, the Count Bacciochi's little box; underneath that, Countess Castiglione's mysterious *baignoire*, entered from the wings. In the open or closed boxes to which access was obtained by a passage: the Aguados, Countess de Pourtalès, Marquise de Gallifet, Princess de Sagan, Princess von Metternich, the "Maréchale" de Malakoff (the Empress's cousin), Madame Liadière, Baroness de Poilly, Marshal Magnan, Baroness d'Erlanger, Doctor Seams (*sic*, Yeames) and his pretty daughters, Countess de la Fernandina, Mme. Hersent, Countess de Chambrun, Marchioness of Campo Sagrado (daughter of Queen Christina) and the Duke of Riançares. An elegant *baignoire*, upholstered in crimson silk, was reserved for a group of friends, the Duke de Mouchy, Prince Stanislas Poniatowski (equerry to the Emperor), Count Adalbert de Talleyrand-Perigord, and Count Raynald de Choiseul. In others, Countess le Hon and her daughters, Princess Poniatovska, Prince Anatole Demìdoff, Mme. Pereira, Marquis de

Scépeaux, Count de Niewerkerke (*sic*), Superintendent of the Beaux Arts, Count d'Osmont, a little bit of a composer and who drove four-in-hand to perfection, although he had only one arm. In other *baignoires:* the Barucci, Mme. Frezzolini (who only sang in private), Cora Pearl, Anna Delion, and others whose names were mentioned in whispers only.

In the stalls, many women, very elegant, very *décolletées;* Mme. Guerra, Mme. Sasse, and all the best-known men in Paris, Counts de Pomereu and Turenne, Captain Duperré (Officier d'ordonnance to the Emperor) and his brother, Captain Duperré, both sailors. Count Gabrielli, Princes Troubetzkoi, Paul Demìdoff, and Galitzine, Viscount Paul Daru, Duke de Rivoli, Duke Decazes. And then, Messieurs Jules Janin, Fiorentino, de Saint Victor, the celebrated critics. Messieurs Barbey d'Aurevilly, Arsène Houssaye, Villemessant, Girardin, Henri de Riancy (of the *Union*), Aurélien Schôll, Dupin (*le père* Dupin, *doyen des vaudevillistes*), Auguste Vacquerie, Paul Meurice, Róchefort, Octave Feuillet, Emile Augier, Weiss, Édouard Hervé, M. Bocher, Granièr de Cassagnac and his son Paul, Neftzer (of *Le Temps*), Havin (of *Le Siècle*), Marcelin, Viscount de la Guéronnière. In the stalls or in boxes: Messieurs Thiers, Guizot, Gambetta (who was beginning to be known, perhaps), Lamartine, Auber, Rossini, Offenbach (at his zenith), Raphael Bischoffsheim (the discoverer of "stars"), Xavier Aubryet, Roqueplan, Prince Lubomirsky, Dukes de Bisaccia, de Fitz-James, de la Trémoille, Marquis Alfieri, Chevalier Nigra, Count Walevski, Duke de Castries, and M. de Saint Albin, the Empress's librarian.

I must thank "Tout Paris," of the *Gaulois,* for his very complete list of celebrities, entities, nonentities, of the world and half-world of the times, when "nous nous sommes diablement bien amusés."

The fine church at the angle of the Boulevard Malesherbes was only rising from its foundations in '64, and the space between it and the oratoire was a confused mass of demolitions, deep excavations, scaffolding, and heaps of *débris.* Through this, gallant Percherons, their withers covered with huge collars of blue sheepskin, drew enormous carts, the diameter of whose wheels was two mètres. The Gare du Hâvre (St. Lazare) was approached from the Rue Tronchet. No "Printemps" existed, to scatter filthy papers over the trottoirs; no Hammam; no Boulevard Haussmann! In those days the names of Jaluzôt, Du Fayel, Boucicault, meant nothing; the commères gossiped in the Rues Vivienne or Montmârtre, and bought their things "au bon Diable," or "à la Rédingôte grise," Rédingôte, being in parenthesis, nothing but "riding coat!" The Parc Monceaux was enclosed, but not finished. The Avenues, de Messine, where is Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower's statue of Shakespeare, Hôche, &c.

&c., were marked out, but not built on. In this direction were numerous high old houses, their walls covered with disfiguring advertisements, which formed a sort of labyrinth through which the Russians found their way on the Tsar's name-day, to the gilded *zabôr* in the Avenue Daru. The place was full of Russians then, and good Americans, when they died, hoped to go to Paris. They prefer London it seems now. There was a hopelessly rich Russian from Siberia, who had made money in posting, or vodka, or something useful, and who spent it on all sorts of show. He was called Yàkovleff. More interesting were the artists, Aivasòvsky, whose green waves splashed from out his pictures; Molosoff, &c.; or the viveurs, Galitzine, Troubetzkoi, the two Demìdoffs, Alfred de Luteroth. There were many beautiful and attractive women from Moscow and St. Petersburg in Paris. With them might be seen the handsome sons of Alexander II.; the Cesarévitch, afterwards Alexander III.; the Grand Dukes Vladìmir and Alexei-Alexàndrovitch; Serge and Paul were as yet boys. Dear old Rossini, "the Swan of Pésaro," died about this time, and Patti sang the "Requiem" with Alboni at his funeral service. I seem to see Rossini's merry fat face, with its twinkling sarcastic eyes, or to hear him again: "Dans la musique il n'y a que deux espèces, le bon et le mauvais." Which reminds one of the story of the amateur listening to the "Barbière," annoyed by a man in front of him who hummed all the airs in advance, saying: "Je voudrais bien que cet imbècile se taise." "Est-ce-que vous vous addressez à moi, Monsieur?" said the vocal accompanist. "Non, Monsieur; mais à Rossini, qui m'empêche de vous entendre."

The hotels in Paris in the sixties gave better coffee than is now obtainable, but their sanitary arrangements left much to be desired. The Hôtel Vouillemont, close to the Plâce de la Concorde, was very quiet, clean, and distingué, but so dull! The King of Naples (Bomba) lived there then, with his beautiful Consort, sister of the Empress of Austria, fresh from the misery of Gaeta. The Hôtel des Étrangers, Rue Vivienne, was a fine old seventeenth-century house, since demolished to give room to the Bibliothèque Impériale (Nationale). On all the new buildings in Paris, especially on the Pavilions de Flôre, and the junction of the Tuileries and the Louvre, the Imperial Crown over "N" appeared in profusion. "Il a des ennemis ('N' mis), partout;" was said of the Emperor. Amongst the enemies, Rôchefort (otherwise Marquis de la Rôchefort-Luçaye), in the *Rappel*, was most persistent. The Emperor's own family were not his best friends. Jerôme (Plon-plon), who married King Victor Emmanuel's sister, and disgusted her by his irreligious sentiments, was always intriguing against the cousin who loaded him with benefits. Pierre Bonaparte, who shot the journalist Ulric de Fonvielle in a curious duel in his own house, did enormous harm to the Imperial cause. The Prince Imperial was perhaps destined to revive a lost cause. He was a delightful child, who often appeared dressed in the uniform of the Grenadiers de la Garde Impériale. The people cheered the Prince and his nurse but they scarcely noticed the Emperor, or even the charming Empress. In the Champs Elysées, in 1863, there were but few residences at intervals beyond the Rond Point. Where the Avenue de l'Alma and the Rue Pierre Charron, full of beautiful houses, now stand, were nothing but walls, gardens, and small houses. There were more important ones that have disappeared. Grenelle was a district of "terrains vagues." The Trocadéro was a quarry of oolitic stone. M. Casimir Perier's handsome house stood where is now the Elysée Palace Hôtel.

In the Avenue Kléber, where the Hôtel Magnificent has lately been opened, lived Queen Isabella of Spain. Racy stories were told of this monarch, perhaps they were inventions. The Avenue de l'Impératrice, that leads down to the Bois de Boulogne from the Arc de l'Étoile, looked then much as now save that many more horsemen trotted on the soft side. Doctor Evans, the American dentist, who was instrumental in aiding the Empress to escape from Paris, lived in a corner house on the left-hand side going towards the Bois. All the beautiful allées near Passy were in the most embryo state, and apartments could be had in this quarter for a mere song. The chiffonniers sorted their rags on the high ground near the Trocadéro. The Champ de Mars was a huge, sandy waste, studded in wet weather with sparkling pools. The Jéna Bridge, or Pont d'Iéna, seemed literally to lead from nothing to nowhere. In the distance a row of poplars indicated the island of Billancourt. Further to the west the Point du Jour, and the fortifications, which had cost one hundred and forty million francs to build, twenty years before. Then the delightful hills of St. Cloud. The Lanterne de Diogènes, a curious building like a lighthouse, stood at the edge, watching over Sèvres in the valley. The fair at St. Cloud was an institution dear to boys. There was a gentleman who ate live rats, biting their heads off first. Inside a booth was to be seen, "le produit extraordinaire d'une carpe et d'un lapin." When the unwary peasant paid his sou and went inside the tent, he saw a rabbit in a hutch, and a small carp swimming in a bowl. "Messieurs," said the showman; "l'Empereur vient de faire demander l'enfant, mais voilà le père et la mère!"

In 1869 my guardian, Stanislas d'Escayrac de Lauture, died. He succumbed to the effects of the cruelties practised on him in China in the campaign of 1860. Loch, Parkes, and d'Escayrac, were taken prisoners on the same day and conveyed to Peking. D'Escayrac was bound hand and foot and thrown thus into a country cart. Water, which his torturers denied him as a drink, was poured on the hempen cords that bound his wrists to his ankles! The cords, swelling, cut into the flesh, and produced gangrene, which would have proved fatal at the time had it not been for the devotion of d'Escayrac's body-servant, Ah Sen. He bathed and cleansed the wounds, and fed his master in prison when he was unable to use his hands. A gallant spirit passed away in Pierre Henri Stanislas d'Escayrac, who was succeeded in the Marquisate and other honours by his brother, Léonce, Equerry to the Emperor. The d'Escayracs are an old Quercy or Gascon family, established for many years at Lauture, in Tarn et Garonne. The names of Guy, Guichard, et Bernard d'Escayrac can be seen inscribed over the d'Escayrac shield, "Argent, three bends gules," with the date A.D. 1249, in the Salle des Croisées at Versailles. This blazon is one of the few coats of arms of the warriors present at the Crusades, still borne by their descendants *of the same name*, that hang in the Hall of the Crusaders in the palace of the successor of Saint Louis. The shields remain the same as fifty years ago, but how changed is Paris! Brilliant and gay now, it is true, the home of the scholar and artist as of yore, to use the words of the writer in *Le Gaulois*: "Combien différent ce grand Paris démocratique, du moindre et vivant Paris de l'Empire!" Since the Cent Gardes, in their sky-blue tunics, trotted beside the Emperors of France and Russia, when Borezowski, the Pole, attempted to murder Alexander: how many changes have been rung! Alexander and his son have reigned and died. Napoleon and his son have died without completing their reigns. Thiers, Mac-Mahon, Grévy, Faure, Loubet, and Fallières, have occupied the Elysée. A great void exists where the Emperor received the diplomats in the Salle des Maréchaux. I seem to see Napoleon at Longchamps when Henri Delamarre's colt, Vermouth, beat Blair Athol, the son of Stockwell and Blink Bonny; Count F. de la Grange's filly, Fille de l'Air, the Oaks winner, running a good third. There was the bay, his jockey in red and black, in front of the big chestnut, whose rider was in I'Anson's green, yellow belt, and cap. A roar of delight burst from the crowd! Several men shouted, "Vaterloo est vengé! Moutards!" as we walked to the station at Surèsnes. But it was all good humour and fun. In the Champs Elysées, on the Fête Napoléon, on August 15, a Moorish Palace was built around the Obelisk; huge palms and banana trees waved in the sultry breeze. Myriads of gaslights in opaque globes shed a soft light, and depended in graceful curves all the way from the Marly horses to the Arc de Triomphe. In the morning a review of the garrison of Paris in the Champs Elysées. The Guides, in green and gold; the Dragons de l'Impératrice, in green with yellow facings, leopard skin shabraques, and scarlet plumes; the Lanciers de la Garde in white with blue plastrons, and red, baggy, leathered overalls. The drums announced the infantry. First, the Grenadiers de la Garde Impériale, in blue tunics, with brandebourgs or bars of white across their broad chests, their tall bearskins nodding, the eagles flashing in the sun. Léonce d'Escayrac rode at the head of one battalion. Then the Voltigeurs, with yellow brandebourgs and red and yellow feathers upright in their shakos. The Zouaves, "les Zou-Zous," to the air of "As tu vu?" Weird music heralded the Turcos, in light blue, with yellow gaiters and white spats. Under their spotless turbans great eyes looked ferociously at the chaffing crowd. The Guard had passed. The bugles rang out, as the popular Chasseurs de Vincennes almost trotted by. Between the cries of "Ohé! Lambert!" and "Et ta soeur!" the perspiring crowd would sing in refrain:

Dans le corps des chasseurs,
Quand un chasseur a peur,
Tous les chasseurs ont peur,
Dans le corps des chasseurs.

One might go on almost *ad infinitum* with stories of what happened in these merry times before the war came and shattered the Empire. Poor Napoleon! He has been virulently abused, but the Paris of Haussmann, the Opera, the Boulevards, the Bois de Boulogne, cannot be "interred with his bones." When I entered la Ville Lumière just after the Versailles troops, with whom Léonce d'Escayrac fought, and was for the first time wounded by an explosive bullet; the misery of the scene made my boyish experiences fade into dreamland. After all, what is life but a dream? Caldéron so wrote of it:

Qué es la vida? Una frénésia.
Qué es la vida? Una ilusiòn.
Una sombra, una ficiòn!
Y el mayor ben es pequéño
Por la vida toda es suéño.
Y los suéños suéños son!

C. E. DE LA POER BERESFORD.

Menaggio, June 1908.

# VILLAGE SKETCH: "SUSAN"

WELL, I'm sure no mother can 'elp worriting when she sees her only girl playing fast and loose, as you ma' say, with the mercies o' Providence! A man like Mr. Treddles is a gift as don't often come in the way of a girl, and for 'er to be so self-willed against 'im—well, you can't 'elp worriting. Look at 'is trap, and all—and there isn't any mother as wouldn't like to see 'er girl driving in 'er own trap. And such a good business, and he'll keep a servant, and nothing to do as she need mind, and 'im so industrious—why, as I tell 'er, there's no knowing where he'll end. You do 'ear of such things nowadays, it seems to me as there's fortunes to be made out of everything if you only knows how to make 'em. And he seems so set on Susan. I'm sure the way he's come after 'er these two years shows you what a persevering spirit he's got. Well, he spoke pretty plain to me last week. "Mrs. Matt," he says, "I'm going to give Susan one more chance," he says, "and then I'm a going to give it up. If she won't 'ave me I sha'n't trouble 'er again. I shall put it before 'er just this once more. I've give 'er a month to consider, and that'll settle it."

Well, you can't wonder at 'im getting sick and tired of it, can you? And such nonsense as she talks; says as he's so fat, and so plain, and all the rest of it—as I tell 'er, she'd ought not to weigh the blessings o' Providence, but take what's sent 'er. Then I'm one as never flies in the face of Providence, and I should like to see Susan more of the same mind. It's 'er self-will as 'll be her ruin. Look at the trouble I 'ad with 'er over Will Hunter. You remember 'im, don't you? Lived along with old Saunders at Hill Farm. I don't know where he come from, I only know where he went—Canada, and a good job too, as it turned out. Well, 'im and Susan were always sweet-'earting, and when Old Saunders died he left 'im a nice bit o' money, enough, you know, to start 'im on a bit of a farm of 'is own, if he had the proper mind. But what must he do but go off to Canada. Well, for my own part, I never could abear furrin ways, nor furrin folk, nor furrin food—as for that stuff as they calls Canterbury lamb, not a taste of it shouldn't pass my lips—nasty, strange stuff from no one knows where, served up with a good English-sounding name, just to take folks in as is fools enough.

So you may just picture my feelings when Will said as he was going off to Canada, and Susan could join 'im there when he'd got a 'ome. Never, says I to myself, shall daughter of mine go to furrin parts.

And there was 'er father a saying what a good chance it 'ud be for a young fellow with a bit o' money in 'is pocket. It's my belief he started Will off on the notion, and when you set a young fellow astride on a bit o' folly you may be sure he won't pull in till he has gone too far to return.

I thought I should 'ave dropped when he told me what was astir. "What," I says, "me let my only girl go off to those outlandish deserts—*never*," I says. "Outlandish deserts," he says, "you don't know nothing about it. Canada's a very fine country." "Well," I says, "I know as much about it as you do anyway, for," I says, "you haven't been there no more than me, and if you likes to swallow all the stuff they crams you with, you may, but, for my own part, I'm not made quite so hollow."

He's very pig-'eaded when he's crossed, and I generally 'olds my tongue, for I'm not one for strife; but, being as Susan was the matter, I spoke my mind. He went on for a bit about me not knowing what I was talking about—men always tells ye that when you contradicts 'em—and at last I says to him, "P'raps I knows a bit more than you think. I 'aven't forgot those lantern pictures up at the schools as the missionary gentleman showed us. Those was furrin parts, and furrin *folk*, and if it 'adn't been as it was a clergyman a showing 'em, I shouldn't 'ave said it was respectable, and if you think as I'm going to let my girl go to a strange country and get mixed up with that sort o' thing, you've made a mistake," I says. "No, *please the Lord, she sha'n't go.*" Well, he said something as I won't repeat—he's very short in the temper at times—and off he went.

But it didn't stop there. Will Hunter kep' on with his nonsense, and his books, and 'is maps, and 'is bother, and for all I could say they was a settling it between 'em—and Susan—the poor lamb! so innocent, just taking in all the stuff as they piled on to 'er, with a tear in one eye and a smile in the other. And I 'eld my tongue through it all, but I kep' on a saying to myself, "*Please the Lord, she sha'n't go.*"

It 'eartens you up to feel as you've got the Lord on your side when you've got that to go through as you don't like.

I'd never cared much for Will Hunter, specially when Mr. Treddles 'ad begun to come about the place, and I wasn't so very sorry when he took 'isself off. She cried her eyes out, pretty near, did Susan, when he went. I didn't hinder 'er, for they say as tears wash the grief away, and I thought when 'er eyes was dry she might see things a bit plainer. I knew it was no good me a saying anything against Will; it only set her on fighting for 'im; but I let fall a bit here and a bit there about folk with sandy 'air being of a jealous disposition. Will's very sandy, you know. My mother never could abear sandy folk, she always said as they was so jealous there was no peace with 'em, and I'd go on about people being short-tempered (he's very hasty, you know), and that short-tempered 'usbands needed long-suffering wives; and I told 'er 'ow there was no friend like a mother, and any one who crossed the sea to leave a mother, 'ud leave the 'appiness she'd never find again. Just as I say, a bit 'ere and a bit there—she didn't seem to take no notice, but I know she heard, because I took care as she did.

She 'ad a letter or two from 'im, and she seemed a bit more contented. She wasn't to 'ear again till he'd made up 'is mind where to settle, so she couldn't write for she 'ad no address. After a time when she never 'eard she began to get a bit worrited. I could see it quite plain. Always got 'er thoughts fixed somewhere else. You know what I mean. It seemed to me quite likely as Will 'ad picked up with another sweet-'eart, as I told 'er, it was only to be expected from a young fellow as was so set on change that he couldn't stay in the country where Providence had placed 'im.

Oh, dear, 'ow she'd run to the gate if she saw the postman a coming! And there, one day when she'd gone off to 'er aunt's, if he didn't bring a letter!

He handed it in to me through the window where I was a washing, and stood it on the ledge. "There's the beginning of troubles" I says to myself. I waited till I'd done my work, and then I went back for it, and it was gone! Well, I looked up and down, and where do you think I saw it? Why, it 'ad blown down, I suppose, out o' the window and got into the drain-grating. Well, I just give it a touch—to get 'old of it, you know—and if it didn't go in altogether! Did ye ever know such a thing?

Come all across the seas and drowned itself in my wash-'ouse drain. Well, as my poor mother always said, "the ways o' Providence is past finding-out."

Of course Susan never knew. It 'ad 'ave put 'er about for nothing. She'd 'ave 'ad the drain up or something, and all the writing would 'ave been swilled off. I knew as she was fidgeting, but I didn't take no notice. And there was the father always on, "I can't think why Will don't write," and I says, "Oh, he'll write fast enough one of these days, and then you'll 'ave the 'appiness of parting with your only daughter, and burying your wife, for if you do the one you'll 'ave to do the other."

It must 'ave been getting on four months before the next come. There was two letters, both for Susan—one was from Nelly Jones, a friend of 'ers. She 'eard the postman, and in she came running, 'er cheeks all of a flush. "Any letter for me?" she says, and there, without knowing what I was doing for the moment, I just slipped Will's letter into my pocket and only give 'er the other. And there, when she saw it was only Nelly Jones' she threw it on the floor, and she set off crying as if 'er 'eart 'd break.

"Ah, my girl," I says, "we all 'ave our troubles in this world, but it's a blessing when you can bear 'em under your own father's roof, and not in some outlandish place with only niggers to comfort ye." It went to my 'eart to see her so put about, but *I* couldn't be flying in the face of Providence, if it wasn't for 'er to 'ave the letters.

At tea the father asked 'er what 'ailed 'er, and off she started again at 'er crying. He's that soft with the girl, he always was, such a one for patting and petting, and he kep' on a stroking 'er 'air, and saying "poor little lass, poor little lass," and a blowing 'is own nose till you'd 'ave thought he'd 'ave wrung it off. As I says to 'im afterwards, "It's no 'elp to the girl encouraging 'er to fret, you should pass it off for 'er, and bring 'er mind to common sense." But he's not one as'd bear a word, and as for telling 'im of 'is faults, it's like poison to 'im.

Oh, dear, how that letter did worrit me to be sure! It was always in my pocket. And whatever I did I could always feel it there. And what to do with it puzzled me. I thought a time or two as she should 'ave it. But it wasn't easy to give it 'er natural, and to say 'ow I'd come by it. And I never was one for lying lips—not like some is. And there she was always a peering down the road a looking for the postman, and one day when he come with a letter from my sister Sarah, you'd 'ave thought she'd 'ave dropped.

Well, I was ever so put-about. But there, it's better for *me* to 'ave 'ad the trouble than for 'er to go to 'er sorrow in a strange country. Night and day that there letter lay heavy on me, and I was for ever wondering what I'd ought to do. And then it came to me as how in the Bible they was always a drawing lots, and what was right for them, couldn't be far wrong for me. So I says to myself. "I'll settle it so, and if it's the will o' Providence she shall 'ave it some way or other, and if not I'll do away with it. So I got two pieces of paper and drew one. I'd settled it was to be the shortest—*and* the *shortest it was*.

Well, I'm not one to fly in the face of Providence, and nothing could be plainer than that. There's no denying that it didn't seem the right thing to let 'er 'ave those letters. What did I do with it? do you say? Why I put it on the fire—and I can't tell you how it lightened my 'eart when I saw it aflame. It's a mercy when you see your way clear to doing the right thing. Susan come in a minute after, and she stirred the fire for tea. Ah, I thought, she don't know what lies in the 'eart of the fire, nor in my 'eart neither—but as they always say, "the ways of Providence are past finding out."

She'd stand at the gate day after day always a looking for what never came—the postman don't come up our lane, you know, if there isn't nothing for us. It wasn't no good my saying nothing to 'er. She's like 'er father for that, she's very pig-'eaded. I should 'ave thought after a twelvemonth she'd 'ave give up the idea, and it was a going a twelvemonth since Will left. But as a child, you know, if she'd set 'er mind on anything you couldn't get 'er off it. Oh dear, if only she'd set 'er mind on Mr. Treddles, there'd be 'appiness for 'er. Happiness, as you might say, lying under 'er feet, and she wont bend 'er neck to pick it up. She's that stiff-necked.

Well, I 'ad a very sorry winter with 'er, I can tell ye. She got ever such a cold. Standing at the gate, I told 'er it was, a doing nothing; and she wouldn't pay no heed to it, and there she got laid by with pneumonia. It *was* a work, I can tell you. Nursing night and day, and the father a breaking 'is 'eart over 'er. But we pulled 'er through. You should 'ave seen me at the end. I was gone to skin and bone with all there was to do, but my word, wasn't I glad as I'd never let 'er go off to Will Hunter. Fancy 'er in that outlandish place with that illness on 'er! There did come another letter when she was laid by—that was the last.

Well, everything 'appens for the best, if we did but know it. She was very poor and draggy after it all, and she didn't seem to pick up 'er flesh, nor 'er spirits. There was a talk about sending 'er to the sea for a change. Myself, I never 'old with all that change; wherever you go there's sickness and death, and the air you're born in is the air as is natural to you. I didn't speak against it, but she wouldn't go. And one day I 'eard 'er tell 'er father it was because a letter might come. Fancy 'er going on waiting like that.

As I said, there never was no more letters. Well, you can't wonder at that. She couldn't never write to 'im, not 'aving no address. He's married to some one else by this time, I'll be bound. He'd just think as she'd changed 'er mind. Just as he was starting I did drop a word to 'im about Mr. Treddles—so he'd think that was it. Well, it don't matter about him; it's my girl I thinks about.

Susan's better now. Folks keep on saying 'ow thin she is, but she comes of a lean stock. There ain't much the matter with 'er. She keeps her cough, but you don't shake off a cough when once you've got it. Why, my sister 'ad one on 'er for a twelvemonth. It gets a habit, you know. The father's always on a worriting about 'er; but what worrits me is—Mr. Treddles. Just one more chance, you know; scarce a month to consider it—and she *so* pig-'eaded!

ELLEN L. GRAZEBROOK.

# AMERICAN AFFAIRS

WASHINGTON, *October* 8, 1908

IN a little more than three weeks from to-day the next President of the United States will be elected. It would be gratifying if one were able to predict at this time the name of the successful candidate, but in the absence of inspiration that is impossible. One may indulge in a long-range shot, and trust to luck to verify his guess, and if successful he can plume himself on his acumen and knowledge of the inner workings of the American mind, but it would only be luck; as a scientific demonstration it would be about as valuable as a "system" against pure mathematics. To-day, with the election only three weeks off, there is not a single man in the United States who can, based on knowledge, say positively what the outcome of the election will be. Politicians, the men who are making the fight on behalf of their respective candidates; veteran newspaper men, who have had long years of training and experience, and who are usually able to determine long in advance the drift of public sentiment; men who have a pecuniary interest at stake, dispassionate and unprejudiced observers—all, in fact, from the men who make politics a business down to the veriest amateur—are in doubt. In truth, the opinion of the amateur is as valuable as that of the campaign-hardened politician, and the opinion of both is not worth much. In the last few weeks I have read not less than a score of important newspapers published in all parts of the country. Every newspaper has its political correspondent in the field attempting to obtain a line on the election, but there is not a single man of reputation who ventures positively to commit himself. The correspondents of Republican papers naturally assert that Mr. Taft will be elected, but they invariably qualify the assertion, and are careful to leave a way open for escape. Mr. Taft will be elected, we read, but in the next sentence we also read that "there is some uneasiness felt about the Labour vote," whether "the full Negro vote will be cast for Mr. Taft is not yet determined," and other similar misgivings; and the correspondent points out that his conclusions are subject to modifications when the unknown factors are determined. And in the same way the correspondents of Democratic newspapers speak hopefully of the election of Mr. Bryan, but always realise how easily victory can be turned into defeat. The men who are making the investigation for independent journals are even more cautious, and the American newspaper man is never wanting in audacity. These men say frankly they do not know, and they are wise enough not to hazard their reputations, although the majority believe that Mr. Taft will be elected. That is the publicly expressed opinion of President Roosevelt, whose intuitive judgment of the temper of the American people is unsurpassed. He is more confident even than the men who are in direct charge of the campaign. It is an opinion entitled to the very highest weight.

From this it may be assumed that the election will be very close, but not necessarily. Any one of several things may happen. Mr. Taft may carry the same States that Mr. Roosevelt carried four years ago, although by greatly reduced majorities, and still defeat his rival, with a handsome margin of both the electoral and popular vote; or he may win with his majorities so greatly reduced that although he has a substantial lead in the electoral college, the popular majority may be very small. And there is always the possibility of Mr. Bryan's victory, in which case both the great popular and electoral vote of four years ago will have crumbled.

The uncertain quantities about this campaign, as they have been from the beginning, are the negroes, the labouring man, and the silent voter who listens much and says nothing. The negroes, still smarting over the Brownsville affair and resenting what they term the patronising air of the Republicans, are in sullen and vindictive mood. Their bishops and clergy have carried on an active propaganda. They have urged their followers to vote against Mr. Taft as a rebuke to the Republican party, so as to make the Republicans understand that if in the future they want the Negro support they must treat the race with more consideration. Men like Booker Washington, the Negro Federal office-holders, and some of the bishops, to whom Republicanism is a faith, have urged the coloured men not to play into the hands of the Democrats, who have always been their enemies, but to stand firm by the party of Lincoln, which gave them their freedom. This has been going on for more than two months, and yet no one can tell which argument will have the greatest effect. Undoubtedly a great many negroes will vote against Mr. Taft, but how many? That is the question. They have it in their power almost to defeat him. Will they exercise that power? No one knows.

Labour is the prize for which both sides strive. There are some 2,000,000 men in the Labour unions, and it has been asserted that 75 per cent. of this total voted for Mr. McKinley, and a trifle larger proportion for Mr. Roosevelt four years ago. These figures, of course, are neither official nor absolute, because there is no way by which any such analysis can be made, but Republicans as well as Democrats are agreed that they are near enough for all practical purposes. Assuming, therefore, that they are approximately correct, Mr. McKinley received the votes of 1,500,000 labouring men members of unions, and Mr. Roosevelt a slightly larger number. Mr. McKinley's popular majority at his first election was, in round numbers, 600,000; at his second election, 850,000. Mr. Roosevelt's majority was 2,500,000, but that majority is more apparent than real, because Parker polled a million and a half less votes than Bryan did eight years earlier. Mr. McKinley's majority would have been overturned, and there would have been a heavy balance on the other side, had the assumed million and a half union working men not voted for him; Mr. Parker, and not Mr. Roosevelt, would have received the popular majority had it not been for the working man's vote. Now the question confronting politicians is, where will the vote of Labour go this year? If Taft can hold 75 per cent. he is elected; if he can hold 50 per cent. he is still in all probability elected; but if it falls much below that the chances are in favour of his opponent. That Mr. Taft will not receive the full strength of the Republican Labour vote is conceded by his managers, but they say the loss will be trifling, probably not more than 5 per cent., certainly not to exceed 10 per cent. as the maximum. But they do not know, and their guesses are their hopes. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labour, has laboured incessantly to defeat Mr. Taft. In a public speech Mr. Taft accused Mr. Gompers of lying; Mr. Gompers retorted in equally emphatic language. How Labour will mark its ballot on November 3 has perhaps been revealed to Mr. Gompers, although that is extremely unlikely. There has been nothing to indicate what its action will be.

It has often been said that in America men are more bound by party than in England, which, like all generalisations, is true only as far as it goes. The great mass of American voters are party men and vote for the party candidates for the sake of "regularity," but there is always a surprisingly large number of men who care very little for party and very much for character, and who vote as conscience dictates. These are not politicians or men who expect favours from politicians, they are business men and professional men who have a certain standard and live up to it. I have heard it often said that elections are really decided by the independents, and, while venturing no opinion as to the truth of the statement, I am convinced that in every election the independent voter exercises a very great influence. This year, unless all the signs are at fault, there will be a good deal of cross voting, and both Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan will suffer. Mr. Taft will lose the support of many men who dislike Mr. Roosevelt, and who will make Mr. Taft a vicarious sacrifice. Mr. Bryan will suffer by the defection of ultra conservative Democrats, who have not condoned his past heresies, and ultra radicals, so close are the extremes of the political poles, who, fed on the literature of Mr. Hearst's newspapers, have been made to believe that Mr. Bryan is as much a friend of the trusts as Mr. Taft, and who will show their hatred of wealth by voting for Mr. Hisgen, the Independence League or Hearst candidate; or for Mr. Debs, the Socialist candidate. It is estimated that in New York alone Mr. Bryan may lose 25,000 radical votes that but for the opposition of Mr. Hearst would be cast for him. If this calculation is correct that is sufficient to cause Mr. Bryan the loss of New York, and with it the election.

The campaign, which opened decorously and with a nice observance of the proprieties, is closing in passion and with a disregard of personal dignity. The violent agitation of the last few years has borne its fruit. The demagogues who thundered against wealth, but never scrupled to avail themselves of its power, are finding where their teachings lead. The spectacle is unseemly. Issues, if issues there are, have been lost sight of. Personalities have taken their place, and the man who by his skill or industry has achieved success is held up to opprobrium and denounced as an enemy of society. To be connected with a great enterprise is to be proscribed.

English readers who follow American politics are tolerably familiar with recent events as related in their daily papers, but it may be convenient briefly to give a connected account of the events of the last few weeks. Mr. William R. Hearst, the proprietor of the New York *Journal* and other papers, who four years ago attempted to secure the Democratic Presidential nomination, and was later the Democratic candidate for governor of New York, is now a political free lance, and called into being the Independence League to oppose with equal impartiality Republicans as well as Democrats. The Independence League has a candidate for the Presidency in the person of Mr. Hisgen. At one of Mr. Hisgen's meetings Mr. Hearst read letters written by Mr. Archbold, one of the directors of the Standard Oil Company, to Senator Foraker, of Ohio, which showed clearly enough that Mr. Foraker had accepted large sums of money from the Standard Oil Company. Parenthetically, it may be remarked that these and other letters, Mr. Archbold declared, were stolen from the private files of the Company by a former employé, that they were hawked about and offered to various newspapers, which refused to purchase them, and finally they came into the possession of Mr. Hearst; but the manner in which he obtained possession of his documentary evidence does not, of course, lessen its value as a sensation. The charge brought by Mr. Hearst, after reading these letters, was that Mr. Foraker, as a senator, had improperly accepted money from the Standard Oil Company.

Mr. Foraker is one of the leading lawyers of the country. It has been considered no more improper for a member of Congress to practise his profession than it is for a Member of Parliament to appear in court, and Mr. Foraker established to the satisfaction of every unprejudiced mind that the money paid him by the Standard Oil Company was for legal services which had no connection with any matter pending in Congress. He had simply done what other eminent men of the Senate and House have done from time immemorial and without subjecting themselves to adverse criticism, but in the present hysterical condition of the public mind and its mad rage at wealth, the mere fact that Senator Foraker had the Standard Oil Company as his clients was sufficient to condemn him, and he was compelled to retire from further active participation in the campaign. Discriminating persons who admire courage and respect ability, and are not unmindful of what is due to conspicuous public service, have only regret to express that Mr. Foraker should have been offered up as a victim to hysteria. That he was guilty of dishonesty no one for one instant believes. That he violated the proprieties or even transgressed a rigid code of ethics no one asserts. The ingratitude of republics is proverbial, and Mr. Foraker may well think that he has been shamefully requited. At sixteen he felt the call of patriotism, and leaving his father's farm enlisted as a private in an Ohio regiment and served throughout the Civil War, being discharged with the rank of Captain won for conspicuous gallantry. He has served his native State on the bench and as its chief executive, and for the past eleven years he has been a member of the Senate. In that body he has always been distinguished for his great legal knowledge and sound judgment. When the country was clamouring for the passage of the Rate Bill and men were dragooned into voting for it against their convictions, he was the only Republican in the Senate courageous enough to vote against it because he believed that it was in parts unconstitutional, and that opinion has since been upheld by the courts. He was brave enough to oppose the President's action in dismissing the coloured regiment without trial and in violation of the army regulations. A man of his character and courage cannot be easily spared from public life.

Mr. Hearst, who is nothing if not impartial in the use he makes of stolen correspondence, having destroyed Mr. Foraker turned his attention to the Democrats and denounced Governor Haskell, of Oklahoma, the treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, for being a tool of the Standard Oil Company. He made two specific charges: first of having attempted to bribe the Attorney-General of Ohio nine years ago to dismiss a prosecution against the Standard Oil Company; and second that Governor Haskell had improperly used his official position to grant the Company a franchise, the implication being, of course, that Mr. Haskell was bribed. Mr. Roosevelt had complained, to use his own words, that there was too little ginger in the campaign, and he saw an opportunity to season it according to his own taste. Accordingly, he wrote a letter in which he accepted the charges brought by Mr. Hearst against Governor Haskell as true, and branded him and Senator Foraker as equally unworthy of public esteem. It pained the President to think that Mr. Bryan should so far forget his obligations to the public as to associate with a person of the character of Mr. Haskell and permit him to have charge of the Democratic funds.

Mr. Bryan replied in an equally pointed letter asking the President to be good enough to make public the evidence he had in support of his accusations against Mr. Haskell. In response, Mr. Roosevelt asserted that the relations existing between Governor Haskell and the Standard Oil Company were matters of common notoriety, but he made no further attempt to support the bribery charge, and devoted nearly the entire letter to the accusation that Governor Haskell had illegally granted the Company a franchise. Governor Haskell, answering in his own defence, denied unequivocally that he had been concerned in an attempt to bribe the Attorney-General of Ohio, and showed that the attention of the Court having been called by that official to the alleged bribery (no mention having been made of Mr. Haskell's name at the time), the Court refused to take cognisance of the matter because the Attorney-General was unable to produce any evidence in support of his allegation. Dealing then with the matter of the franchise, Governor Haskell showed that it had been originally granted by President Roosevelt's Secretary of the Interior, and that the sole action of the Governor had been to

Mr. Bryan are glad enough to have men listen to them without thinking of charging them for that privilege, but when Mr. Debs speaks an admission fee is charged, the proceeds of which go to pay the expenses of the campaign. At great cost and labour the old parties send their campaign literature to the voters, and then they are never certain it will be read. The Socialists sell their leaflets and tracts and make money out of them, and you may be sure that what a man pays for he does not throw away without reading. A few days ago Mr Debs reached New York in the course of his tour, and 8000 persons paid from one to two shillings apiece to hear him, and when at the end of his speech a collection was taken up there was a scene so extraordinary that it seemed to belong to a past age; women under the excitement of the moment tore jewellery from their dresses as their contribution to the cause.

Mr. Debs, whom, curiously enough, Mr. Taft sent to prison for violating an injunction, has no illusions. He knows as well as the rest of us that he has not one chance in ten millions of being elected President, which means that he has no possible chance under any combination of circumstances. He does not care. He knows that the time has not yet come when a Socialist can be President. But this is the time for teaching the doctrines of Socialism. And that is Mr. Debs' mission, and is the reason he addresses great audiences day after day. The motto of the Socialists is Thorough. They will accept no half-way measures, and they are the one political party deaf to the word expediency. That is why this year they are as vigorous in their attacks on the Democrats as they are on the Republicans. It has been suggested to them that it would be political wisdom to vote for Mr. Bryan, as he is "a half Socialist," and they have something to gain from his election, but nothing to hope for if Mr. Taft becomes President. That argument makes no appeal to them, and they are logical in their consistency. Seeing no difference between Republicans and Democrats, believing that both parties are in secret alliance with the "plutocrats," whose interests are opposed to those of the masses, they say that when the people realise that wealth and special interest is ranged on one side they will accept Socialism as the only cure for the evils. The managers of both political parties believe that the Socialists will cast a large vote, and that Socialism as a political factor must be reckoned chemical aspects are extremely complicated there does not yet seem reason to employ œstrogens for this purpose.

*Metabolic effects.*—Œstrogens have an influence on calcium metabolism, causing its retention, and Albright (1947), and Reifenstein and Albright (1946, 1947) showed that clinically they could be used to increase calcium retention in the osteoporosis of the aged and in the healing of fractures, or in the postoperative phase of orthopædic work.

The influence of the œstrogens on water retention of tissues is well recognized clinically in the states of premenstrual œdema, weight gain, and tension. These actions appear to be due partly to salt retention and partly to altered capillary permeability.

*Endocrine interrelationships.*—The ovary and anterior pituitary interact by mutual stimulation and inhibition. Thus, in the early part of the menstrual cycle the ovary is stimulated by the follicular stimulating hormone (F.S.H.) to produce œstrogens which in turn inhibit the further production of F.S.H., and also help to stimulate the luteinizing process of the latter part of the cycle. Ovulation can be inhibited by high doses of œstrogens, and inhibition of the anterior pituitary activity at the menopause can similarly be effected. In the male, œstrogens are given for the same purpose in carcinoma of the prostate. Here the inhibitory action on the anterior pituitary results in a decrease in the secretion of testosterone by the testis.

The relationships between the adrenal cortex and the ovarian hormones are as yet more obscure, but the adreno-genital syndrome is an example. The frequent coincidence of a spell of amenorrhœa following some trauma or infection may be due to increased adrenal activity (stress reaction) and its effect on the ovary.

*Carcinogenesis and the œstrogens.*—Since the demonstration of œstrogenic activity on the endometrium and breast tissues the possibility of a relationship between œstrogen hyperplasia of the endometrium and carcinoma of the uterine body has been discussed. Several authors have analysed the frequency of hyperplasia in cases of adenocarcinoma, the relationship between a late and prolonged menopause to subsequent cancer, and the high proportion of this found in patients suffering from œstrogen-producing tumours of the ovary. It would seem that hyperplasia is not of itself a pre-malignant condition but that perhaps carcinoma arises more often following it, due to other as yet not defined causes. Thus œstrogens should not be used for a prolonged time if the tissues are unduly sensitive to them.

## TREATMENT WITH ŒSTROGENS

The scope and uses of the ovarian hormones in treatment are by now much better defined and their indiscriminate use is not justified. It has perhaps been a pity that they have been made so easily available, and particularly that many women regard them as almost a necessity at the climacteric. The association of sex gland function with emotion brings many patients, who symptom. The best indication is if the irregularity is associated with difficulty in conception. Œstrogen treatment in cases of primary amenorrhœa is to all intents and purposes worthless.

When treating the amenorrhœic patient with œstrogens it is important to have a plan (fig. 4) which is understood by the patient or her nurse, otherwise confusion easily arises. The œstrogen is given rhythmically, and preferably accompanied by progesterone. Bleeding follows cessation of the administration and then the substances are given again for some three to four months. Treatment should then cease for a month to six weeks to see if regularity is established spontaneously.

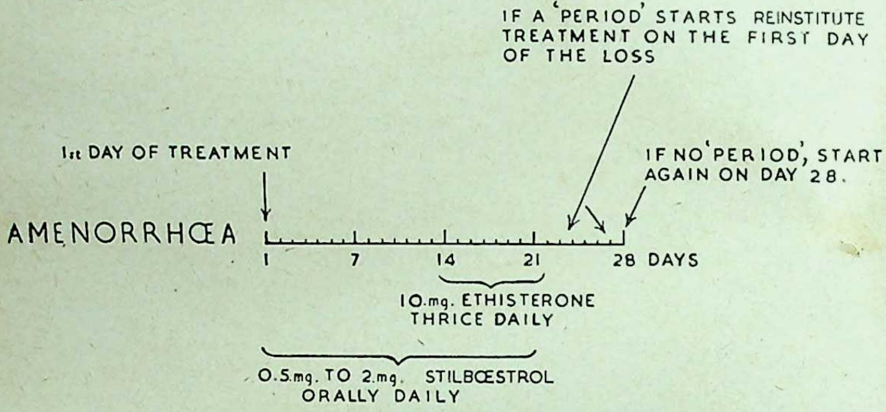
IF A 'PERIOD' STARTS REINSTITUTE TREATMENT ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE LOSS
1st DAY OF TREATMENT
IF NO 'PERIOD', START AGAIN ON DAY 28.
AMENORRHŒA
1
7
14
21
28 DAYS
10 mg. ETHISTERONE THRICE DAILY
0.5 mg. TO 2 mg. STILBŒSTROL ORALLY DAILY

FIG. 4.—Œstrogen administration in amenorrhœa.

*Increased menstrual loss.*—Œstrogens have no rôle in increased menstrual loss at the times of puberty or the climacteric. During adult life they are of use to a variable extent in the treatment of metropathia hæmorrhagica. This condition is variable in its response to treatment in different patients. Some may well be tided over by endocrine treatment or curetting. Others will derive little help and will welcome operation. Heavy flooding can usually be temporarily controlled by relatively large doses of œstrogens. Here the more powerful ethinyl œstradiol is most useful, and should be given in a dosage of 0.25 mg. two-hourly until relief is obtained, then followed by 0.25 mg. daily for a week. The alternative of stilbœstrol, 5 mg. at similar intervals, is more likely to be accompanied by nausea and vomiting. This treatment should subsequently be followed by the use of progesterone to avoid further hyperplasia of the endometrium. The progesterone is given on the lines suggested by Albright and by Bishop: ethisterone, 50 mg. daily for seven days, or by injection, 20 mg. on alternate days, up to four doses; and this is followed by a relatively normal period. The progesterone is then repeated a month later to forestall further menorrhagia.

*Dysmenorrhœa.*—Of all menstrual symptoms surely this is the one most difficult to assess. The variable factors of emotion, temperament, sensitivity with in the near future. Probably the bulk of this vote would be Democratic if there were no Socialist candidate in the field.

Marking the extreme end of the political scale are the Prohibitionists, who in everything differ from the Socialists, and yet like them are making the politicians think. A few years ago practically all the earnest temperance workers were Republicans, because it was tradition that the Democrats were a party of "rum," and it was only in the Republican States that prohibition laws were enacted. When the Prohibitionists went into politics they were treated as a joke, and the "cold water vote" was rare sport for the humorists. Four years ago the Prohibition candidate for President polled 250,000 votes, or a little less than 2 per cent. of the total. This year they are confident their vote will not be less than one million. The temperance wave that has swept over the country in the last few years is suggestive. Oklahoma, the latest State to be admitted to the Union, put Prohibition into its constitution; the South, once famous for its generous use of liquor, is now three-quarters dry. In cities and counties and States the agitation goes on unceasingly, and the result is shown in the constantly increasing number of local option and prohibitory laws. At one time the temperance cause was in the hands of very sincere but very unpractical men, whose zeal outran their discretion, and who were without the means or the ability to create a national organisation. The zealot has given way to the hard-headed man of affairs, who is no less a believer in the morality of temperance, but who is even more influenced by economic considerations. He is convinced that the drinking man, not necessarily the drunkard, but the habitual user of intoxicating liquor, has a lower economic value than the abstainer, and the only way to increase efficiency is to prevent the consumption of liquor. It is very largely now a business proposition, and that is why it appeals to business men, who not only give substantial financial support to the movement, but actively spread its principles. Should the ambition of the Prohibitionists be realised in polling a million votes next month, it is a safe estimate that 900,000 at least would have been cast for Mr. Taft had there been no Prohibition candidate in the field.

A. Maurice Low.

ciple. It did not matter that a large number of the threatened schools had carried on educational work at a high level of efficiency. They were attacked because in the main they were Church schools, affording religious teaching in accordance with the creed and tenets of the National Church. From the outset a suggestion was made of possible exceptional treatment for Roman Catholics and Jewish schools, thus emphasising the real purport of the Bill. Mr. Lloyd George may be taken as representative of the party in the Ministry desirous to press forward disestablishment in the Welsh dioceses. Some of his most stalwart supporters in Wales refused to be hoodwinked by the Royal Commission plea. He appreciated the true meaning and purport of Mr. Birrell's Bill. Speaking in Wales, he said that he regarded this Bill as "constituting the most drastic measure of disestablishment and disendowment of the State Church ever proposed in this country." It was natural that Mr. Birrell should not speak with the same freedom. He was head of the Education Department, and the Bill purported to be a Bill dealing with Education. Mr. Birrell is not remarkable for administrative or business capacity; but no one can deny his claim to be a master of phrases, or his power to gloss over unpalatable truths in courteous language. He rang the changes on two expressions—"Popular Control" and "No tests for teachers." For a time they served his purpose. Now their force is spent and the underlying fallacies are better appreciated. It is realised that what is called "Popular Control" connotes, not an extension of popular control, but its further limitation. Coercive uniformity under the Cowper Temple Clause may or may not be justified on other grounds: but it is wholly inconsistent with the control either of parents or of ratepayers within the realm of religious teaching and education. It is simply an instance of sectarian jealousy ousting the principle of local popular control. It is immaterial in this connection to discuss the rival claims of denominational and undenominational schools. This controversy began many centuries ago, and may last for many centuries to come. What is required is appreciative tolerance, not argumentative strife. It is sufficient that a large number of parents do desire denominational teaching for their children in the tenets of their own faith. These parents, as citizens, and apart from all religious controversy, are entitled to equal treatment and consideration with secularists or undenominationalists. They base their claim on the broad principles of variety and comprehension, as opposed to the narrow principles of uniformity and exclusion. This claim of parents is stronger under the obligation of compulsory attendance at the public elementary schools. Parents of adequate wealth have the power to select a school in which a special type of religious teaching is provided for their children. Justice requires that every poor man should, so far as practicable, have the same opportunity. A word may be added on the absurdity of the ratepayer argument against all forms of definite religious teaching. It rests on the assumption that no ratepayer desires to have his rate contribution expended in the maintenance of any form of denominational school. This assumption is demonstrably false. Rates are equally levied from all ratepaying citizens wholly irrespective of their religious creed. They should be expended without partiality, having regard to the variety of religious views which ratepayers undoubtedly hold. The views of the majority would differ in different localities, but it is ridiculous on this foundation to postulate an exclusive claim for undenominationalism. One thing, however, is clear apart from all other considerations. If it is really desirable to give the ratepayer a control in religious education proportionate to his contribution, then the Cowper Temple Clause must of necessity be repealed. To render the restriction imposed by this clause applicable to all schools may or may not be right on other grounds, but it is inconsistent with the principle of giving to ratepayers a control proportionate to their rate contribution. So far as we have been able to examine statistics, the greater portion of the education rate is contributed by Churchmen, Roman Catholics, and Jews. It would be possible to test this by a system of rate allocation. This test is vehemently opposed by the very section which will not hear of the repeal of the Cowper Temple Clause. In any case popular control merely connotes machinery, and does not touch the vital issue of policy. Under no circumstances can it justify a denial of equality of civic right to parents who are willing to admit the full claim of those who differ from them, so long as the definite type of religious teaching which they require for their own children is provided under equal conditions and without partiality.

The phrase "No tests for teachers" cannot stand the criticism of the most superficial analysis. If a secular system is adopted, with no religious teaching in the public elementary schools, then it would follow that no guarantee of capacity for religious teaching need be required. But the phrase is applied to a school system which implies some form of religious teaching to be given by the teachers. It is impossible to maintain that the teacher alone among civil servants shall be exempt from any inquiry as to his capacity to perform a portion of his public duties. To those who really believe in religious education, this portion of the public duties of a teacher is of vital consequence. How can such a position be justified? It is an odd doctrine for a Ministry which professes a desire for increased scientific efficiency in all Government departments. I will refer later to the outrage to religious feeling involved in this claim to exemption from test of capacity. No proposal has been received with greater disfavour. Public opinion refuses to endorse the claim of payment for public service without any guarantee of efficient service. Secularism is in every way preferable to a parody of religious teaching. We may invoke the shade of Arnold. Would any parents with an appreciation of the importance of the spiritual training of young children entrust their religious education to teachers who might either be cynical sceptics or openly avow their disbelief and distrust in the particular creed which it is their duty to teach?

Mr. Birrell's Bill was accepted by the docile majority of the House of Commons without any attempt at discussion or criticism. In the House of Lords the Bill was given a second reading. In debate the impracticable character of a large number of its administrative absurdities was forcibly exposed. It was ultimately abandoned by the Government on the plea that they were not willing to accept any interference from a Second Chamber on matters of importance. No doubt this decision of the Government was largely influenced by the chilling indifference with which the Bill had been received by their own supporters. The authors of the ill-fated castaway affected to believe that there would be an outbreak in the country against the action of the House of Lords. The country sided with the House of Lords, while educationists breathed freely, no longer threatened by impracticable administrative conditions, or the unpleasant task of attempting to apply an all-round exclusive uniformity.

It may be noted that during the debates on the Bill certain suggestions were thrown out for the separate treatment of Roman Catholics and Jews. Churchmen have repeatedly expressed their view in favour of an all-round tolerant variety in religious teaching in accordance with the wishes of parents. They would concede to the full the claims justly made by the Roman Catholics and Jews. They will, however, unflinchingly insist on equal treatment. They will never assent to any proposal which gives the children of Roman Catholics and Jewish parents a preferential position to the children of Church parents.

After such a *fiasco* it was hardly possible that Mr. Birrell should continue at the Education Office. He left for Ireland, and Rehoboam succeeded Solomon. There was to be no weak tinkering, but a policy of "thorough." Mr. Birrell had enunciated the view that minorities must suffer, Mr. McKenna would better the lesson and enforce the claim of a majority to tyrannise. All men should bow the knee to the transient majority. This claim has not flourished in England since the two revolutions of the seventeenth century. It was not likely to be successful in the hands of the new Minister. The first step was an attack on the denominational training-colleges for teachers. The ground was well selected. Training-colleges are the pivots of any efficient educational system, but they do not loom large in popular interest. It is meaningless to urge the claims of religious education unless there is an adequate supply of properly trained teachers. Moreover, it was possible, by straining the use of constitutional rights possessed by the House of Commons, to act without legislation. It is constitutionally possible for the House of Commons to refuse supply for any of the public services. To use such a power, except in extreme cases, is obviously inconsistent with any continuity in settled government. No Minister would have ventured to propose the refusal of a grant to all denominational schools, but denominational training-colleges were a comparatively easy prey, since the resultant evils would not be immediately apparent. Grants, which had been voted for a large number of years, in favour of the higher education of poor children, and in furtherance of a well-considered continuous policy, approved by all the predecessors of Mr. McKenna at the Education Office, were suddenly to be withheld unless the training-colleges promised compliance with regulations inconsistent with their trusts and with the whole purpose for which they had been founded. It was a sinister instance of partisan administration fortunately rare in the annals of the Civil Service. It gave evidence of the danger of bureaucratic action through the growing tendency to entrust wide powers to the discretion of departments. An outcry was at once raised, but the position of training-colleges was not a popular subject, and the regulations were not withdrawn. They stand an evil precedent and a menace to the principle of impartial administration. For a year a compromise has been patched up, but there is no finality. Whether any advantage has been obtained by putting off an inevitable crisis is a question on which there will be difference of opinion.

A second Education Bill was introduced early in the present Session. That those responsible for the ridiculous Bill had no great desire to promote educational efficiency was indicated in the adoption of a crude contracting-out clause. This reactionary proposal would operate to place certain schools in a position of permanent inferiority. The sufferers would be young children, against whom nothing could be urged except the sincerity of the religious faith of their parents. The proposal could not for a moment stand the test of educational criticism. It can hardly survive the House of Commons unless it escapes discussion under the gag or guillotine. The question arises how such a proposal could have found a place in any Bill promoted by a responsible Minister of Education. The answer is that for political reasons it was desirable to separate if possible the Roman Catholics from the Anglicans on the education question. It was a step in the sacrifice of education to sectarianism. The Government, however, have overstepped all bounds. Not a voice, outside their own ranks, was heard in support of this ill-omened proposal. Apart from the contracting-out clause, there was no originality in the Bill. Its object was to ruin Church schools by the introduction of a uniform system without regard to the wishes either of parents or ratepayers in any local district. It eliminated all popular local control in matters of religion by the exclusive endowment of one type of school. Whatever religious formula might be taught in the public elementary schools, the tenets and doctrines of the National Church were to be rigorously excluded. To make the scheme effective, certain Church Trusts were to be compulsorily set aside. It was naturally asked why the Government, after their previous failure, had again proposed a narrow sectarian treatment of the education question. The explanation is found in the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer referred to above. In the main, denominational schools are Church schools. An Education Bill was the only practicable method of satisfying the demand for disestablishment. We may admit that the Government, were not without justification in doubting the existence of Church courage. Influential Churchmen had counselled submission and approved the doctrine of passive obedience irrespective of special conditions. If this doctrine is universally justifiable, statesmen need not attach serious importance to conscientious scruples. Latter-day martyrdom is not of the heroic order, but we are convinced that there are Churchmen who will stand firm, and who will refuse to surrender their conscientious convictions, in the same spirit as many of their forefathers would not bow to the dictation of a Stuart king.

Next came the Bill of the Bishop of St. Asaph. This Bill in its main clauses was simply plagiarised from that of the Government draftsman. In the place of contracting out it proposed certain illusory safeguards of no practical value. It is not probable that this Bill will be revived. It need only be added that the fact of its introduction by an Anglican Bishop has brought sensibly nearer the possibility of disestablishment and disendowment.

The Government Bill, so soon as its provisions were understood, aroused no enthusiasm. It was recognised to be the re-introduction of Mr. Birrell's Bill in a cruder form. Its popularity was discounted by the previous failure. There was no desire to incur large additional expenditure, in order to destroy a certain number of efficient schools. The danger arose not from the popularity of the Bill, but from a general feeling of lassitude and a disinclination to give further thought to the education problem. There was much talk of compromise but no suggestion of a possible basis. Churchmen expressed their view at a meeting of the Church Representative Council. There was practically a consensus of opinion that the Government Bill was impossible. During the discussion there was some difference of opinion as to the limits within which compromise was possible. It is not necessary to dwell on this difference after the declaration of the Government that they do not intend to make any concession in the main principles of their Bill. The result was to concentrate Church opinion and to strengthen the hands of those Churchmen who had from the outset resolutely refused to tamper with the principles of religious equality under a plea of political opportunism. The opponents of the Church have elected to insist on their pound of flesh. They recognise that their best chance of success is to press home the attack. They have the courage of a relentless consistency.

For a time it was thought that the Government Bill would not be pressed to a second reading in the House of Commons. Mr. Runciman had succeeded Mr. McKenna at the Education Department. His advent to office was heralded as likely to inaugurate a new era of more tolerant attitude towards Church schools. The change of Minister does not imply a change of policy. Whatever Mr. Runciman's private views may be, he has to satisfy that section of the Government majority which has forced to the front a second Education Bill. Speaking during the second reading debate he made it clear that he could make no concession on matters of principle. The old watchwords, "Popular Control" and "No Test for Teachers," were called upon to do duty. There was no explanation how the popular control either of parents or ratepayers could be made consistent with an universal extension of the Cowper Temple Clause. In one passage of his speech Mr. Runciman swept away the claim of teachers to immunity from guarantee of capacity in the performance of public duties. "It would be an outrage," he said, "on the feelings of parents in the Roman Catholic schools to have a child taught by a Protestant teacher." Why is it less an outrage on the feelings of an Anglican parent to have their children taught by a Roman Catholic teacher, or by any teacher who holds in contempt the tenets of their Church? There is no special magic in the contrast between "Roman Catholics" and "Protestants." Laud and Knox were equally imbued with an earnest religious faith. They were both staunch advocates of uniformity and were neither of them Roman Catholics. We doubt whether our language contains any word of sufficient force which would have enabled Laud to give expression to his feelings of outrage at a proposal which would have allowed the appointment of a strict Calvinistic disciple of Knox to teach in one of the Episcopalian schools. To suggest that all Christians who are not Roman Catholics should be satisfied by a uniform formula of religious teaching is to disregard the historical evolution of religious opinion, and to place the claims of conformity at a higher level than those of sincerity.

The every-day administration in the various elementary schools is in the main quietly carried on without injury from the turmoil of the political controversy. The dual system has worked with little friction. The Church schools largely occupied the educational field prior to 1870. Since that date they have shown an extraordinary force and vitality, not only a power of survival, but a power of vigorous growth and extension. In some of the larger Church schools, especially in Lancashire, education has been carried to the highest pitch of efficiency. It is quite impossible that any settlement can be accepted which disregards the position held by Church schools and the hold which they have gained on the affection of many of their old pupils. It was a remarkable feature, at the crowded meetings held to protest against Mr. Birrell's Bill, to find how many were present to resist a proposal which would fundamentally alter the character of their own old school. This feeling of loyalty to the old school is not confined to those who have been educated at the great public schools. The influence of Church and other denominational schools has permeated the whole school system of elementary education. It is mainly in these schools that the spiritual force, which comes from the presence and personal attention of men of earnest religious life, is felt. It is the teaching in these schools which has held the fort against the rising tide of secularism. That improvements and modifications are required in the existing system may be fully admitted. Churchmen have on many occasions made it quite plain that they have no objection to afford facilities in the Church schools in accordance with the wishes of parents of other denominations. There are parishes in which these facilities are given and many more in which they have been voluntarily offered. It seems doubtful whether the spirit of educational tolerance is sufficiently advanced to sanction in all provided schools the provision of religious teaching in accordance with the wishes of parents.

It is said in support of the education policy of the Government that the alternative proposal of tolerant all-round comprehension, irrespective of creed or sect, is not possible of practical application. This plea of impracticability is somewhat belated when urged against a system working with efficiency in other countries and in a number of elementary schools in England. Experience has demonstrated not only the practicability of providing religious education in accordance with the wishes of parents, but that the system works satisfactorily and without friction. Under the Poor Law, pauper and misconducted children are provided with religious teaching in accordance with the faith of their parents. A creed register is kept. The minister of the child's denomination may visit and instruct him in the creed of his parent. If the Poor Law Commission should report in favour of the unification of all schools under one education authority, we may hope there will be no sacrifice of this great and important principle. Similar provision is made in the case of blind, deaf, and epileptic children. A complete answer to the plea of unpracticability may be found in the working of such a school as the Drury Lane school under the London County Council. The school contains children of different denominations; but variety of religious teaching is provided, and no religious difficulty has ever occurred. The aim of the school is "to strengthen the spiritual life by leading children to attach themselves to their own particular church." The result is not to provoke sectarian animosity, but that the children maintain in after life "their early friendships irrespective of race or creed."

The conditions of English village-life are alleged to render the general application of a tolerant comprehension in favour of the poor parents of healthy and well-conducted children a matter of serious difficulty. In towns and populous centres there would be room for denominational schools as well as for denominational teaching. These would be required to meet the fair claims of Churchmen, Roman Catholics, Jews, or of any other denomination of sufficient numbers within the area of attendance to a single school. In the more scattered or village districts there is really no reason why parents should not determine the normal type of religious education with special facilities for those who stand outside. In very few schools would it be necessary to provide more than two types of religious teaching. We may dismiss as a fancy caricature the picture of a village community divided into a number of separate sects. It is not in accordance with experience to find a multiplicity of sects in a single village. In any case, extreme cases are no tests of general practicability. In the same way, the notion of separating children into sectarian pens, which has found a place in platform oratory, is out of accord with facts and experience. In the first place, the sects do not exist in this variety in a single village area. Secondly, so far from definite religious instruction causing separation and sectarian animosity, we may quote from the official record of the Drury Lane schools that it tends to maintain "early friendships irrespective of race and creed."

Many Nonconformists have expressed their satisfaction with undenominational religious teaching. A minority of Churchmen hold the same view. Full weight, however, must be given to the claims of the minority of Nonconformists as well as to the claims of the majority of Churchmen. The recognition of parents' rights implies the provision for Nonconformists of definite religious teaching wherever it is required by Nonconformist parents. It is on this basis, and not merely on the provision of undenominational instruction, that the practicability of the principle of parents rights has stood the test of a wide experience. It is useless, however, to pursue this subject with greater detail at the present time. The Government have indicated the policy they intend to press forward. It is a policy of reactionary sectarianism opposed to the whole spirit of tolerant comprehension. It is deliberately framed to harshly override the wishes both of parents and ratepayers. Its main purpose is not educational, but to attack the establishment of the National Church. It will fail if Churchmen stand firm. It will succeed if Churchmen are induced to sell their birthright, or to surrender vital principles under the specious name of compromise, or the unhealthy influence of an enervating opportunism.

C. A. Cripps.

# HUNGARIAN NATIONALITIES *

THE army question constitutes a problem for the jurist, as well as for the authority on military matters, and can no more be settled by the *obiter dicta* of foreign critics than the problem presented by the existence of fragmentary nationalities can be settled by the ill-considered intervention of foreign celebrities of the magnitude of Björnson and Tolstoi, whose *a priori* condemnation of British action in South Africa should make Englishmen hesitate to attach undue importance to his criticisms of an Anglophil nation. British public opinion has, apparently, arrived at the conclusion that the Magyars are consistently guilty of the employment of methods of barbarism in their treatment of subordinate races. Trial by newspaper, condemnation without investigation, are such labour-saving processes that their employment is naturally popular, more especially when the means of forming a considered opinion are not easily accessible. The Magyars are themselves largely to blame for the fact that judgment has been allowed to be passed on them on the *ex parte* statements of self-interested agitators and of humanitarian philosophers, and that they are left to console themselves with the conviction that the abuse of which they are made the target is begotten of ignorance of actual facts, of past history, and of the vital considerations of national expediency. The problem presented by the persistence of minor nationalities is not confined to Hungary, but affects a large part of Europe, from Ireland to Bessarabia, and the measure of the abuse lavished by the spectator of the process of absorption, which is going on as slowly and as surely now as in the past, is in inverse proportion to the magnitude of the absorbing nation. What Russia does, and has done with impunity, would have evoked the thunders of Exeter Hall if perpetrated by a weaker country. Wreschen passes almost unperceived, while a petty Slovák village earns European notoriety through the disturbances resulting from the dismissal of a disorderly priest. The Irishman and the Pole have a recent historical basis for their claims to independent existence, as well as the justification of antiquity, which is wanting in the case of the fragmentary nationalities of Hungary.

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* This article is an extract from the closing chapter (omitting footnotes) of Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen's forthcoming book on Hungary, *The Political Evolution of the Hungarian Nation*, by the Hon. C. M. Knatchbull-Hugessen. 2 vols. 15*s*. net. *National Review* Office, 23 Ryder Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

The aboriginal population of what is now Hungary—scattered, incohesive tribes incapable of resisting Magyar arms—or, later, Magyar civilisation, died out or was absorbed by the superior race. The process of civilisation was purely Magyar. The development of governmental institutions proceeded along purely Magyar lines, and bore hardly a trace of either Slav, or, save for the fact that Latin was the literary medium, of Western influence. As we have seen, the mass of the existing nationalities was imported or filtered into the country long after it had received a permanent Magyar stamp—desirable or undesirable aliens, who, in most cases, repaid the hospitality they received by lending themselves to the disruptive policy of the Habsburgs. The disappearance or absorption of the aborigines was due, not to fire or sword or violent compulsion, but to the essential superiority of the Magyar nation, so convinced of that superiority that it never saw the necessity of magyarising races, which, in early days, having no conscious feeling of individuality, would have been as wax to receive the permanent impress of Magyar nationality. The gates were open wide to European culture from the time of St. Stephen, whose maxim, "regnum unius linguæ uniusque moris debile et imbecille," shows his recognition of the fact that the only language and civilisation which had hitherto counted for anything in Hungary was the Magyar, as well as his appreciation of the benefits derivable from contact with the West. There is no approximately pure race in Europe except the Jews and the Gipsies, but there are many countries in which the factors have existed which produce the fusion of heterogeneous elements into a single nation—common recollection of dangers surmounted, common history, common religion, and common civilisation. Such factors were largely wanting in Hungary. The dangers surmounted were surmounted by the Magyars, who alone did the fighting, the bearing of arms in defence of the fatherland being the privilege of the nobility. There was no common history, for history was made solely by the Magyars. There was no community of religion, as St. Stephen turned to Rome for the national religion instead of to the Eastern Church, thereby, in all probability, saving the Magyars from degeneration to the level of the Balkan races, and from ultimate absorption in the ocean of Slavdom. Civilisation, such as it was, was purely Magyar, and all governmental institutions were directly developed from the germ evolved by the Magyar national genius before the great migration westwards. The races imported into Hungary at a later date arrived too late to alter accomplished facts even if they had possessed a far higher degree of civilisation than any of them had in fact attained. What they chiefly cared for was freedom to exercise their various religions, and such freedom they received at the hands of Hungary, the land *par excellence* of religious tolerance. The better class aliens received the rights of nobility or became fused in the Magyar nation. The inferior elements remained apart, in a condition neither better nor worse than that of the great mass of Magyar peasants, and had little or no consciousness of distinctive nationality, or power to resist a deliberate policy of magyarisation, had such a policy ever entered the heads of the predominant race, which unfortunately it never did. Unfortunately, for the reason that successive Habsburgs were enabled to utilise the forces of ignorance for the purposes of their traditional policy of *divide ut imperes*, of centralisation and absolutism. For the existence of hostility to the Magyar idea, tentative and embryonic before 1848, the Magyars have to thank, in the first place, their own consciousness of a superiority which made deliberate magyarisation superfluous, and, in the second place, the Habsburg connection. There never has been any recognised citizenship in Hungary but Magyar citizenship. Though from time to time the Habsburgs encouraged the separatistic tendencies of the Serb, the Croat, the Saxon, and the Slovák, the fact remains that from the time of St. Stephen to the present day there has been and is no territory in Hungary but the territory of the Sacred Crown, and no political rights save those conferred by membership of that Crown. Austria made a last attempt to produce a mongrel federalism in Hungary in 1861, and now itself suffers from the poison of particularism and nationalistic antagonism which the Habsburgs so long tried to infuse into Hungary for their own purposes.

Nothing can be more misleading than the majority of the maps which purport to show the geographical distribution of the constituent races of Hungary. The broad, uniform smudges of colour which indicate that this part is Magyar, this Roumanian, this Servian, this Slovák, and so on, and serve as a text for the disquisitions of the prophets of federalism, obscure the fact that the various races are so intermingled in all parts of the country, and so interspersed with Magyars, that it is impossible to effect clear-cut geographical subdivisions for federalistic purposes such as are possible in Bohemia, where the country is peopled by only two races, the Germans and the Czechs, between whom the lines of demarcation are comparatively easily drawn. A glance at the map appended to the recent book of Mr. Ernest Baloghy would do more to disperse erroneous notions as to racial distribution than many pages of statistics. Minute squares of colour, showing the interpenetration of the nationalities, replace the familiar broad smudges, and the result bears as much resemblance to the ordinary ethnographical map of Hungary as a pheasant's plumage does to the tricolour. The great central plain of the Danube and the Tisza is almost solidly Magyar, as is the eastern part of Transylvania; elsewhere, except in the Serbo-Croatian district south of the Száva, the patchwork diversity of colour points an unmistakable moral—the impossibility of a territorial subdivision for purposes of local autonomy, which would not result in the subjection of Magyar and German intelligence to inferior types, whose sole claim to political differentiation lies in the fact that they speak a bastard variety of the languages of more important races. The Magyar element is wanting in not one of 413 electoral divisions; the German only in 37. Slováks are absent from 211, Roumanians from 235, Croatians from 344, Servians from 351. Ruthenes are to be found in 57 divisions, and fragments of other races in no less than 360. As regards the eighteen divisions of what Brote and other agitators regard as *Roumania irredenta*—Transylvania and Hungary up to the Tisza—the Roumanians are in an actual majority in only eleven; Magyars and Germans form over 37 per cent. of the population; and in no single district in which the Roumanians are in the majority is there an admixture of less than 11 per cent. of other nationalities. Though the Magyars constitute no more than 54¼ per cent. of the population of Hungary proper, they are more than three times as numerous as the numerically strongest nationality, whereas the German population of Austria forms no more than 38⅓ per cent. of the inhabitants of the hereditary provinces. Between the subordinate races there is no cohesion or solidarity; the Magyar is the only binding element. Panslavism, Pangermanism, and Panroumanism have alternated from time to time, and in every case the source of agitation was to be found outside the limits of Hungary. Roumanians and Slováks have nothing in common. The Roumanian hates the Servian, and the Servian the Roumanian. The German settlements are too scattered for it to be possible to carve out a characteristically German territory not permeated with Magyar, or Slovák, or Roumanian elements; are too far removed from Germany to dream of union therewith, and too good Hungarian citizens to wish such union were possible in spite of the prognostications of M. Cheradame. The Germans of Zips fought in Rákóczy's army, stood side by side with the Magyars in the fight for freedom in 1848, and prayed for the restoration of the Hungarian Constitution—the sole guarantee of their liberties. The Transylvanian Germans are less disposed than those of Zips to forget their origin, but considerations of self-preservation must compel them to ally themselves with the Magyars against the numerically preponderant, but educationally inferior, Roumanians. Eisenmann and others suggest that the Magyars might take a hint from the cantonal system of Switzerland, but Switzerland is populated by three equally civilised races, the geographical demarcation of which is natural and distinct.

An inferior civilisation cannot swallow up a superior one. The Slováks in the north-western part of Hungary are more compact than most of the nationalities, but they are on too low a plane to be able to stand alone. In the north-east they are mixed up with Magyars and Germans who would never submit to the domination of an inferior race which has never done anything for its adopted country or for itself. According to Hunfalvy, the great authority on the nationalities of Hungary, the Slováks, so far from being aboriginal inhabitants, are of Czech-Moravian origin and wandered into Hungary in the fifteenth century. They had no conception of a separate national existence before 1848, when, as the author of the petition to Francis Joseph already referred to stated, they awoke from their sleep of nine hundred years' duration. There was no Slovák language, only a Czech *patois.* Not until 1850 was there a Slovák Grammar. In 1862 a society, the Matica Slovenska, was formed for the purpose of fostering the Slovák literature and promoting the use of the Slovák language—a task which was complicated by the fact that both literature and language had first to be invented. Discontented with the proverbial blessedness enjoyed by races which have no history, the Matica also invented the absurdity of an independent Slovák Duchy, alleged to have existed prior to the arrival of the Magyars, and to have continued down to the time of St. Stephen. So far Slovák literature has nothing to boast of save a third-rate poet or two and a few translations. There are no scientific Slovák writings, and even the books in use in 326 schools in which the language of instruction is Slovák are Czech. The creation of an independent Slovakia is unthinkable, and Slovák autonomy, implying the subordination of Magyar and German intelligence to mere numerical superiority, would be intolerable. Such Slováks as wish for a change desire fusion with the Czechs or are tarred with the brush of Panslavism. The very existence of a Slovák question, of a Slovák nationality, is a proof that the Magyars have not been guilty of undue interference with the natural development of subordinate races whose separatistic tendencies, devoid of historical justification, are the artificial production of the traditional Habsburg policy, and of the times in which we live. Servian autonomy is equally inconceivable. The Serbs of Hungary proper, less than half a million strong, are to be found in considerable numbers only in four counties. Elsewhere they are numerically unimportant, and provided that their ecclesiastical autonomy is respected, have no greater wish for a separate political existence than they have for reunion with the inferior civilisation of their congeners in Servia, the limits of whose capacity for orderly self-government are sufficiently notorious.

The Croatians stand on an altogether different footing, especially since the passing of Law xxx. of 1865, which confirmed and greatly extended the autonomous rights, the limits of which were concisely defined by Verbőczy over three hundred years ago. As we have seen, in 1848 Croatia fought nominally in defence of the unity of the realms of the Habsburgs, but the address presented by its Diet to the Crown on June 5 of that year puts a different complexion on the matter. "The triple Kingdom of Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia reserves to itself the right to unite not only the sister races now living under Austrian domination in Styria, Carinthia, Carniola, Istria, Görz, and the islands, but also, in connection with the districts belonging to Turkey, should these be recovered, to found a southern Slav Kingdom." There, in a nutshell, is the essence of Croatia's action in the past and of its ambitions for the future. After Világos, Croatia was not slow to discover the fact that it had put its money on the wrong horse, and complained, not without justification, that it received as a reward for its efforts on behalf of the Habsburgs no more and no less than Hungary received as a punishment. It soon recognised the folly of having exchanged the liberties it enjoyed under Magyar supremacy for the despotism of Bach and his successors, and on the occasion of the presentation of an address to Francis Joseph on September 24, 1861, stress was laid on the fact that "closer political connection with Hungary is the best guarantee of the Constitution; for a union of forces enables a more successful resistance to be offered to the encroachments of Austria's policy of absolutism." Consequently, when in 1868 an arrangement was come to between the Magyars and the Croatians, it was hoped and believed that the latter would abandon Panslavism and "Illyrian" ideas for ever. The hope was doomed to disappointment, and almost from the start the Croatians never lost an opportunity of taking sides against the authors of their limited independence. From time to time attempts were made to lull Magyar susceptibilities with assurances of attachment to the Hungarian connection, and by declaring that hostility hereto was to be found only in the sparse ranks of an extremist party;

but no reliance could be placed on such protestations. Croatians will never abandon the idea of a great southern Slav kingdom. To satisfy their megalomania Dalmatia must be annexed to Croatia, dualism must become trialism, and Hungary must be deprived of the essential condition of vitality, the control of its access to the sea. As a matter of fact, far greater concessions were made to Croatia in 1868 than it was historically entitled to claim. Law xxx. gave it a measure of independence very different from that with which it was contented in the days when Gáj and Illyrism had not been born or thought of. Then Croatia was a nation, in the sense in which the Saxons of Transylvania constituted a nation before the Act of Union; now it claims to possess all the attributes of independence. It has its own coat of arms surmounted by the crown of St. Stephen, and its own flag, which is hoisted alongside that of Hungary when Parliament is occupied with the discussion of Hungarian-Croatian common affairs (Law xxx., sect. 63), a fact which is calculated to produce the erroneous impression that Croatia possesses a separate existence, different from and superior to that which it enjoys as a member of the Sacred Crown—an impression which is strengthened by the second section of the governing Act, which requires the *diploma inaugurale* to be published in Croatian as well as in Hungarian, and to contain a guarantee of Croatia's territorial integrity and Constitution. Croatia now has its own appellate jurisdiction, and its penal laws are not identical with those of Hungary. It deals with its own budget, and has independent legislative powers as regards internal, local, matters, including religion and education. The official language is Croatian, and all communications addressed to Hungarian government officials must be replied to in that idiom. Croatian deputies to the Hungarian Parliament may *also* use their own language in addition to the Magyar, a concession in which racial malevolence affects to find a justification for ignorance, real or feigned, of the official language of Parliament, and for deliberate obstruction of the course of purely Hungarian business.

It is a far cry from local autonomy to complete independence under a Croatian king, from subordination to the Sacred Crown to the substitution of a bastard trialism for the dualism of to-day. Croatia claims to occupy the same position with respect to Hungary as Hungary does towards Austria; in other words, to be an independent kingdom with no connection save such as results from the identity of the monarch and from the existence of common affairs and affairs of common interest. But an independent Croatia is an historical absurdity. Never since Croatia's union with Hungary took place has there been a Croatian king. The Habsburg who is crowned King of Hungary, *ipso facto*, becomes King of Croatia—an indivisible part of the realms of the Sacred Crown, so expressed by the laws of 1723 and 1868. The Bán does not come in direct contact with the king, as he would necessarily do if he were the chief official of an independent State, but communicates with the Crown through the Croatian member of the Hungarian Ministry, who is responsible to the Hungarian Parliament, whose countersignature is necessary to give validity to the countersignature of the Bán of official nominations and other royal acts. Further, the Bán is himself nominated by the Magyar Prime Minister, who countersigns the royal appointment made in pursuance of such nomination. There are no Croatian or Hungaro-Croatian Ministers or Parliament within the realms of St. Stephen. Parliament is Hungarian, and the Ministers are Hungarian servants of an indivisible State of which Croatia-Slavonia forms an integral part. There is no Croatian citizenship or nationality. As a member of the Sacred Crown Croatia was affected by the results of the Compromise of 1867, and as such member would have no power of independent action should the law of that year be abrogated or modified, save in so far as it is entitled and enabled to make its voice heard through its delegates to the Hungarian Parliament should a revision of the Compromise affect its local or common interests, or necessitate an alteration of financial relations with Hungary on whom Croatia's insolvent autonomy lays a considerable burden. As Baron Beck, the Austrian Prime Minister, said in his speech in the Reichsrath on October 29, 1907, the Austrian Government and Parliament, in accordance with the sixth section of the Law of December 21, 1867, in questions affecting common affairs as defined by the Compromise of that year, "can take only the Hungarian Parliament into consideration, not the Croatian Diet." Such is the view of official Austria, based on the only possible interpretation of the laws of 1867 and 1868, and necessarily distasteful to the would-be creators of a greater Croatia, whom nothing will satisfy short of severance of the last link which binds them to Hungary. The magyarisation of Croatia which they affect to fear has been rendered impossible by the establishment of Croatian as the official language, and as the language of instruction in the schools. Obstacles to instruction in the Hungarian tongue are thrown in the way even of the children of the Magyar population, though in Hungary proper Croatian schools, in which Hungarian is only a subject, not the medium, of instruction, are supported by the Hungarian Government. Even the language of command of the territorial forces of Croatia is not, as it should be, the language of the indivisible Hungarian State. With the exception of the Bán, the one outward and visible sign of Hungarian political unity and of Hungarian sovereignty in Croatia is the State railway, the control of which, its only means of communication with the sea, is a matter of life and death to the Magyar nation. It is hatred of the symbol of Magyar hegemony, not considerations of convenience, which dictates Croatian action, and suggests the argument that as Croatian has been made the official language of the governmental organs in Croatia by clause 57 of the Law of 1868, it should necessarily be the official language of that part of the State railway which runs through Croatia. The Hungarians reply to this contention that the railway is not a governmental department within the meaning of the Act, and is, and always has been, subject to the control of the Hungarian Ministry of Commerce and Communications, which alone is responsible for the proper working of a commercial undertaking, the management of which, in the interest of the State as a whole, has been entrusted to its care. Apart from commercial considerations it is essential for military reasons that all employés should be acquainted with the Hungarian language, otherwise in time of war the mobilisation of troops might be seriously hampered by the inability of stationmasters and other officials to understand the instructions of the central authority. The Hungarian Government has no objection to the use of the Croatian language in all communications between the Croatian authorities and the railway officials, but it rightly requires a knowledge of the language of the State from candidates for employment on a railway which is maintained at the State's expense for military as well as for commercial reasons. Croatian convenience is sufficiently studied if, as is the case, an acquaintance with the Croatian idiom is demanded of all railway officials employed within the limits of Croatia. The fact that Croatian malcontents demand still further concessions would seem to justify the inference that they are actuated, not by regard for the interests of the travelling public, or for the effective working of the railway, but by a desire to destroy the last vestiges of political union, and to deprive Hungary of the control of its one means of access to the outer world, in the interest of the great southern Slav State of Croatian dreamers.

The realisation of Croatian ambitions would be as distasteful to the Servian population of Croatia as the success of the Home Rule agitation would be to Ulster. Relations always have been and always will be strained between Croatian Catholics and the orthodox Servians. The prospect of a forced racial and ecclesiastical subordination to the Croatians causes the Servians to look for protection to the Magyars, just as local Servian oppression as regards the use of their language, and Servian religious intolerance is gradually forcing the Roumanians to the conclusion that the Magyars are their natural allies and protectors against Slav pretensions. But the foreign public listens only to the propagandists who earn cheap martyrdom by treasonable agitation such as no European nation but England would be foolish enough to let pass unpunished. The Magyars have made a mistake in neglecting to inform Europe as to the nature, origin, and object of Roumanian intrigue, and in allowing public opinion to be formed chiefly by voluntary exiles who have left their country in order to escape an insufficient punishment.

For centuries the Roumanians of Hungary had no notion that they could boast a Roman origin. Not until they turned to Roman Catholicism did they conceive the idea that they were anything but what they are—Balkan Slavs whose remote ancestors were more or less Latinised by contact with the Roman colonial forces. It would, indeed, be remarkable if a Roman army of occupation had left no illegitimate mementoes of its stay in the country, but what percentage of Roman blood is likely to be traceable in its descendants after a nomad existence of over a thousand years in the Balkan Peninsula? There is not a particle of evidence to show that the Roumanians were already domiciled in Transylvania when the Magyars arrived there. As we have seen, the theory of a settled political existence in a permanently Romanised Dacia is a late invention of Sinkai and his followers. The idea of a uniform, united Roumanian nation never occurred to any one before 1848, and even after that date the ideas of Bishop Siaguna, the prophet of Roumanian union, went no further than a demand of local self-government and of ecclesiastical autonomy for the Roumanians of Transylvania. The notion of a greater Roumania was not yet conceived. Majorescu, the chief of Siaguna's immediate followers and imitators, went a step further and demanded the union of all Roumanians in Transylvania, Bessarabia, and Bukovina under Austrian hegemony, and with the benevolent support of the German Confederation. By the peace of Paris, Russia's protectorate over Moldavia and Wallachia came to an end, and part of Bessarabia was incorporated in Moldavia. Later, the Roumanians were rewarded for their action in saving Russia from a *fiasco* at Plevna by the creation of a Roumanian kingdom and by the loss of Bessarabia. The aim of the modern Sinkais and Siagunas, of Brote and his school of agitators, is the creation (they would call it reconstitution) of Dako-Roumania, including Bessarabia, Bukovina, Transylvania, Hungary up to the Tisza, and the parts of Servia which border on the Danube. Thus united, the ten million or so, theoretically homogeneous, descendants of Trajan's legionaries are to be the arbiters of the fate of the Balkan provinces. From the point of view of Roumania proper this is the justification for Roumano-Transylvanian irredentism in Hungary. Abuse of the Magyars is merely the first stage of a campaign, the ultimate object of which is the union of all Roumanians. The irredentist agitation might just as well be begun in Bessarabia instead of in Hungary, except for the fact that Russia has a short way of dealing with inconvenient propagandists, and that the Magyars err on the side of excessive tolerance. The Roumanians see a justification and an example in Italy's struggle for union, oblivious of the fact that in that case the fight was for *re*-union; whereas there never was a greater Roumania, united or disunited, that the scattered Roumanians never conceived the idea of a common origin till a few years ago, and that the country has yet to be discovered which can boast with certainty of being the cradle of the Moldavo-Wallachians or Transylvanian Vlachs. The demand for the reorganisation of Hungary on a federalistic basis, for its subdivision into autonomous districts on purely arbitrary lines, has as its object the aggrandisement of Roumania. For whose ultimate benefit? Of Germany (which has its Hohenzollern on the Roumanian throne), to which the propagandists of greater Roumania look as to their future patron and protector, or of Russia, the sight of whose tender mercies to their congeners in Bessarabia should discourage feelings of attachment to the idea of a Russian protectorate? In every development of the Eastern question Roumania must be a considerable factor, and its fate depends on its choice of an ally. Should it side with a victorious Russia, it would hope to receive Transylvania as its reward. Allied with Germany, or with Germany, Austria, and Hungary, it would expect to be recompensed at Russia's expense in Bessarabia; a temporary recompense in either event, for it is impossible to imagine that the future masters of the Balkan Peninsula would long permit the retention of the keys of the Carpathians and the Balkans in Roumanian hands. In any case the fate of Roumania, which lies across the road to Constantinople, is intimately connected with that of the whole of south-eastern Europe; consequently, the primary manifestations of Roumanian irredentism, of which Hungary is the scene, are of far more than merely local interest.

The Roumanian agitators from time to time demand: (1) the separation from Hungary of Transylvania and of the parts beyond the Tisza—a modest request, compliance with which would involve the dismemberment of Hungary, the infraction of the coronation oath of Francis Joseph, the disregard of the lessons of past history, and the destruction of Austrian influence in the Balkan Peninsula; or (2) Transylvanian autonony, *i.e.*, the right of the ignorant majority to dominate their superiors in wealth and education; or (3) the formation of units of self-government in Transylvania by drawing arbitrary lines which should divide the country into linguistically homogeneous sections when no absolute homogeneity exists. There is no justification for any one of these demands; no recurrence to a past of

Roumanian unity based on common history, on distinctive civilisation, or on the right of prior occupation. As Beksics says, an Italian claim to Provence and a Russian claim to Brandenburg and Berlin on the ground that they were once occupied by Slavs would be no more absurd from the historical point of view. As regards the demand for Roumanian control of Transylvania and of Hungary up to the Tisza, it is to be observed that the Roumanians are in an actual minority, forming about 40 per cent. of the population; so whatever justification it may possess from other points of view it has none from that of mere numbers. With respect to the suggested *Sonderstellung* of Transylvania the position is somewhat different. Of a population of 2,250,000 the 1,276,000 Roumanians form 56 per cent., whereas the Magyars number only 698,000 and the Saxons 217,000; but, as will be seen hereafter, it would be not merely tyrannical to give rights of predominance to a Roumanian majority, but it would be absurd, as no one can suppose that Transylvanian autonomy could long remain Roumanian autonomy when the preponderance of wealth and education is on the side of the minority. As regards the third alternative proposed, the *specifically Roumanian* territory, made up according to Brote's recipe, contains 4,116,000 inhabitants, of whom 2,370,000 (57·55 per cent.) are Roumanians, over a million are Magyars, and half a million are Germans. Only in two counties does the Roumanian percentage reach 80, while in some it sinks as low as 33. As has been already mentioned, only in eleven of the eighteen electoral divisions of Transylvania and Hungary up to the Tisza are the Roumanians in an actual majority, and in no preponderatingly Roumanian district is there less than an 11 per cent. admixture of other races. The towns are almost entirely Magyar, and when not Magyar are German, so even in the parts to which Brote points as distinctively Roumanian, wealth and civilisation are entirely non-Roumanian.

But history, wealth, and education are of no importance in the eyes of separatistic agitators. As regards education, the Roumanians of Hungary are on a lower plane than any constituent race. In 1890, of Roumanian males, only 19·89 per cent. could read and write their own language; of females, only 8·19. According to Baloghy, in 1907 86 per cent. were entirely illiterate, and it is absurd to suggest that such a race is fit for autonomy, or could be politically self-sufficient. The agitators would reply that the low percentage of literates is due to Magyar oppression and obscurantism. Let us examine this allegation. In 1880, 5·71 per cent. of Roumanians could speak the Magyar language; in 1890 the figure had risen to 6·95, an increase of one and a quarter per cent. in ten years, which hardly bears out the statement that the Roumanians are being robbed of their language and compulsorily magyarised. According to a favourite lie, intended for foreign consumption, Law xviii. of 1879, which made Magyar a compulsory *subject* of instruction, made it the compulsory *medium* of instruction in all schools, and the Roumanians were consequently deprived of the means of learning their own language. What are the facts? In 1881 there were 2781 schools in which Roumanian was the sole language of instruction, and only 322 in which both Roumanian and Magyar teaching was given. In 1892 the number of purely Roumanian schools had risen to 3289, and the Magyar-Roumanian to 364—a 9 per cent. increase in favour of the Roumanian language. The fact should be noted that though the Roumanians of Hungary are on a lower educational level than any other nationality, there is one place where the darkness is still more intense than in Transylvania, namely, the Mecca of the irredentists, Roumania proper, where only 13 per cent. of the population can read and write, and only 18 per cent. of the children of the age of instruction go to school. The Magyars are to blame, not for robbing the nationalities of their language, but for not properly carrying out the law of 1879. So recently as 1897, of 3000 Roumanian teachers, more than 500 were ignorant of the language of the State; and to-day, for more than one-quarter of the schools of Hungary, the Magyar is a non-existent idiom. Darkest Hungary is that part of the country to which Brote assigns an essentially Roumanian character. The commercial capacity of the inhabitants is such as might be expected—it is commensurate with their intellectual abilities. But for the existence of trifling cottage industries, it might be said that the manufacturing arts are unknown to the Roumanians. According to the official return of 1890, there was not one Roumanian manufacturer in all Hungary who gave employment to as many as twenty workmen. The taxable capacity of the Roumanians is smaller than that of any race in Hungary which would have the pleasure of paying for Roumanian autonomy unable to finance itself except by putting the whole burden of the expense of Government on the shoulders of the Magyar and German inhabitants of the "Roumanian" autonomous districts. In 1894, out of one hundred million florins of direct taxation Transylvania paid eight millions, and almost the whole of that sum was paid by the Magyar and German population. Budapest alone pays nearly as much in taxation as Transylvania, Croatia, and the Slovák districts put together. Under the circumstances, it would not be surprising if the taxpaying Magyar and German were favoured in the matter of the Parliamentary franchise at the expense of the Roumanians, but such is not the case. No doubt, as in England, and still more so in Ireland, there are districts which are more fully represented than their population entitles them to be, which would disappear from the list of constituencies if a new and reasonable scheme of redistribution were adopted; but on the whole, the Roumanians in Transylvania are over rather than under represented, for the qualification is considerably lower there than in other parts of Hungary, so the Roumanians, who form the majority of the population, are actually favoured at the expense of better educated races which have a far larger stake in the country. If the qualification were placed on a uniform basis throughout Hungary and Transylvania thousands of Roumanians would be disqualified to whom exceptional treatment now assures the enjoyment of the franchise. If ability to read and write were an essential qualification the Roumanians would be in an absolute majority only in thirty-five divisions instead of in fifty-seven. If there were a uniform property qualification their preponderance would be limited to forty-four divisions. The Magyar figures would, in either case, increase proportionately, wealth and education being on the side of the predominant race, the difference in this respect between the other races and the Magyar tending to become more pronounced every year. In the Middle Ages all European countries were more or less polyglot, but eventually the language of the towns became the language of the nation. In Hungary this was not so. In old days the towns were chiefly German while the country was Magyar, but now the towns are yearly becoming more and more deeply impressed with the Magyar stamp. Of the urban population 68 per cent. are born Magyars, over 80 per cent. are Magyar-speaking, and only 3 per cent. are of Roumanian origin. From 1880 to 1890 the Magyar proportion increased by 23·80 per cent. the Roumanian by 1·54. The tortoise is not invariably successful in the race; the Magyar has established a strong lead and seems to be in no danger of losing it through inadvertence.

Roumanian centres, disseminators of distinctive Roumanian civilisation in Hungary, may be searched for with a magnifying glass, but the search would be vain. Distinctive language without distinctive culture confers no claim to special consideration. As Gumplowicz says, a distinction must be drawn between the purely political conception indicated by the word "people," and the implication of a special form of civilisation contained in the word "nation." To the uneducated mass a common language is the badge of local, ethnical, or religious fellowship, not the expression of a characteristic, distinctive culture, without which no guest-nationality is justified in claiming to possess the characteristics of a "nation," as distinguished from a "people," and to territorial separation in virtue thereof. Judged by this standard, a demand for the political "Sonderstellung" of the Roumanians, who stand on a lower plane as regards education and civilisation than any of the constituent races of Hungary, requires a better justification than that supplied by language and origin, which, as Mancini has pointed out, are no more than the raw materials for the construction of a nation. Mr. Louis Mocsáry combats the view that the nationalities entertain a desire for territorial separation, and fail to recognise the fact that the protection which a strong Hungary alone can give to the Roumanians against Russia and the Slavs in general, and to the Slavs who hate the Germans of Austria as well as those of the German empire, is of far greater value than the benefits to be derived from the disruption of the Magyar State, or from an exaggerated form of local autonomy. If the Roumanians do, in fact, realise the obvious advantages conferred by membership of a united Hungarian monarchy they have hitherto been grossly misrepresented by the would-be formers of nationalistic public opinion, both within and without the limits of Transylvania.

C. M. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

# BALLADS AND THE BORDER

When Washington Irving visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford, he confessed to his host that the Border scenery was not all that he had imagined it. The new "romantic" movement was in full swing, and he may have expected to see the founder of it leading a sort of feudal existence among aggressively picturesque surroundings. Instead, he was confronted, as he says, by "a mere succession of grey, waving hills, line beyond line, monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profiles." There were no forests, no peaks, no deep gorges; scarcely a feature of the conventional mountain landscape to be seen. "It may be pertinacity," Scott answered, "but to my eye these grey hills, and all this wild Border country, have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, stern, and solitary about it." The landscape round Edinburgh, he declared, was "like ornamented garden land" in comparison; "and if I did not see the heather at least once a year," he added with sudden emphasis, "*I think I should die.*"

Either ignorance or the same disappointment has moved later critics than Washington Irving to try and associate the Border ballads with the scenery of the north of Scotland. They have been supposed to reflect the spirit of "mountain and moor, loch and correi." The spirit of moors they do, and of hills covered with heather and bent grass; as for mountain, loch, and correi, they are scarcely less inappropriate than meadow and cornfield. Both north and south go to the making of the true Border ballad. It is as though the Gaelic gift of improvisation, and the Anglo-Saxon love of a plain statement of facts, met where the two countries meet, and were fused. On one side of the boundary we have "The Song of the Sword of Alan"; on the other, "The

Beautiful Damsel, or the Undaunted Female," and many thrilling histories treated in the same artless manner:

> When this noble gentleman saw all the robbers dead,
> He took the damsel by the hand, and unto her he said,
> "I'll take you for my own bride, for the deed that you have done,
> In taking of your own part, and firing off your gun."

But the compromise between the two styles results, fortunately for us, in "The Hunting of the Cheviot," "The Battle of Otterburn," "Johnnie Armstrong," and many other essentially local ballads, besides versions, in the Border dialect, of legends known in all parts of the world. Sometimes it happens that a story, or myth, not really indigenous, has been so thoroughly adopted that well-known Border names have been inserted; as in the two famous instances of "Tamlane" and "The Douglas Tragedy." To sift the component parts of all these ballads, and to find a firm foothold among the shifting sands of authorship and editorship, would be the work of a lifetime; for the collecting and editing of ballads would seem to have ranked with horse-dealing, as far as moral obligations are concerned. Even the most superficial study of the subject must bring a certain amount of disillusion, and an unpleasant feeling of nervousness in referring to any one line or stanza. Still, when all is said, there is enough genuine material left to prove that the Border people—

> able men,
> Somewhat unruly, and very ill to tame—

found in this particular form the most satisfactory expression of their feelings. They were not satisfied with lyric outpourings; they must have their story told, without comment and without moral. Only, unlike the case of "The Undaunted Female," it must be told from a picturesque and even dramatic point of view; at the same time with an earnestness, simplicity, and straightforwardness which have nothing in common with the ejaculatory Gaelic song of battle or triumph. No amount of studied description could present the scenery of what was once the "Debateable Land" more clearly than does the actual style of the Border ballads. They give the strongest of all local colour, that which is absolutely unintentional; an unconscious translation of the character of a race, and of a country, into literary form.

The only popular poetry in the English language which has anything like the same distinction is the Robin Hood cycle. It is true these ballads of the forest have never belonged to one district in particular. There is no reason to suppose that they were originally written in Sherwood; they might almost as well have been written in the New Forest, or in the Forest of Arden itself. But they have "an atmosphere," and the contrast between this atmosphere and that of the northern ballads brings out the force of both. In the Sherwood of the ballads it is nearly always early summer:

When shaws been sheen, and shraddes full fair,
And leaves both large and long;
It's merry walking in the fair forest,
To hear the small birds' song.

The woodweele sang, and would not cease,
Sitting upon a spray;
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay.

Thus the singer introduces the adventures of "Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne." The same lightheartedness runs through the whole cycle. There is a fair amount of bloodshed, but chiefly from the breaking of heads; a tragic ending is almost unknown. The Border poet wastes little time on the surroundings; he sets forth curtly, but effectively:

It fell about the Martinmas,
When the wind blew shrill and cauld,
Edom o' Gordon said to his men,
"We maun draw to a hauld."

Immediately a setting is created, "bold, stern and solitary" enough for the savage story that follows: the burning of the "House of Rodes," and the death of the Lady of Rodes, with her "young son" and her daughter. To any one at all familiar with the country of the "Marches"—those to whom Otterburn, Redesdale, Tynedale, and such localities are something more than names—some of these opening lines can be extraordinarily vivid. Take a well-known case:

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When husbands win their hay—

suggests, as irresistibly as one of Bewick's landscapes, the fields of a cold, brilliant green, fenced in by loose-built walls of grey stone, and with a background of moors; where the descendants of those husbandmen, Robsons, Telfers, and Rutherfords, "win their hay" in August, at Lammas tide, to this day. Not less in keeping is the force and directness of the narrative itself:

> The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
> Into England, to take a prey;

and we hear how they "came in" over Ottercap Hill, and down to Green Leyton, "stirring many a stag." There are many variants of the Otterburn ballad; but this especial first stanza, with its abrupt, characteristic plunge into the main subject, is to be found in nearly all. The audience for whom it was composed had no turn for reflection; the ballad-maker who understood his calling gripped their attention at the very outset, seizing it almost by assault.

By far the most celebrated of these versions is the "Battle of Otterburn," given by Scott in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. It has been quoted, more than once, as an absolutely unrivalled specimen of the Border ballad, and no one can attempt to treat any subject of the kind without giving it some honourable mention. James Hogg, and Scott himself, on the foundation of a genuinely ancient fragment, have manufactured a beautiful and consistent whole; but there is the mischief of it; it has been manufactured. No right-minded person, on reading it, can be otherwise than grateful for the result; only, it is manifestly impossible to treat it as the typical work of an unsophisticated age. Hogg's charmingly naïve remark, "Sure, no man will think an old song the worse for being somewhat harmonious," must have served as a cloak for a good deal of making and mending. There is also occasion to believe that Hogg thought an old song none the worse for a few picturesque incidents, gathered from historical or local tradition and paraphrased by a gifted editor. Perhaps he was right. Mr. Henderson, in the latest edition of the *Border Minstrelsy*, gives Scott and Hogg, between them, credit for some of the best-known stanzas in the whole of ballad literature: the prophecy of Douglas:

> But I hae dreamed a dreary dream,
> Beyond the Isle of Skye;
> I saw a dead man win a fight,
> And I think that man was I;

. ıd also his dying words to Montgomery:

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of one?
But I hae dreamed a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's my ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And bury me by the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lily lea."

All this may be found, in prose, in Hume of Godscroft's "History of the Name of Douglas," and not, it is to be feared, in any authentic ancient ballad; but it would be a sin to quarrel with anything so good of its kind merely on that account. On the other hand, it is a little hard to have it held up as a striking instance of the superiority of the Scottish ballad over the English. Certainly the English version of the "Battle of Otterburn" is not so concise, or so artistic, in any sense of the word. One verse it has which Scott may have envied, describing the field after the battle:

Then on the morn, they made them biers
Of birch, and hazel grey;
Many widows, with weeping tears,
Their mates they fetch away.

Percy's address to his followers is excellent; in which he tells every man to "think on his true love, and mark him to the Trinity." But whereas the Scottish interest centres entirely round the death of Douglas, the ballad of the English Border is a more or less impartial account of the whole fight. Scott's poetic insight showed him clearly the value of one supremely heroic figure; while the more primitive English ballad-maker wrote straight forward, describing the valiant acts of each commander in turn. His patriotism is chiefly apparent in the last verse:

Now let us all for the Percy pray,
To Jesu, most of might,
To bring his soul to the bliss of Heaven,
For he was a gentle knight.

There is no pious mention of Douglas.

The "Otterburn" ballads, whether English or Scottish, have long since come to be considered as the representatives *par excellence* of their class. One objection to this view must not be forgotten—namely, that the battle itself is very far from being a typical Border incident. It was on too large a scale, too widely sung and celebrated, and also, it must be admitted, conducted on far too elaborate principles of courtesy and chivalry. The thorough-paced fire-raising, prison-breaking, cattle-lifting moss-trooper scarcely appears at all. As a matter of fact, Percy and Douglas, and other heads of great houses, only led their raids in person on what might be called state occasions. The truly representative Borderer or March-man, was often of good family, but had no fixed possessions to speak of; he fought and stole for his own hand:

> They plainly through the country rides,
> I trow the mickle devil them guides!

says Sir Richard Maitland, in his "Complaynt of the Thieves of Liddesdale." In Sir David Lindsay's allegorical drama, "Common Thift" is personified by a Borderer, as a matter of course. Surnames were scarce among them, for they mostly belonged to one or other of some dozen local families; so, for better identification, there was the "to-name," or *nom-de-guerre*, which figures largely in their records. We read of Thomas Armstrong, called "Ringan's Tam," and Adam Scott, called "the Pecket"; of William Johnstone, "the Galliard"; of "the Laird's Jock," "Barty of the Combe," and of another Thomas Armstrong, suggestively known as "Luck i' the Bag." These "reivers," as seen in ballad and tradition, cared little for the accepted chivalrous rules of battle; they had instead one fixed principle, which served them as a religion. Everything was fair in dealing with an avowed enemy; but to fail a friend was a lasting disgrace. If this feeling was, to a certain extent, the proverbial "honour among thieves," it was something more besides—a real and deeply rooted sense of the obligations of friendship. To risk your life in a friend's quarrel seems to have been entirely a matter of course. Several most popular ballads turn on this idea, and certainly it supplied incidents fit to inspire any singer. The two Northumbrian shepherds, "Barty of the Combe" and "Corbit Jack," have, alas! found no one to immortalise them; to the shame of their countrymen be it spoken. Their story is so entirely characteristic that we cannot forbear giving it here, in the hope that perhaps some late justice may be done them.

This Barty was a Milburn by birth, and lived on Tarset burn, near the English border. One night his sheep were "lifted" by a band of Scottish raiders. Barty called up his friend and neighbour, "Corbit Jack," and set out, determined either to retrieve his own property or, failing that, to lay hands on some one else's. By the next evening they had fixed their choice on the flocks of the Leatham clan, and drove them over the Carter Fell into England, as far as Chattelhope Spout, in Redesdale, where they were overtaken by two of the Scottish owners. Here there was a battle of giants. In the end, the two Scots and Corbit Jack were killed, and Barty was wounded in the thigh. Thus left, he took up the swords of his enemies and the dead body of his friend, and so, driving the sheep before him, came across the hills to his own home at daybreak. It is impossible not to feel that, if Barty had lived on the other side of the Border, Scott would somehow have conjured up a ballad in his honour, "taken down from the recitation of an old woman," or even supplied by "my obliging friend," that ingenious and unblushing fraud, Surtees of Mainsforth.

With all due regard for their law-abiding qualities, the Border shepherds of to-day are of the same race. If they no longer fight, neighbour against neighbour, over their flocks, they fight the elements in exactly the same warlike and unyielding spirit. A man who, winter after winter, goes out single-handed over the moors, in the teeth of storms, to dig his sheep out of drifted snow, would be likely to prove a tough customer for any invader. One such occasion we have heard described, when nearly a whole flock had to be taken out of a deep drift; so deep that their whereabouts could only be discovered by the dog, who refused to leave a certain spot till his master dug down and found a sheep alive, under some feet of snow. "But we lost only one," the narrator concluded, in the quiet, considering, minor key of the Northumbrian, "and I think we did well."

As a rule, it must be allowed that the poets on both sides of the Border made good use of their opportunities. No one can look through their choice of subjects without being struck by the instinctive appreciation they show for any genuinely impressive or dramatic event. Other local heroes, more fortunately remembered than Barty Milburn, are "Bewick and Grahame," "Jamie Telfer," and "John of the Side," the last of whom is tersely referred to by Maitland:

> He is weel kend, John of the Side;
> A greater thief did never ride.

All these have given their names to ballads which do most thoroughly illustrate the ethics of the moss-trooper. Of the stories which treat of a Border friendship, not one, surely, is more curious than that of Bewick and Grahame. Two old men, called in the ballad Lord Grahame and Sir Robert Bewick, boast to each other of the merits of their respective sons, and fall out over them; these same sons being sworn friends. After some dispute, the two fathers arrange a match between their sons, with no more apparent concern than if it had been a cock-fight. Lord Grahame rides home and tells Christie, his son, what he has undertaken for him. Christie refuses, at first, to challenge young Bewick, and urges his "faith and troth" given in friendship. "Then," says his father, "here is my glove; thou must fight with me." There is no help for it; to draw back would be to stand dishonoured. So Christie Grahame goes to find his friend and call him out, wounds him to death, and then kills himself. The old men have the grace to repent, and the ballad closes with their sorrow:

> With that bespoke now Robin Bewick:
> "O man, was I not much to blame?
> I have lost one of the liveliest lads
> That ever was bred unto my name."

While Lord Grahame laments:

> "Had I gone through all Lidderdale,
> And forty horse had set on me,
> Had Christie Grahame been at my back,
> So well as he would have guarded me."

The whole story reads not unlike the subject of some legendary epic. It has never been definitely traced to a historical foundation, but the families mentioned in it were well known. Certainly no one seems to have seen anything incongruous in its being located somewhere near Carlisle, as late as the seventeenth century.

The two extant versions of "Jamie Telfer"—one given by

Scott and one by Sharpe—may yet be the cause of as free a fight between the Scott and Elliot factions as ever took place on the Border. Sharpe's story, from a manuscript still in existence, is as follows: Jamie Telfer is robbed of his "kye," or cattle, by an English freebooter, the "Captain of Bewcastle." He forthwith, according to the custom of the Marches, appeals for help to the Lord of Buccleuch, the nearest great chief with whom he was on friendly terms. The ballad gives an exact account of the etiquette observed in raising a fray. We quote at length, for the telling is admirably concise:

Jamie Telfer has run three miles afoot,
Between Dodhead and Branxholm Ha'.

And when he came to Branxholm Ha',
He shouted loud, and weel cried he,
Till up bespake then auld Buccleuch,
"Whae's this that brings the fray to me?"

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the Fair Dodhead,
And a harried man I think I be;
There's naething left i' the Fair Dodhead
But only wife and children three."

"Gae seek your succour frae Martin Elliot,
For succour ye'll get none frae me!
Gae seek your succour where ye paid blackmail,
For man! ye ne'er paid money to me."

Jamie has turned him round about,
I wat the tear blinded his e'e—
"I'll never pay mail to Scott again,
And the Fair Dodhead I ll never see."

Then he turns to other friends; Jock Grieve of Coultart's Cleugh, Martin's Hab—an Elliot—and lastly to "auld Martin Elliot" himself. Every time the formula is repeated, "Whae's this that brings the fray to me?" and at the answer each one mounts and rides. "Gae warn the water, braid and wide," says Martin,

"Gae warn it soon and hastily;
Them that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
Let them never look in the face of me."

Simon, or Simmy, Elliot, Martin's son, is called out to lead the expedition, and they follow the track of the enemy out on to the open moor, where they "see the kye fast driving":

> "Whae drives the kye," then Simmy can say,
> "To make an outspeckle * o' me?"
> "It's I, the Captain o' Bewcastle, Simmy;
> I winna layne † my name for thee."

There is a furious encounter, most graphically described. Simon Elliot is killed and the Captain disabled; but eventually the Elliots are victorious. Following up their advantage, they ride on to the Captain's house at Stanegirthside and drive back his cattle, as well as those that had been stolen before; so that

> When they came to the Fair Dodhead,
> They were a welcome sight to see;
> For, instead of his ain ten milk-kye,
> Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.

With one exception, this ballad has every quality that would commend it to Scott—vigour, local colour, picturesqueness of subject and treatment. The weak point, naturally, in his eyes would be the unworthy spirit shown by the bearers of his name. In the *Border Minstrelsy* version—whose source has not been traced to any manuscript other than Sharpe's—behold, the parts are reversed! It is the Elliots who basely deny Telfer's blackmail, the Scotts who answer his appeal. Willie Scott takes the place of Simon Elliot, while the part of Martin Elliot is divided between the old Lord of Buccleuch and yet another Scott, "Wat of Harden." In this bewildering transformation scene the only man to stand fast is Jock Grieve of Coultart's Cleugh, who, being neither Scott nor Elliot, enjoys his family name undisturbed. All these facts have been brought into notice by an Elliot of our own day, who points out, further, that to "bring the fray," in the time and in the order described, first to the Elliot stronghold, and then to the habitations of all the Scotts whom Telfer is said to have visited, would be a feat absolutely beyond the powers even of a Borderer. The order mentioned in Sharpe's ballad is comparatively easy and natural. There is something so delightfully childish, so thoroughly in keeping with the methods of the original ballad-singer, in the idea of an editor deliberately transposing the names for the sake of family feeling, that no one could be very indignant if Scott were actually proved guilty.

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* Laughing-stock. † Hide.

What is really reprehensible is, not that he should have made these alterations, but that, having made them, he did not rest satisfied. Apparently he was not content unless the Scotts could be made to cut just a little finer figure; the head of his own especial branch—Scotts of Harden—in particular. To this end he either composed, or at all events accepted, one or two verses of a quite shamelessly modern character, which stand out like new cloth on an old garment. For example, at the death of Willie Scott, *alias* Simon Elliot, we have the following picture of "Wat of Harden":

> But he's taen aff his gude steel cap,
> And thrice he's waved it in the air—
> The Dinlay snaw was ne'er mair white
> Nor the lyart locks of Harden's hair.

"Dinlay," adds the note, "is a mountain in Lidderdale." There is nothing of all this in Sharpe's ballad. Martin Elliot strikes no attitude; fierce and businesslike, he urges on his men:

> "Fye, lay on them," co' Martin Elliot,
> "Fye, lay on them cruelly!"

That simile of the snow on Dinlay strikes a hopelessly false note. The true Border singer never paused in his description of a fight to consider the colour of any one's hair; he mentioned nothing but what directly concerned his subject.

Wat of Harden is merely theatrical in comparison. Like the "grey, waving hills" around them, these poets have no dealings with the too obviously picturesque; their characters are never treated for effect alone. They may be drawn in detail, but always for some definite end connected with the story. There are many figures which stand out in such detail against a background of romance. We have "Johnnie of Braidislee," the hunter, "the bonniest chiel that ever I saw," with his green doublet and shirt of fine holland, asleep in the wood among his "good grey dogs"; Thomas the Rhymer's Queen of Elfland, who comes through the fern in "grass-green silk," with silver trappings on her horse; last, but not least, Tamlane, the "christened knight," riding with the fairy procession:

For I'll ride on the milk-white steed,
And ay nearest the town;
Because I was an earthly knight
They gie me that renown.

My right hand will be glov'd, lady,
My left hand will be bare,
Cockt up shall my bonnet be,
And kaim'd down shall my hair;
*And thae's the tokens I gie thee,*
*Nae doubt I will be there.*

But if it had not been necessary to give the tokens, we may be quite sure that Tamlane's equipment would have been left to our imagination. The milk-white horse, and the other attributes, would not have been put in only to catch the eye.

Scott could be consciously dramatic; and with him, and other "imitators of the ancient ballad," the reign of the self-conscious ballad-maker began. It was not altogether his fault. In an age when it was still possible to produce good ballads, or carols, or folk-songs of any description, there were none of the awful formalities which belong to modern authorship. What gives these writings such a distinctive character is their air of irresponsibility, of complete detachment from the personality of any one singer; they are created by a race, not by a single mind. Instead of being printed and published with the author's name attached, as a target for the critics, they were handed on chiefly by word of mouth, just as the local tunes still played on the fiddle and "small pipes" in Northumbrian farm-houses, are handed on by ear. The work and the author were not of necessity identified with each other. Unfortunately, the only modern equivalent to this arrangement would be that ballads should be composed by a syndicate, which scarcely has an inspiring sound; unless, indeed, it could be formed on the principle described in the Breton folk-song. Perhaps, after all, that is as good a recipe as any for the making of popular poetry:

This song was made on the eve of Lady Day, after supper.
It was made by twelve men, dancing on the knoll near the chapel.
Three are rag-pickers; seven sow the rye; two are millers.
And so it is made, O folk, and so it is made, and so it is made, this song.

EVELINE C. GODLEY.

# UNIONIST POLICY *

**This statement of Constructive Policy was communicated to the *Morning Post*, having been drawn up as the outcome of an exchange of views during the past twelve months among some of the most active supporters and influential members of the Unionist Party, both in and out of Parliament.**

THE basis of all Unionist policy is union. All national questions, whether domestic or Imperial, should be treated in relation to this fundamental principle, implying union of classes within the State, National union of Great Britain and Ireland, Imperial union of self-governing nations and dependencies under the Crown.

Of the questions now before the country Tariff Reform necessarily comes first. As the only means of protecting employment, of increasing production, and of equitably providing additional revenue for national defence and social reform, it is essential to the union of classes; as the only means of redressing the fiscal and economic grievances suffered by Ireland under the existing system it is essential to the national union of Great Britain and Ireland; as the only means of meeting the proposal unanimously put forward by the self-governing Dominions for promoting closer Imperial relations it is essential to the union of the Empire.

TARIFF REFORM.—The basis of a reformed tariff should be the principle of placing moderate duties, both for purposes of revenue and for safeguarding home industries, upon all imports excepting those as regards which it may be shown either

(*a*) That the difficulty or inconvenience of levying a duty would outweigh the advantage sought, or

(*b*) That the duty would restrict production or handicap the competition of important industries in oversea markets.

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* Reproduced from the *Morning Post* of October 12, 1908, by courteous permission of the Editor.

In certain cases the expedient of allowing a drawback of the duty on re-exportation might be considered as a possible alternative to exemption from import duty.

In all cases the products or manufactures of any part of the Empire should be admitted at a lower rate of duty than competing foreign goods.

At the same time the Government of the day should have discretion to reduce the rates of the general tariff in favour of foreign countries offering reciprocal concessions, provided always that the lower rates still left a preference in favour of Imperial products.

Generally speaking, the amount of the import duty should vary with the value, in the article imported, of the labour which might have been employed upon it in this country.

The Unionist Party is already committed, through the pledges given by so many of its representatives, to a general intention of remitting a substantial portion of the present excessive taxation on articles of universal consumption, such as tea, sugar, tobacco, &c. Beyond this point it is highly inexpedient to anticipate the allocation of future revenue, recent developments at home and abroad having created a situation of serious complexity in national finance.

Owing to the tendency in the chief food-producing countries for population to increase more rapidly than food production, thereby causing prices to rise, there can be no better security for cheap food than the rapid and systematic development of food-supplies within the Empire.

It is not necessary or desirable to wait for an Imperial Conference before granting some measure of preference to Imperial imports in recognition of the preferences already granted by the Dominions. In this way a permanent basis of reciprocity would be established from the outset, affording a starting-point for negotiations at the next meeting of the Imperial Conference.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.—The Navy must at all hazards be maintained at such a strength as would enable it to cope with any other two navies combined.

As regards military defence, there is a steadily growing body of public opinion favourable to the idea of a citizen Army based on universal service as the only certain means of creating an adequate reservoir from which to replenish by voluntary enlistment the Regular Army in time of war, and at the same time, by always maintaining in this country a force adequate to prevent the risk of invasion, of liberating the Navy for its proper strategical task. National service would, moreover, have a salutary influence in strengthening by its discipline the social and economic qualities of national character.

Meanwhile the Territorial Army, which at least provides a nucleus of organisation, is deserving of every encouragement. At the same time vigilance is needed to see that the Regular Army, which at present is the only fully trained force at the disposal of the nation, is not crippled by any further diversion to other purposes of the funds necessary to maintain it in due strength and efficiency.

IRELAND.—Unionist policy with relation to Ireland must take account of the continued economic depression of the country, which is evidenced by the persistent decline in population, and of the political unrest. To enforce respect for the existing law remains the primary duty of the Government of the day. But some positive constructive policy of rehabilitation, in which all sections of the Irish people would be prepared to co-operate, is essential. Tariff Reform alone offers the basis for such a policy. Tariff Reform would lighten the burden of Irish taxation by transferring a certain amount of taxation from imported articles, such as tea and sugar, to other imported articles of a kind produced at home by the majority of Irish taxpayers for their own consumption, such as butter and meat. Also by giving Irish agriculturists a preference in the markets of the United Kingdom against all oversea competitors, and by making possible the starting of important new industries, such as sugar-beet and tobacco, it would confer upon Ireland the economic advantages which she has a right to expect from the Union. Tariff Reform is thus the natural complement of the land purchase policy already developed by the Unionist Party, and would give a real significance and vitality to the Union.

As regards political relations, the fundamental principle of Unionist policy should be to oppose all proposals for giving Ireland an exceptional status within the United Kingdom, because such a status could only encourage the agitation for further concessions in the direction of an autonomy incompatible with the effective unity of the United Kingdom.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—Recent developments of Parliamentary procedure in the House of Commons, reducing debate to a farce, coupled with the growing tendency of Liberal Administrations to introduce drastic measures without previous discussion in the country, have made the function of the House of Lords more important than ever before. It is desirable, therefore, that the House of Lords should modify its own constitution in such a way as to increase its fitness to perform the onerous duties now devolving upon it.

OLD AGE PENSIONS.—In the field of social reform the most important question now before the country is the future development of the system of Old Age Pensions. The system inaugurated by the recent Act presents the following regrettable features:

(1) Being itself illogical it does not admit of further development in accordance with any logical principles, and, therefore, would tend to be developed merely under the impulse of political opportunism. Though they started with the theory that the pension should be given as a right incidental to old age, the Government proceeded to reduce the number of pensionable persons by imposing a variety of restrictions which could be justified only on the assumption that the pension is nothing else than a dole to the aged destitute granted in consequence of their poverty.

(2) It is not the part of responsible statesmanship to launch the country upon a vast and indefinite increase of expenditure without indicating how the additional revenue is to be raised. The Government have so far entirely failed to give any such indication.

While recognising these faults in the system lately sanctioned by Parliament, Unionists have no desire to reverse what has been done, for they look to the future rather than to the past. Old age pensions are only a part of the bigger question of State-aided insurance against incapacity to work, from whatever cause that incapacity may arise. That question should be considered and dealt with in relation to other questions of national organisation, and probably its solution will be found in a contributory system. Such a system would carry with it the incidental advantage of effecting the registration of the industrial population, which is a condition essential to the successful treatment of unemployment and other pressing social problems. This new pension, which might, as in Germany, be called the infirmity pension, would, as in that country, gradually replace the existing incomplete, illogical, and arbitrary distribution of State pensions.

Future developments must, obviously, be governed by financial exigencies. In any case the proposed system of State-aided insurance should be completed before any funds are devoted to making the pension over seventy of wider application.

Sweating and Home Work.—The appalling evils connected with the existence of sweated industries are now generally recognised, and ought to be dealt with. The Bill introduced in the present Parliament embodies principles generally accepted by those who have given serious attention to the question. The main principle of the remedy proposed is the establishment of Wages Boards for specified industries only, the industries being those in which voluntary and effective organisation of the workers has not been found practicable. These Boards, formed of an equal number of representatives of employers and employed, with an impartial chairman, would have the right of fixing, from time to time, minimum rates of wages for their respective areas, which would be delimited in accordance with the circumstances of the particular trade.

Agrarian Reform.—The large number of applications which have been made by men of an apparently suitable class for land under the Small Holdings Act of 1907 affords welcome evidence that the deplorable decrease of the rural population is not due to any lack of men willing, if able, to obtain a footing upon the land. It seems likely, however, that the absence of due facilities for the acquisition of the freehold by some of the prospective occupiers will prove a serious obstacle to the satisfactory working of the County Council system. The design and probable effect of the Act seems to be that the County Council is to become responsible for the management in perpetuity of a large estate, not compact, but scattered in fragments over the whole county, and occupied by a great number of small tenants—conditions which must tend to raise the cost of efficient management to an undue percentage of the rents. Further, where buildings are required, the annual cost of these holdings to the occupiers seems likely to be unduly, perhaps prohibitively, increased by the interest on the cost of equipment, which on an estate of this kind, whether under private or under public ownership, cannot be provided economically by the landlord except in a more durable and expensive form than would often serve the needs of an occupying owner, who would make shift with temporary erections until fairly on his feet. If the County Council tries to meet this difficulty by allowing the tenant to provide his own equipment, awkward complications are likely to arise in the event of the Council desiring to change its tenant, which must happen sometimes if the management is efficient.

Apart from these economic considerations, there is the political argument that a large class of freeholders gives stability to the institutions of the State, and in particular is an impediment to the progress of crude Socialism.

Facilities should, therefore, be provided on the lines of Mr. Jesse Collings's Bill, for the acquisition of the freehold by occupying tenants where both parties are willing, whether the landlord is a private landowner or a County Council. To facilitate this process, the legal methods of transferring land must be simplified and cheapened. It is not to be expected that any great extension of small holdings can be successfully accomplished without a much greater development of agricultural co-operation in all its forms, and of State assistance in such matters as the dissemination of technical information, than has yet taken place.

A thoroughgoing reform of Local Taxation, transferring certain charges to the National Exchequer, must also form part of any serious attempt to improve and expand agricultural production. Duties on imported food-stuffs, even if too small to affect prices, would nevertheless, by producing national revenue mainly at the expense of the farmer's foreign competitors and in relief of his own taxation, tend to mitigate the severity of foreign competition. But in special cases, as for instance in the case of hops, which are the raw material of a luxury already subject to special taxation, the recognised objections to an import duty large enough to raise the price are not necessarily conclusive.

In this connection the subject of legislation for the proper regulation of motor traffic may be mentioned. It is obvious that this new form of traffic will be permanent. Its development has a special importance for farmers and small cultivators, both as offering new facilities for the marketing of their produce and as seriously increasing the cost of the upkeep of main roads, whilst the growth of the traffic and its regulation in the interests of other uses of the public roads require early attention. Motor vehicles should contribute by taxation more largely to the revenue. The sums derived from this source should be allocated to the maintenance of the roads. At the same time the experimental legislation now in force as regards the speed limit, &c., should be revised in the light of experience, and in the interests both of motorists and of the public.

EDUCATION.—As regards education it is not possible for Unionists to put forward positive proposals at a time when all their efforts should be directed to opposing measures which are framed in a spirit of sectarian intolerance and in the interests of one section of the community alone, and which thus deliberately strike at the roots of that principle of union which is the foundation of Unionist policy. At the same time any proposals compatible with that principle which may be suggested in a true spirit of conciliation and educational reform should receive careful consideration.

LICENSING.—Similar considerations apply to the duty of Unionists in face of the Government's Licensing Bill. But while uncompromisingly opposing the present measure, the Unionist Party should not forget that the steady furtherance of temperance, by equitable and practical reforms, should in the future, as in the past, be one of the first objects of its social policy.

* * *

# GREATER BRITAIN

## CANADIAN AFFAIRS

### 1

At the moment of writing, I have been in Canada nearly three months, moving over wide stretches of territory and talking freely with all sorts and conditions of men. And though at the moment of reading everybody will know the result of the Canadian General Election, yet I cannot resist the temptation of attempting a forecast. Such an attempt serves as a "peg" on which to hang a digression on Canadian politics in its acute form.

Generally speaking, Liberal electors admit that the 62 majority of the Laurier Administration in the Dominion House of Commons will be appreciably reduced while Conservatives, even in the comparatively few cases in which hopes of victory are cherished, ask for long odds when a bet—the *ultima ratio* of democracy—is suggested as a close to discussion. The best political meteorologist in the Province of Quebec, who is a strong Liberal, however, and not a disinterested prophet, thought that Sir Wilfrid would have a majority of 40, a few seats being lost to Messrs. Bourassa and Lavergne in the French-Canadian Province. Other estimates range from 45 to 10; and nobody, so far as I know, has been so bold as to evaluate Mr. R. L. Borden's possible, but highly improbable, majority. It would seem safe, therefore, to assert (1) that the Laurier Administration will obtain a further lease of power, and (2) will have about half, say, the overwhelming majority they now enjoy. If, which seems utterly unlikely, the Conservatives were victorious, some of the consequences would certainly add to the gaiety of Canadians.

Many of the persons who seem to live in the Ottawa lobbies would take several months to realise that a new *régime* had begun, that they were no longer high priests in the high places of Federal politics. It was so in 1896 when the Liberals, beyond even their own expectations, were returned to power. For years after, the veteran Conservatives, who had kept their seats despite the political cataclysm, still spoke as if they were, by a kind of divine right that had stood the test of nearly two decades, the actual possessors of office and the spoils thereof. Some of the London Progressives have exhibited the same entertaining inability to recognise that they have been defeated as their defeat violated the elemental law of divine origin.

In 1896 there was change in the air from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and it was very clear to the disinterested observer (as I was and am) that the country meant to send the feeble successors of Sir John Macdonald and Sir John Thompson into the chill bracing shades of Opposition. Until the Party had produced a new set of able men—for it is always with men rather than measures that the Canadian elector concerns himself in the last resort—Sir John Macdonald was so obviously the strongest and subtlest and most statesmanlike politician in the Dominion, which he himself had created out of fragmentary colonies, that his opponents could not hope to beat him. In these latter days the same (though in a less degree) may be said of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is certainly the best-known of Canadian statesmen and politicians in the Empire and throughout the world—a fact which must count for much with the people of a new country, but lately promoted to the world's cognisance. The difference on this score between Sir Wilfrid and Mr. R. L. Borden, whom everybody respects and nobody hates, was well put by a "drummer" from the United States whom I met on the Maskoka Lakes, waters of a strange allurement. "Sir Wilfrid is a good advertisement for Canada," said this businesslike student of human nature; "for when he goes to London or Paris, or the United States, people take an interest in his career, and his manners and aristocratic look. But if the other fellow were Prime Minister, it would be a different matter. Canada would be an advertisement for him, and there you have it." The prevalence of this view goes some way to account for the lack-lustre interest felt in the General Election of 1908 by the man in the hotel rotunda, the man in the smoking-room of the Pullman, the man on the half-section and the other every-day types from whom, rather than from professional politicians and professed critics of the political game, the wise traveller seeks information. In the Eastern Provinces, where the issue must be decided, people are not worrying about the counting of noses on October 26. That is to say there is no general feeling—such as was obvious everywhere twelve years ago—that a new Government run by new men was urgently required. And that is why I believe that when this is being read, the Laurier Administration will remain in being.

More than once in these notes I have pointed out that, *quâ* politician, Sir Wilfrid has modelled himself on the greatest of his predecessors. The similitude is complete—as far as the horseshoe-pin, but not as far as the anthology of risky little anecdotes. Sir Wilfrid has wisely left the telling of such tales to his lieutenants. And, like Sir John Macdonald, he has not tried to enrich himself at the cost of the people, but has allowed others to do so. Except as regards some classes of Ottawa officialdom the "spoils system" obtains in Canada, and the member of the Ministerial Party has a large amount of patronage which, naturally enough, he uses for his own advantage, directly or indirectly, as well as for the good of his constituency. Sir Wilfrid has allowed the politician, who looks on politics as a money-making profession, far too much liberty, and there have been many charges of gross jobbery brought against some of his chief supporters. There is no smoke without fire, and there can be little doubt that a portion of the profits of State-owned property and utilities has been stolen from the people during the last four years. But—would the Conservative Party, if they received a mandate from the people, improve on the record of the Laurier Administration? Remembering the story of the Langevin Block (in the case of which Conservative derricks were paid double for working on Sundays), and other colossal jobs of the Conservative *régime*, it is possible to doubt whether there would be any marked improvement in this respect. Unquestionably Mr. R. L. Borden and Sir James Whitney, who make up the Ross machine in Ontario which has given that great Province a clean local Government, would do their best to prevent corruption. But would they succeed? I do not think so, because the Canadian electorate as a whole does not as yet see the vital necessity of cleansing the Augean stables of Federal and Provincial politics. Indeed, it is not difficult to understand the point of view of a friend of mine, a Canadian Liberal by no means bigoted, who says he will again vote for the Ministerial candidate because "if the Conservatives, who have been starving for twelve years, were to get in they would swallow everything in sight, whereas the Liberals have had the edge taken off their teeth." Underlying such cynical remarks, which one hears on all hands, is a contempt for the professed politician that is in itself a sufficient proof that public life in the Dominion requires purifying. But, as I have said, the time is not yet come for an electoral campaign to be waged throughout the Dominion on the anti-corruption platform. Suppose it was so fought and the new party captured fifty seats—a most improbable contingency—the Liberals and Conservatives elected in opposition to them would simply combine and overwhelm the fifty reformers. That actually happened many years ago in the Ontario Legislature when the farmers of the Province elected fifteen or sixteen incorruptibles, not all of whom kept their own hands from minor forms of corruption. The truth is that no party organisation can possibly be more moral in any sense than the average elector, and he—in Canada as in the United States—is deriving such speedy profit from the spectacular development of the Dominion that he watches the pilferings of corrupt politicians with a species of good-humoured contempt. All said and done, the trade of politics is the least profitable and the most undignified of Canadian industries. A fortune may be made at it—I could give half a dozen examples—but a certain loss of social prestige is incurred in the process. In Canada the millionaire is still classed according to the source of his million. If it be unclean money, the best people will give him the cold shoulder.

In time, no doubt, the good-humoured tolerance will be exhausted, and the elector's contempt for the corrupt politician will become a scourge. Even now the Party leaders have the certainty that they will gain rather than lose by driving out the black sheep. A day or two ago, one of those get-rich-quick gentry, who intended to fight a very important Eastern constituency, was turned off summarily enough by the Liberal leaders. The Party will gain, rather than lose, by thus purging the list of candidates, and I hope to see more work of the kind done before polling-day. The *Winnipeg Saturday Night* had the following excellent passage on this subject:

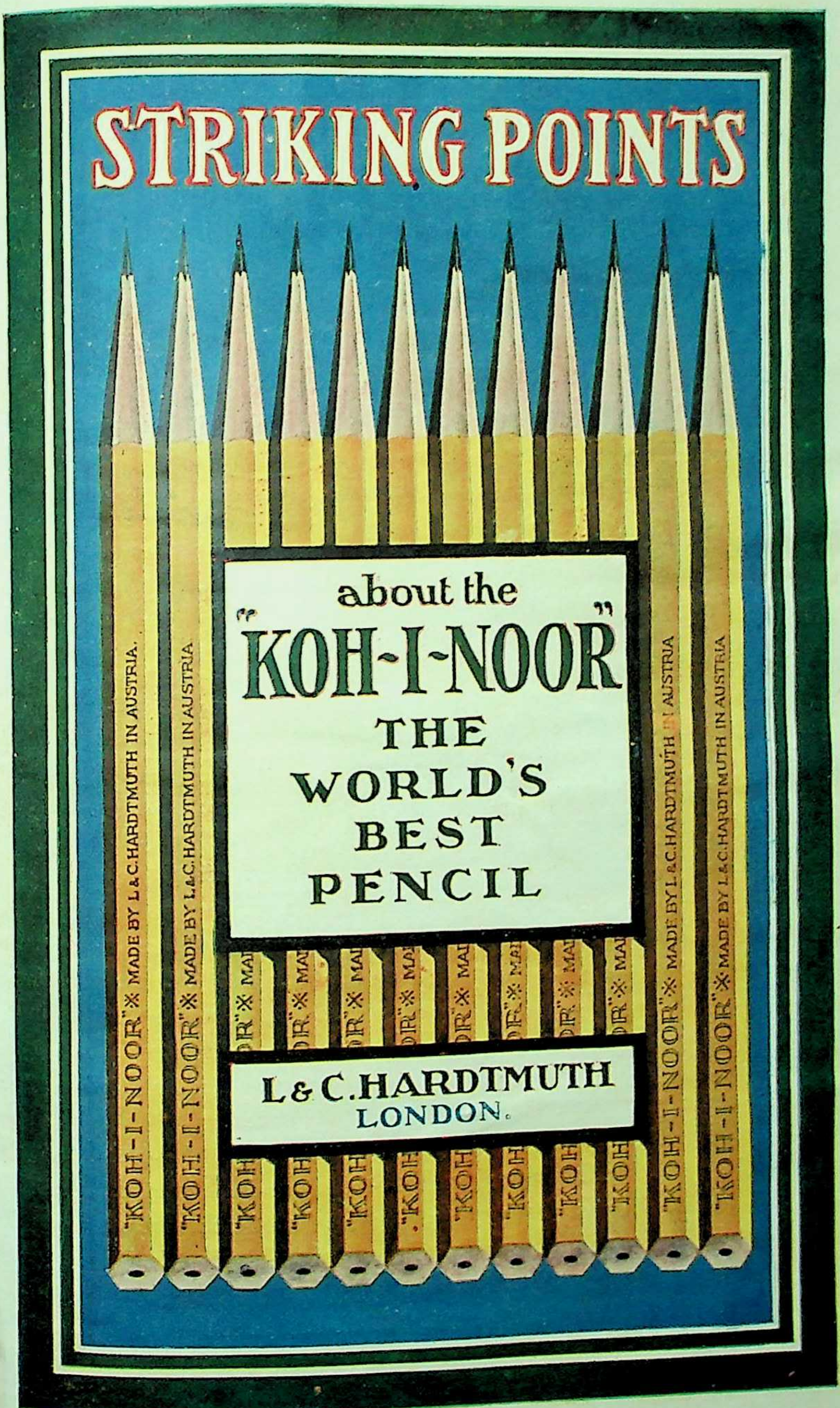
> Look at the keen political contest being fought out over in the United States and see what they have done there in the way of removing men who had achieved undesirable notoriety. Prominent men connected with the party organisations of both parties have been peremptorily removed from office by Mr. Taft and Mr. Bryan just because of a newspaper attack on their alleged private dealings with the Standard Oil Company. These men were not candidates for any office; they were merely members of the party executives. They were not proven to be guilty of anything wrong. They merely became the objects of suspicion because of a newspaper attack. Yet out they went from their positions, and new men were put in their places, right in the midst of a heated campaign.
>
> Did Mr. Taft or Mr. Bryan lose prestige because of these sudden exits? No; no one believes they did for a moment. They both demonstrated the fact clearly that they recognised that they could not afford to have associated with them men whose character excited the slightest degree of suspicion. Their conduct proved that they were more jealous of their honour as public men than they were of the continued friendship of their suspected associates. They proved that they understood that a man who aspires for high public office must be as careful of his associations as an honourable woman is careful of her reputation. Canada, it would seem, has still something of the wild, woolly indifference to morality about it that is supposed to be characteristic of stage frontier towns. Here you frequently hear a man say that it doesn't matter much what the character of a candidate for public office is so long as he belongs to the right party and attends to business when elected. That is the most humiliating and asinine statement that any man can make. Every man who knows his history knows that a nation's character is its only priceless possession—and any man who knows anything knows that a public servant without character or, what is worse, with a notoriously evil character, is the most destructive influence that can be brought to bear upon the national character and reputation.

Repugnant as such a confession is to Imperial patriotism, I must say that the struggle against political corruption is more real in the United States to-day than it is in Canada.

I have said there is no great issue in the present General Election. Imperial considerations, sad to say, do not weigh at all; the Imperialist would not win a score of votes, though he might lose them, on the account of his Imperialism. Preference, except as a step towards lowering the Tariff fence, counts for nothing in the clash of personalities. Both sides are talking about the Empire, but this is merely done to fill up the interstices of an argument *ad hominem*, a rhetorical attempt to prove So-and-So blacker than black or whiter than white. In point of fact it would be still better if the word "Empire"—a spondee too often used by the minor orator for filling up a gap in the flow of sound signifying little or nothing—were not heard at all. The Empire must stand above and beyond Party warfare. Still, it must be remembered that Canadians are thinking—in a leisurely manner, no doubt—of Imperial possibilities more and more seriously as time goes on, and their country grows up to nationhood. In my judgment, the future of the Imperial partnership of nations will not be affected in the slightest degree by the result of the pending General Election. A friend of mine who, as much as any Canadian I know, possesses the instinct of the publicist, tells me it will be better for the Empire if the Conservatives are victorious. "No doubt the Tariff Reformers, who are taking control in the Mother Country," he says, "will get more from Canada if the Liberal Party is in power. They are pledged to a gradual reduction of the Canadian Tariff, and that reduction must take place along Preferential lines, if it takes place at all, so that Imperial sentiment may counterbalance the discontent of the manufacturers. On the other hand, the Conservatives are pledged to give the Canadian manufacturer adequate protection even against his British rivals, and clearly that narrows the possibility of a further advance in the direction of British Preference. But the Conservatives are the Imperialist Party—because Sir John A—— is their unseen leader still—and whatever they give will be given permanently without offending the people." The argument is ingenious, but not convincing. The truth is that the bargain that is to come will be criticised in Quebec, whichever Party negotiated on Canada's behalf. But the criticism of Quebec will not matter greatly in any case. For when the day comes for negotiating a reciprocatory treaty, a new bond of Empire, Canada will take the matter in hand herself. All English-speaking Canadians will wish that the treaty be made, just as a few years ago they wished that Canadian contingents should go to South Africa to vindicate the British theory of liberty, and gave the Laurier Administration clearly to understand that the Government that hesitated was lost. British Canada is still "a unit for Preference," though the unity is for the time being latent.

Certainly there is no great issue to be decided on the 26th. Yet there is an issue which, though of secondary importance, because it is a case of the second time of asking, is far more important than all the other questions. In the speech at Sorel with which he opened the campaign, Sir Wilfrid Laurier put this issue at the beginning of his appeal. He alluded to his white hairs—always an effective allusion as Sir John Macdonald knew—and then proceeded to say that he asked for a mandate to proceed with the great task that had been entrusted to him by the people in 1904. The reference, of course, is to the new transcontinental railway. Canada wanted it in 1904; she wants it in 1908; and she will not, I think, submit the completion of it to other hands. The Government portion of the work will cost more than had been anticipated. But, even if it cost $200,000,000 (as the Conservatives assert), the fact that it will add a second storey to the Dominion renders the expenditure justifiable. Just as Sir John was permitted to see the building of the C.P.R. pressed to its conclusion, so Sir Wilfrid will not be dismissed until the G.T.P. is finished from Moncton to Prince Rupert. It is true that the Conservatives no longer talk of changing or suppressing the project. Mr. R. L. Borden's alternative scheme of a rail-and-water route is out of the question since it would give the monopoly of through traffic to a single transcontinental line. He himself has abandoned it, I am told. But it was a fatal mistake to have opposed the building of the G.T.P., the only "All-red" overland in 1904, and what remains of the penalty for such a blunder must be paid in 1908. In 1912 there will be no more talk—effective talk, that is—of the nation's new transcontinental. By the time the coming great issue of federal politics will be looming up, the West *v.* East issue will then be within the pale of practical politics.

Enough has been said to explain why I think—though the thought has no wish for its father—that the Laurier Administration will secure a further term of four years. As to the reduced majority I am not so certain. The general impression in the country is that the Liberals will win, must win. Electors, individually and collectively, as units and constituencies, are certain to bear this in mind when the time comes for casting ballots. It is good for a Canadian constituency to be on the



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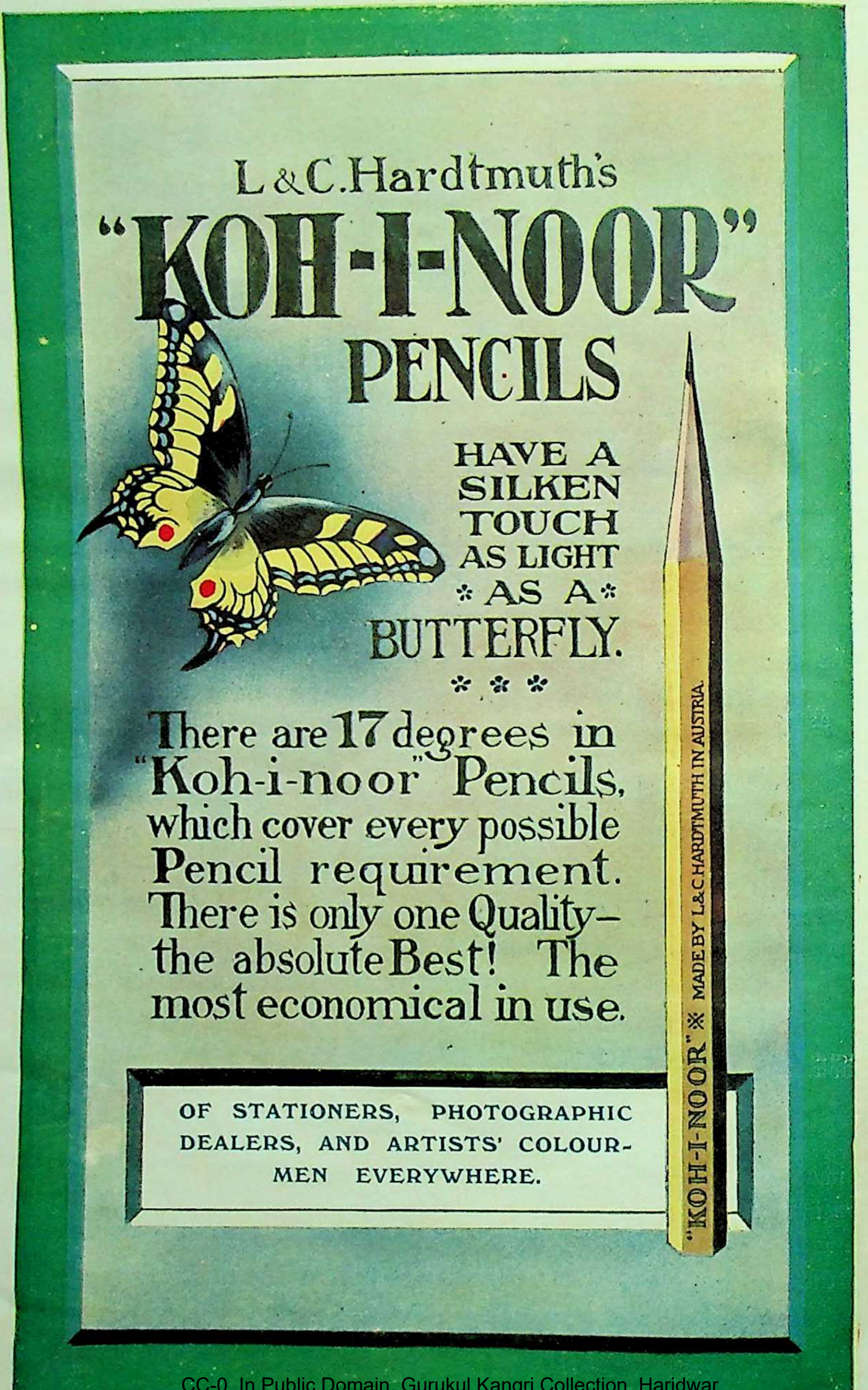
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winning side; it is good for the constituent to have voted for a Ministerialist. A member in Opposition can do nothing for his constituency or his constituents. So it would not be surprising if Canada decided to do as she has so often done in the past, and put the other party out of action as she did in 1904. However, it is unnecessary to discuss this matter at greater length. When this article appears every reader will know more about the General Election than the writer thereof.

### 2

About one-half of the new transcontinental railway has been built, and a continuous stretch of nearly seven hundred miles on the Winnipeg-Edmonton section is now in operation. As might have been anticipated, the portion assigned for construction to the Grand Trunk Pacific Company (the President of which, Mr. Charles Hays, is the best "railway man" on the continent) is further advanced than that undertaken by the Government. Throughout the 3600 miles of the main line, and along its chief branches, every effort is being made to avoid heavy gradients and difficult curves, and, when the whole work is completed, Canada will have by far the finest freight route from ocean to ocean in the New World. The following table shows the advantages as regards summit elevations, maximum gradients, and total elevation ascended which the Grand Trunk Pacific will have over all other transcontinental routes.

As regards passenger traffic, steep gradients (with which fine mountain scenery is naturally associated) may not be an all-important factor in railway competition along through routes. Yet the question of safety comes in obviously enough, and so also does that of time—the one sort of currency which Canadians and citizens of the United States will not spend freely. But when it is a question of freight the matter of gradients is of vital consequence. Steep gradients greatly increase the cost of operation, and such a transcontinental route as that of the Santa Fé system—it is neither more nor less than a switchback—could not possibly afford to give low freight-rates. In the matter of time of passage and lowness of cost of operation, the Grand Trunk Pacific must have a very marked advantage over all other railways engaged in transferring the traffic of the Pacific Ocean

| Name of Railway. | Highest Summits. | Maximum gradient per mile. |  | Total ascent overcome. |  |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  |  | East-bound. | West-bound. | East-bound. | West-bound. |
|  | Feet. | Feet. | Feet. | Feet. | Feet. |
| Grand Trunk Pacific . | 1 summit<br>3712 | 21 | 26 | 6990 | 6890 |
| Canadian Pacific . . | 2 summits<br>5299<br>4308 | 237 | 116 | 23,106 | 23,051 |
| Great Northern . . | 3 summits<br>5202<br>4146<br>3375 | 116 | 116 | 25,987 | 15,305 |
| Northern Pacific . . | 3 summits<br>5569<br>5532<br>2849 | 116 | 116 | 17,830 | 17,137 |
| Union Pacific: |  |  |  |  |  |
| *a*. Omaha to San Francisco . . | 3 summits<br>8247<br>7017<br>5632 | 116 | 105 | 18,575 | 17,552 |
| *b*. Omaha to Portland | 5 summits<br>8247<br>6953<br>3537<br>3936<br>4204 | 106 | 116 | 18,171 | 17,171 |
| Santa Fé System . . | 6 summits<br>7510<br>7453<br>6987<br>7132<br>2575<br>3819 | 175 | 185 | 34,003 | 34,506 |

to the Atlantic sea-board. The other transcontinental railways have recognised this inevitable result of Canada's enterprise in creating a new all-Canadian overland to the East, and are busily engaged in improving their gradients. Since I last saw it, the Canadian Pacific main line has been vastly improved, and the "Overseas Limited" is the finest and fastest of the transcontinental trains. Messrs. Hill and Harriman are also improving the through routes which they control, directly or indirectly.

Judged from the Imperial standpoint, the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific is of the utmost significance. In the first place, it supplies the overland portion of the "All-Red Route" which is to come. The fact that, as a Canadian statesman suggested in conversation, "the All-Red Route must be all-red all the time," must be taken into consideration. In time of war the United States, however friendly to us, would not be able to sanction the passage of troops and war material for more than a hundred miles through the State of Maine. And it must also be remembered that the use of the Grand Trunk Pacific would be attended by a considerable saving of time, not only because of the superiority of its main track, but also because the ocean-routes from Prince Rupert are shorter than those starting from ports lower down the Pacific slope.

Secondly, the Grand Trunk Pacific will be a decisive factor in preserving the west-to-east and east-to-west trend of Canadian trade and keeping for Canadian cities the whole profit of the handling thereof from the point of origin to the Atlantic or the Pacific. It will greatly help to hasten the time, when every grain of the wheat of Western Canada that passes through the "neck of the bottle" at Winnipeg, goes by rail and lake in an air-line to Montreal, which, during the present season of lake navigation, has shipped more wheat than Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore combined. The Grand Trunk Pacific is making great preparations for the handling of the Western wheat-crop in the future. The largest elevators in the world are to be erected at Fort William at the head of Lake Superior and at Tiffin, the new port on Lake Huron. At the former place the wheat will be received from the cars and at the latter transhipped by rail to Montreal and less important outlets into the world's markets. Mr. Frank Morse, the Vice-President and General Manager of this vast railway system in becoming, has made plans for elevators on the water front of Fort William which, in their ability to handle grain rapidly and economically and in their combined storage capacity, will be far ahead of any equipment devised up to this time. No man knows more of the capabilities of Western Canada than Mr. Morse—a "citizen of the continent," to use Dr. Goldwin Smith's phrase, and one who would much sooner do a thing than say something—and he is designing his arrangements not for the immediate requirements of a single-track line but so that, when the day comes that the road will be double-tracked and hauling

2000 cars of wheat into Fort William every day, the addition of units to his elevator plans will enable him to take care of all this enormous traffic without the slightest hitch. His plans include bins to store 40,000,000 bushels—a figure hitherto unheard of in the statistics of terminal equipment. Four working elevators, each able to unload twenty-five cars and put 100,000 bushels into lake steamships in a single hour, will undertake the handling of the cars as they arrive. At Tiffin, the receiving port on the Georgian Bay, extension of Lake Huron (really the Bay is a sixth great lake) the storage capacity will be 10,000,000 bushels—much less than that at Fort William because it will always be possible to run grain off on the eastward lines whereas lake navigation is closed for a portion of the years, when the shore ice forms. The time will come, however, when a serious attempt must be made to keep the lake-route open all the year round by means of ice-breakers. There are good reasons why this plan should be feasible. Lake Superior does not freeze over, and the ice which extends only a mile or two from the shore is not piled up periodically by the effect of tides, the lake being a body of water which is practically tideless. The same applies to Lake Huron. Here is Mr. Morse's final solution of Canada's transportation problem, and I have no doubt whatever that it will be looked on as effective in less than ten years from to-day.

Now if Canada can keep all the profits of handling Canadian traffic for the building up of her own inland cities and puts on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence estuary and the Atlantic itself the tariff-fence against the United States will become a permanent structure. War between the Empire and the Republic is an unthinkable contingency—all Canadians and all Americans, except a few partially assimilated Irishmen, are of that opinion—and Canada should always be the connecting-link, the mediating Power between the two great organisations of the English-speaking peoples. A century hence the Empire and the Republic may possibly trade freely with one another. But at present the commercial independence of Canada is the chief condition of her political independence, seeing that—but for the existing tariff-fence—the profits of her industrial development would go to the American cities immediately below the boundary-line. Influential Minnesotans are demanding of the Washington Government "the utter overthrow of that artificial barrier which now shuts its cities off from their natural and proper field of activity—the Canadian North-West." No Canadian will object if the Minnesotans succeed in persuading Washington to throw down the American tariff-fence along the 49th parallel of latitude, which is about twice as high as the Canadian barrier. But Canada refuses, and will refuse, to cast down her protective fence. But for its protection, Winnipeg, with its 125,000 inhabitants, which is the metropolis of Canada's half—the better half—of the North American prairie-region, and the thriving lake-ports of Fort William and Port Arthur, would not have a tithe of their present consequence. In protecting these *foci* of trade and industry against the competition of the neighbouring American centres, which are not richer and more populous by any natural decree, but by the mere force of earlier establishment and development, Canada has acted with statesmanlike sagacity. The United States had a start of fifty years in the settlement of the American half of the West—an advantage the same in degree, if not in kind, which England enjoyed in the building up of manufacturing industries. Canada was, and is, compelled to protect her young growing cities against the older and fully capitalised centres of the American West, just as the United States and Germany were compelled to protect their nascent manufacturing industries against those of England with her long start in time. Whatever Governor Johnson may think or say, Canada will pursue this protective policy so long as it is necessary. Moreover, the appeal to "Nature" (of the preamble to the American Constitution) is not really pertinent as such. If there be any natural route for the trade of Western Canada, it lies through Canadian territory and the great unsalted seas which collectively form the Mediterranean of the continent—as the Hudson Bay is the Baltic thereof.

E. B. O.

## SOUTH AFRICA

### THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONVENTION

THE great Convention met to discuss the unification of British South Africa under Boer Government, upon October 12 at Durban. The delegates are as follows:

*Cape Colony, twelve delegates.*—Sir Henry de Villiers, Chief Justice, Mr. J. X. Merriman, Prime Minister, Mr. J. W. Saur, Mr. S. F. Malan, Right Hon. L. S. Jameson, C.B., Doctor Beck, Dr. Smartt, Colonel Stanford, Messrs. Maasdorp, Van Hearden, Walton and Jagger.

*Transvaal, eight delegates.*—General Botha, Prime Minister, Generals Smuts, Schalk Burger, and Delarey, Sir George Farrar, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, Mr. H. C. Hull, Mr. Lindsay.

*Orange River Colony, five delegates.*—Mr. Fischer, Prime Minister, Mr. Steyn, General Hertzog, General De Wet, Mr. A. Browne.

*Natal, five delegates.*—Mr. F. R. Moor, Prime Minister, Colonel Greene, Messrs. Smythe, Morcom, and Hyslop.

A cordial welcome was accorded to the delegates by the people of Durban, and the Imperial Government, whose representative, Lord Selborne, was excluded from the Conference by the Boer leaders, had the happy idea of sending a British squadron, under Admiral Sir Percy Scott, to represent the British Nation to the people of South Africa. The Convention was opened by Sir Mathew Nathan, the able and public-spirited Governor of Natal, who made a short speech full of earnest hope and encouragement, during the course of which he said:

> The whole people of South Africa are looking to you to devise a scheme which will unite them in a great nation of white people, maintaining their virility, increasing in numbers, and ruling over a contented native population in the interests of all; a nation so governed that the vast resources of the land may be developed, and its productiveness constantly increased; that a world-commerce may be established commensurate with the favourable position of the country between the Western and Eastern oceans, with the commercial instincts of the descendants of two historic trading nations. Further, that peace and good order may be maintained within and security provided against attack from without, so that a new Commonwealth may add to and not draw on the strength of the Empire, and that education, the arts, and the sciences may advance so that, in culture as in strength, South Africa may be among the foremost nations of the world, and that there may be carried on through the centuries those ideals of honesty, justice, and courage and purity which have made great the nations from which the British and Dutch in South Africa have sprung. I leave you to your deliberations in the profound hope that under Divine guidance they may lead to the creation of a great united South Africa, adding strength and lustre to the British Empire.

Sir Henry de Villiers acknowledged his Excellency's speech, and after messages had been read from the King and the Home Government, the Imperial representative withdrew and the Convention began work. Sir Henry de Villiers, Chief Justice of Cape

Colony, and Mr. Steyn, formerly President of the Orange River Colony, were elected respectively President and Vice-President of the Assembly. It was further decided that the Convention should hold its sittings in private, the *Morning Post* correspondent being responsible for a statement that no record shall be kept even in the Convention itself, of speeches made there. This being so, the struggle going on behind closed doors has a more poignant interest than ever for British South Africans. They have worthy champions to represent them; Doctor Jameson, the Paladin of South African politics, his sturdy companions Doctor Smartt and Mr. Walton, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, that most ardent and able of fighting men, and his colleague, Sir George Farrar, and the ex-premier of Natal, Mr. Smythe. Still each champion has heavy odds against him and the Boers, as usual, mean to take no risks. They have begun as they mean to go on by electing a Boer President and a Boer Vice-President. Sir Henry de Villiers and Mr. Steyn are two of the ablest men in the Empire. They are both known for their uncompromising hatred of England and of the Imperial connection. Sir Henry de Villiers, who has all his life been a British subject, and who has risen to honour under that over-generous rule, which ignores disloyalty, detests Great Britain just as much as Mr. Steyn, who only accepted the Union Jack after three years of fighting against it. Mr. Steyn fought in person, but Sir Henry de Villiers may equally be said to have fought, only by deputy, for although during the war he continued in his office under the British Crown, and never left the safe neighbourhood of his work, except for his holidays in Europe, his whole moral weight and sympathy were cast into the Boer scale and he never hesitated to conceal his delight at British reverses and his chagrin at Boer defeats. It is said by those who were in Cape Town during the war that the Chief Justice's looks were a safe barometer of the progress of the war, sometimes indeed a wonderful barometer, for his face showed joy or depression before the news of battles or skirmishes had reached British headquarters.

Sir Henry de Villiers has recently visited Canada, where he represented South Africa at the Quebec Tercentenary. He has come back, it is believed, a complete convert to unification as against Federation, having realised that in Canada, Federation, with its greater local freedom has enabled

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the English and the French to live alongside one another and to preserve their language and their customs. This would not suit the Boers, and Sir Henry de Villiers will easily be able to convince his Boer colleagues, who so greatly predominate at the Convention, that the Canadian system would be unsuitable for South Africa. The Dutch, it should be remembered, ruthlessly forbade to the French Huguenots the use of their own language; they mean, in time to eliminate English, in order to destroy British influence in South Africa. Those are Sir Henry de Villiers' political aims, and the Vice-President, Mr. Steyn, can be trusted to endorse them. These two bitter and subtle Boers are the chief officials of the Convention and with their solid phalanx of resolute Dutch supporters they are determined to carry through unification, while the Liberal party is in power in England. They mean to do it by any means, by coaxing or by the strong hand. We told our readers in the October number of the *National Review*, that the Boers intended to ask for a "blank cheque," in order that inconvenient questions should be settled by the Boer autocracy that means to tyrannise over unified South Africa.

The correspondent of the *Standard* bears out this forecast, for, telegraphing to his paper on October 12, he says: "From the address of Sir Henry de Villiers, it is evident that the Cape, Transvaal and Orange River Colony Governments, hope to secure their object"—*i.e.*, unification as against Federation—"by skimming over such highly important and controversial subjects as the native question." It should, of course, be remembered that the Boers are in power in these three colonies.

Since the Convention began its sittings Durban has been full of rumours, but it may be safely said that up to the time of going to press, nothing has been definitely decided, and all decisions announced, all tendencies described, are guesses. The scene is set, the actors know their parts, but the curtain is down and we do not know what is going on behind it. All we can do is to trust in the strength of the able men representing British South Africa, who, in spite of the overwhelming odds with which the treachery of the Imperial Government has handicapped them, have never lost heart during these years of discouragement.

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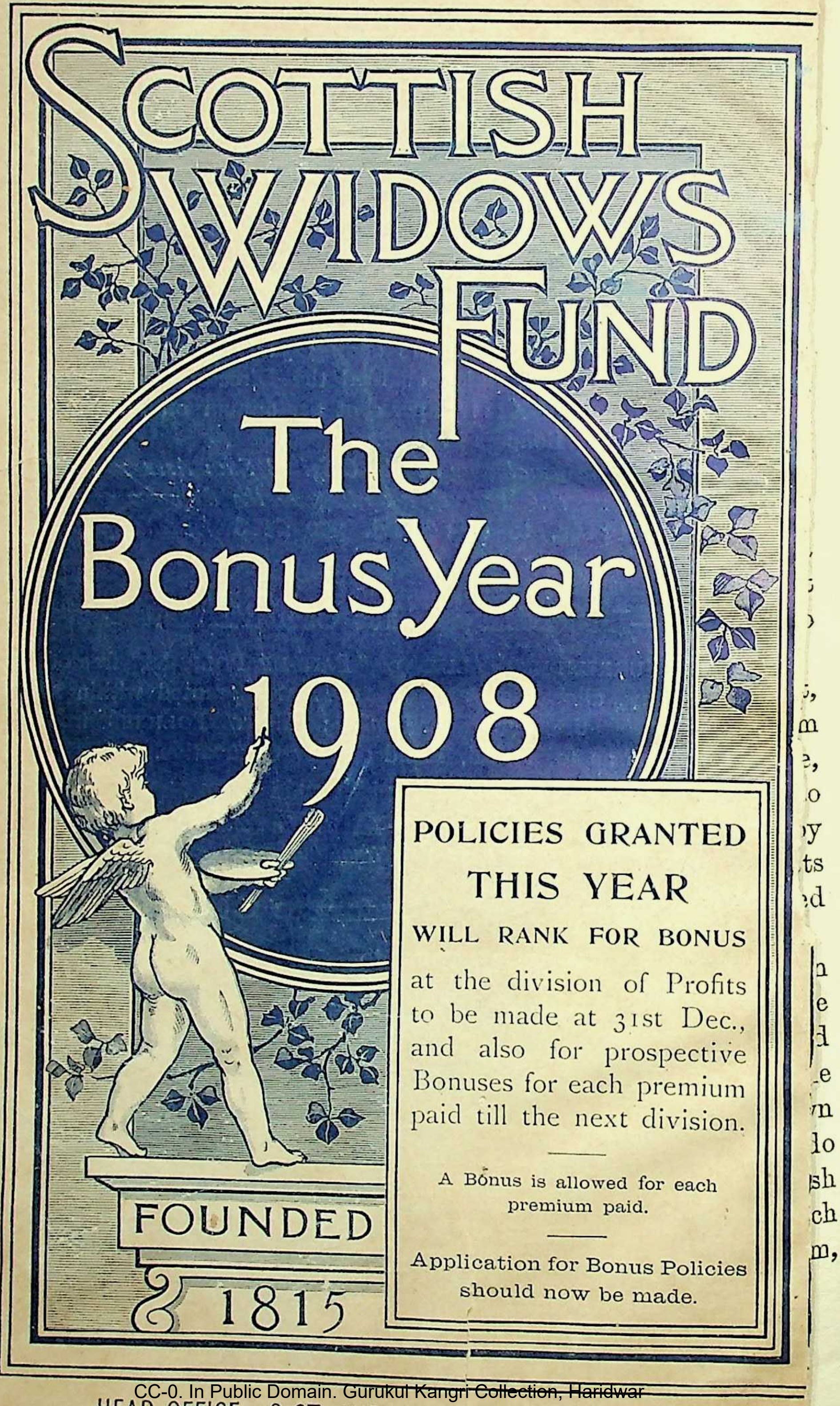

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